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July 27, 1940

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★

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Bathtub Melody

A SHORT STORY
BY HOWARD RIGSBY

JULY 27, 1940

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snap!
crackle!
pop!

Delicious with fresh, frozen, cooked or canned fruits.

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It's a treat to see those luscious golden-brown grains of rice disappear! Rice Krispies have a flavor that simply can't be resisted—the result of Kellogg's own unique recipe. And such a crunchy crispness! That comes from a special "oven-popping" and gentle toasting. It's a crispness that lasts to the final spoonful. Listen for the cheery snap! crackle! pop! when you pour on the milk or cream.

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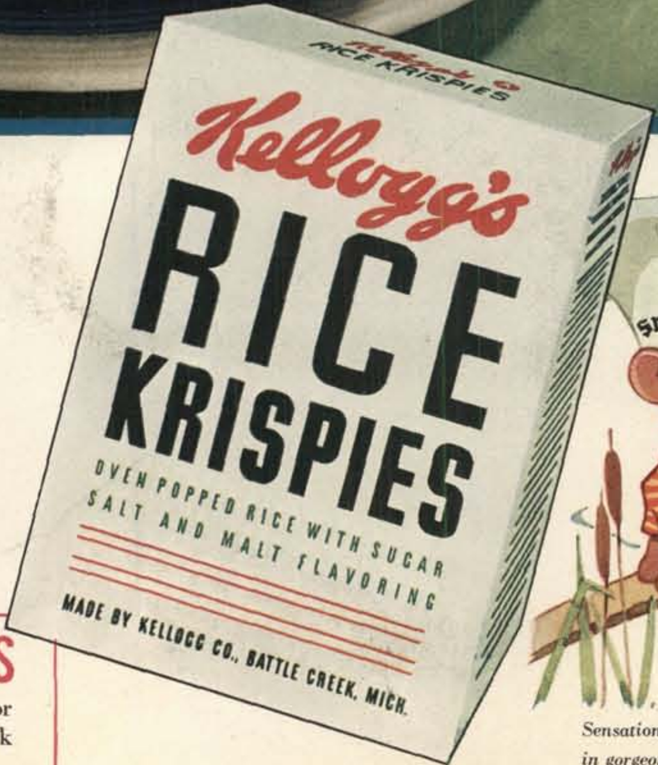
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KRISPIES
OVEN POPPED RICE WITH SUGAR
SALT AND MALT FLAVORING
MADE BY KELLOGG CO., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

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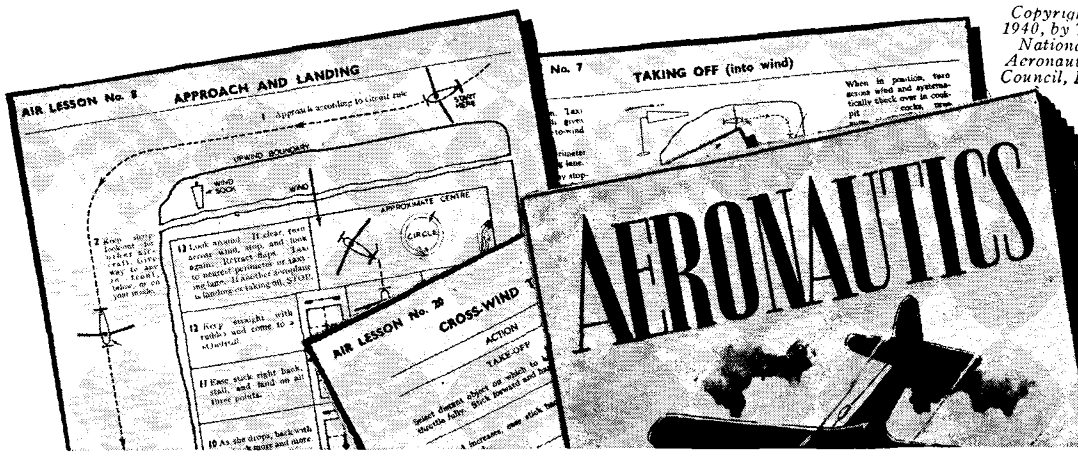

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JULY 27, 1940

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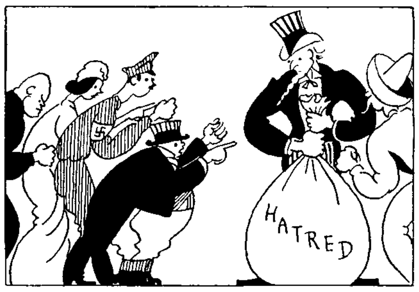
COVER ARTHUR CROUCH

ANY WEEK

WE'VE just been to the movies. We're sorry you weren't there. But your movie theater is probably one of the many that has turned this film down. The exhibitors say that you're protesting against newsreels of war; that you don't want to see Hitler's mechanized waves and diving airplanes sweeping to flaming victory over Holland, Belgium and France. But you should see it. It should be a *must* picture. And Congress should be compelled to look. We were glad to hear that the General Staff of the United States Army has "consented to see it." It's about 7,000 feet of film shot by official German army photographers from planes and on the ground. Here's your lightning war. Here's your modern army racing to conquest. Here are Norwegian, Holland, Belgian and French cities transformed in a few seconds from caressing peace and quiet to blazing inferno. In the streams of terror-stricken civilians fleeing the storm of fire and steel we saw our own neighbors. In the stunned faces of the Allied soldiers, taken prisoners, we saw ourself. But that's incidental. Hitler's army is an assembly line turning out wholesale murder. Its attack was a beautifully rehearsed hell. From the dive bombers to the parachute troops, from the huge hell-roaring tanks to the simple soldier, every man, every wheel, knew exactly what it was doing and what it was going to do next. We left that projection room frightened. We were afraid that something—politics, stupidity, mental paralysis in high places, frozen military minds—might not see this preparedness program of ours through. If we make a botch of it and Hitler assembles his machine somewhere in the Western Hemisphere—well, it's goodby to all of this.

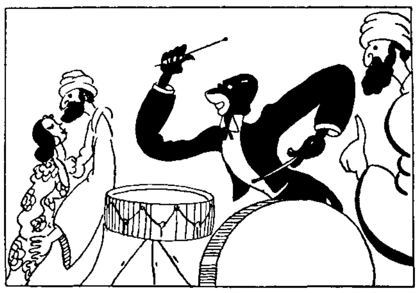


WE ARE warned that this war will leave us holding the bag; and the bag will be heavy with hatred. France will hiss us for not sending those clouds of airplanes we didn't have. England who wasn't prepared will be sore because we weren't prepared. Germany will despise us for neither putting up nor shutting up. Our Latin-American brethren will spit in our eye knowing that we'd do nothing about it even if we could. Japan will take the Philippines if she wants and the Dutch East Indies if Hitler doesn't object. Russia will ignore us, and Italy's attitude will be dictated by Il Duce's Fuehrer. Moreover, we shan't love ourselves devotedly. At least so we're assured by Mr. G. Lambert Hush of Columbus, Ohio, and we've no reason to suspect Mr. Hush of not being truthful. "We'd better give ourselves a New Deal in politicians, generals and radio commentators," says he. "This is no time for sucker government. Mr. Roosevelt seems to have run out of tricks. We need a fresh crop of generals who believe that the airplane has come to stay. We need radio voices whose first concern isn't the mispronunciation of European names. We've got to put the well-filled sock on professional Friends—Buddies of Britain, Friends of France, Pals of Poland, Rousers for Russia and Idolators of Italy. Let's elect a crew of hard-boiled realists who'll run this government and our armed forces (if and when) as if they didn't give a damn for any country but the United States. Let's grow up—suddenly."

AS a peaceful interlude we acknowledge a protest from Mr. Raul Martinez Ostos of Mexico City, Mexico. In Frank Gervasi's recent article Swastika Over Mexico, Mr. Ostos was listed as one of the "men to watch." Mr. Ostos denies this with heat. "I do not know the source of Mr. Gervasi's information," says he, "but he states a falsehood when he refers to me. I am neither a member of the fifth column, as charged by Mr. Gervasi, nor a private secretary to the secretary of the treasury nor member of the Communist party. The imputations made in your magazine . . . hurt my reputation seriously. At this moment in the history of the world I feel it is a crime to serve underground forces of national disintegration. It would be more useful to the United States if the press would publish articles that do not antagonize public opinion against Mexico for we have many things in common—the need of defending together our existence."

MR. AND MRS. WILL BELL of New York City stopped for breakfast at one of the numerous restaurants in the German Yorkville sector of that overcrowded city. Mr. Bell ordered scrambled eggs, Canadian bacon and French fried potatoes. So did Mrs. Bell. The waiter snapped to attention. "It is not possible. Sorry!" said the waiter in unmistakable gutturals. "A German restaurant this is, yes, and we are not permitted to discuss the war."

MRS. OTTO PROBST of South Bend, Indiana, read Frank Gervasi's Swastika Over Mexico, particularly the paragraphs setting forth the lamentable death of Otto Ernest Friederich Probst, with some interest. Her telephone has been ringing ever since. She would like to have it known that the Mexican Mr. Probst was not her husband. "My Otto Probst," writes she, "is very much alive, an excellent statistician, plays slightly under-par golf, does not drink to excess, is of a retiring nature and does not have a fat neck. We have been married two months."



WHILE you're rejoicing with the South Bend Probsts, Jim Marshall, our Far East correspondent, is cornering people to tell them that in Bombay he saw a large colored boy beating the drums in a dance band. "American?" asked Mr. Marshall. "Alabama," said the drums. "Like it out here?" pursued the relentless Mr. Marshall. "Sho does," replied Alabama. "These India boys treat us white folks fine."

IT WASN'T long after that that Mr. Marshall was on the Pacific, returning home on a ship which he says was run in the interests of the comfort of those who didn't sail on her. One evening during a despairful quiet in the dining saloon, the sharp voice of a lady passenger was heard. The lady was having major trouble with her steward. "Remember," she cried, "some day you may be a passenger on this ship." And the steward: "Well, I won't be sucker enough to pay for it."

SUCH incidents will not happen if Professor Jethro Peace Blair of Los Angeles, California, is elected President. Ignored by the Republicans and Democrats, Professor Blair purposes to run independently. And this, he says, will be "inconvenient, but by no means forbidding." Anyway, he notifies us that the chief plank in his platform will be that "every American family will be given a home, free of cost and free of taxes, with the proviso that they move in at once and stay there continuously for not less than two years."

ALAS, all we can tell Mrs. Thelma DuBois Gross of Miami, Florida, is that the gold she's worrying about is, we hope, still buried under Fort Knox, Kentucky. So many things have happened lately that we'd sort of forgotten about it. Not that we're dodging. Mrs. Gross asks: "If the stock market takes another dive and this country goes for inflation and we get into war against the public's wish, what will they do with all that gold we have bought higher than the market?"

MAKE swell bullets. . . . W. D.

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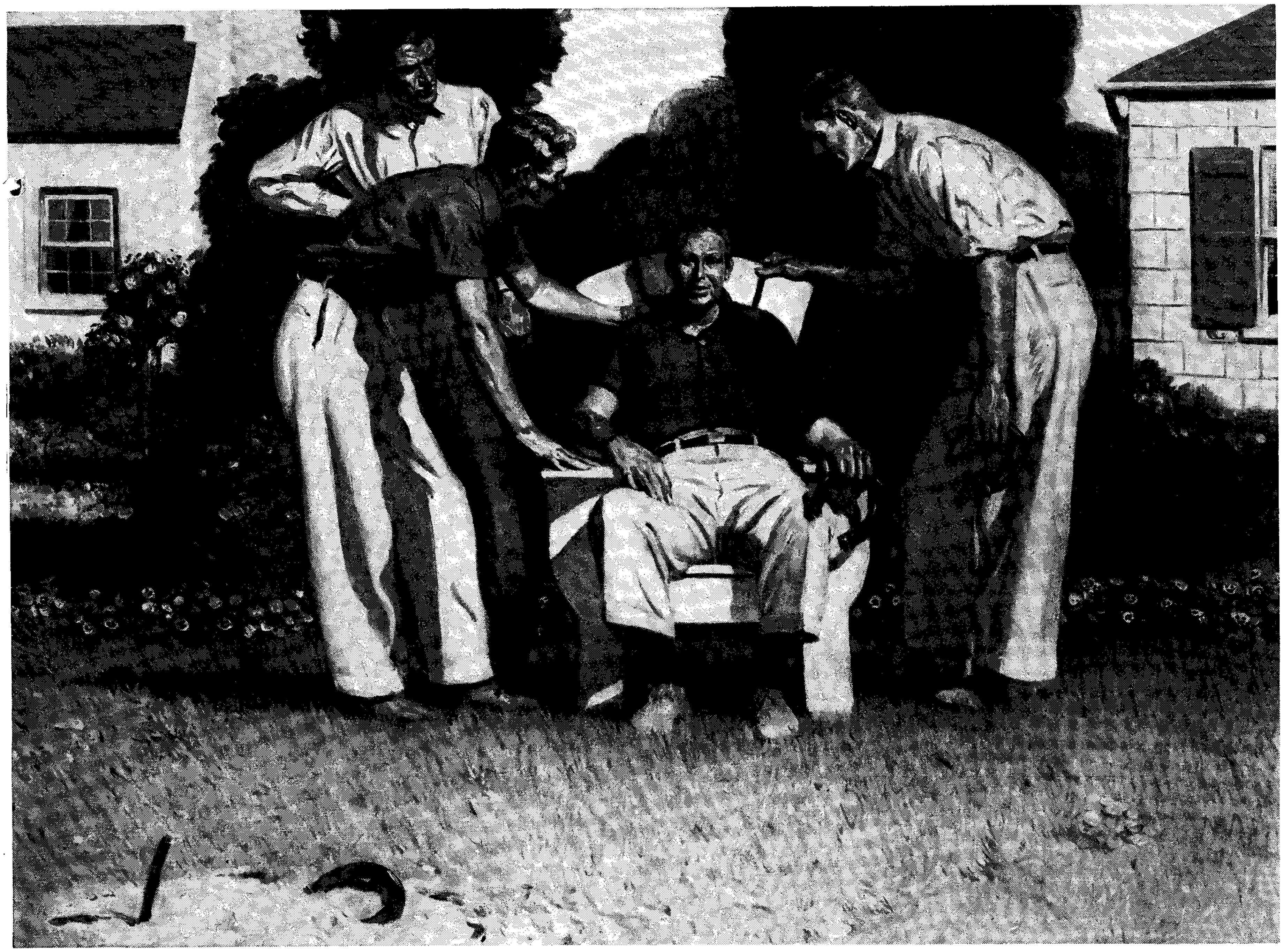

A Lot of "*Heart Trouble*" Isn't!

Too many people have fear in their hearts—about their hearts.

They have been told that "heart trouble" usually announces itself by such warning symptoms as shortness of breath, sense of oppression or actual pain near heart, or fainting.

However, no one symptom should make you decide, "I have heart trouble!" The cause may actually be disease of the lungs or digestive system, or nervous strain—or it may be something relatively unimportant. But, whenever any signs occur—*your physician should be the one to decide what's really wrong!*

▶ Such aids to accurate diagnosis as the stethoscope, the fluoroscope, the electrocardiograph, enable him in most cases to determine the heart's condition. He may be able to assure you that your heart is sound, that something minor needs correction.

Even if the trouble *is* in your heart it need not necessarily mean that you will be an invalid—if it is detected in its early stages. You may be able, by following the doctor's instructions, to continue working and enjoying life for many years.

▶ Today, many men and women whose hearts are not normal lead useful, active lives. They and their doctors know what their hearts can and cannot do; their habits of work, exercise, recreation, rest, eating, and drinking, are sensibly regulated.

The most common forms of heart trouble strike most frequently after the age of 40. As you and your heart approach this period, it is wise to modify your work and play so as to avoid overexertion. Too much of either is dangerous. Get plenty of rest and keep your weight down. Remember, too, that sudden indulgence in unusual or over-long exercise is apt to place too severe a strain on the heart.

▶ And at this time—more than ever—it is important to have thorough annual health examinations. Such examinations often can detect trouble before serious symptoms appear.

For valuable information concerning the hearts of young and old, send for the Metropolitan's free booklet, "Protecting Your Heart."

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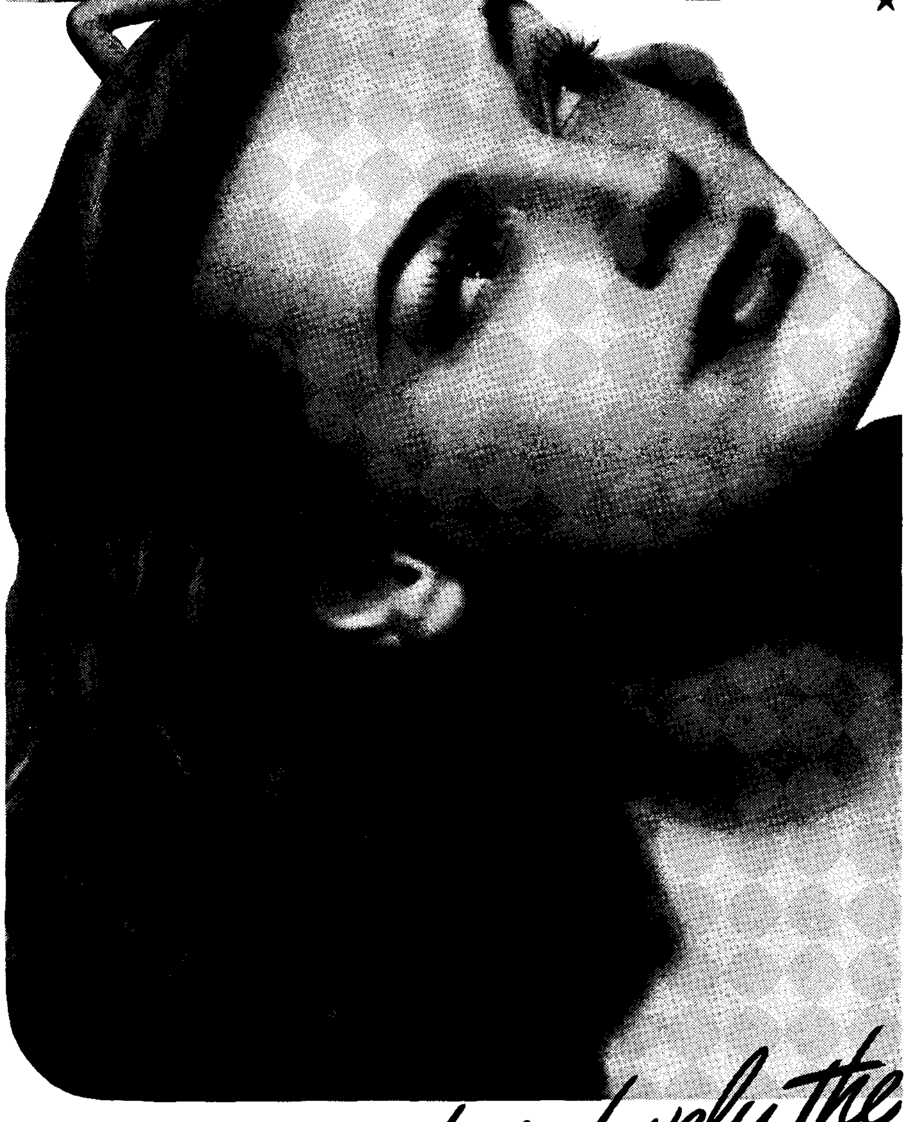

Keep your hair lovely the ELEANOR HOLM way!

DON'T let sunshine, swimming and outdoor sports dim your crowning glory this summer! Follow the advice of America's number one outdoor girl, Eleanor Holm, and keep your hair as lustrous and lovely as she does!

Rub plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your scalp before every shampoo. Then before going for a swim . . . or out in the sun . . . smooth a very few drops on your hair. Not only will you combat dryness this way . . . but also help protect your wave, make your hair easy to arrange.

Start using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today . . . and see what a difference it makes in your *oomph!*

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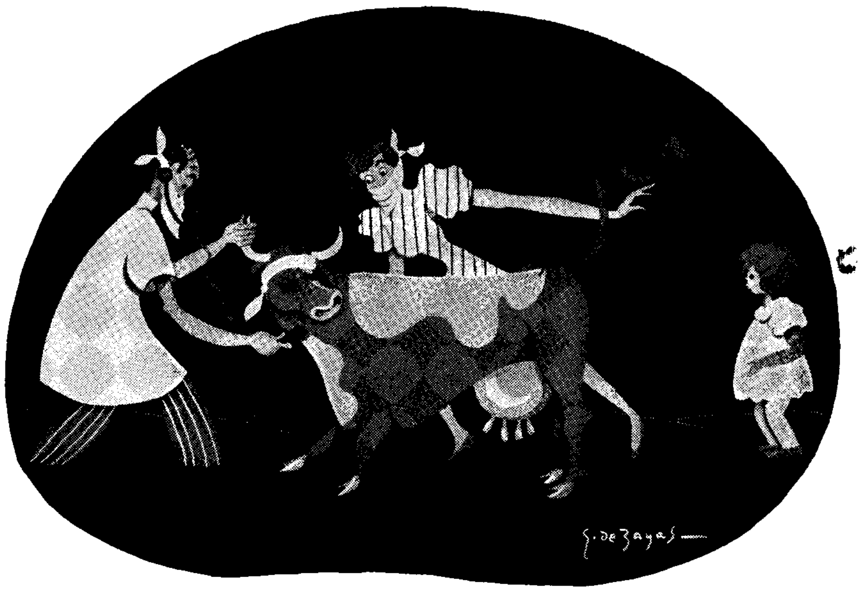


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Nearly eighty different infectious diseases are transmitted to human beings by animals. The cow is the source of twelve, the dog eight, the pig, cat and horse five each. Other animals on the list include sheep, goats, wild rabbits, squirrels, rats, parrots, fish, oysters, clams and several species of insects.

A calorimeter now used by an American university will record on paper the amount of heat produced when one thousandth of a gram of sugar is dissolved in a quart of water.

When a person is shot or otherwise injured while in a state of intense fear, the excessive amount of adrenalin in his blood at the time contracts the blood vessels and arrests the hemorrhage to such an extent that coagulation takes place from two to four times faster than under normal conditions.

One-sidedness in a person is shown not only in the use of the hand, but also in the use of the eye and the foot. In other words, a left-handed individual will normally use his left eye to look into a microscope and his left foot to kick an object out of the way.

Although America is one of the best fed nations, more than forty per cent of its people suffer from dietary deficiencies. Experts estimate that if all families had sufficient purchasing power and knew the kind and quantity of food required, the consumption of butter would be increased 15 per cent, milk 20 per cent, eggs 35 per cent, tomatoes and citrus fruits 70 per cent, and leafy, green and yellow vegetables 100 per cent.

Within the past ten years, the tourist-camp business has developed into a $300,000,000 "motor court" industry. There are now more than 20,000 of these courts, a large number of which have cabins with garages, tile bathrooms and telephones. Many are highway hotels, costing as much as $350,000 and offering such conveniences as air-conditioned rooms and restaurants, swimming pools and shopping facilities.

The quantity of wood that the average person utilizes during the course of his life—in house construction, furniture, musical instruments, motorcars, sporting goods, pencils, magazines, newspapers, books and other paper articles—is equivalent to that of about four hundred large trees.

All ships at sea and all shore wireless stations in contact with them are required by international law to stop transmission for three minutes, at the 15th and 45th minute past the hour, Greenwich time, to listen for distress signals.

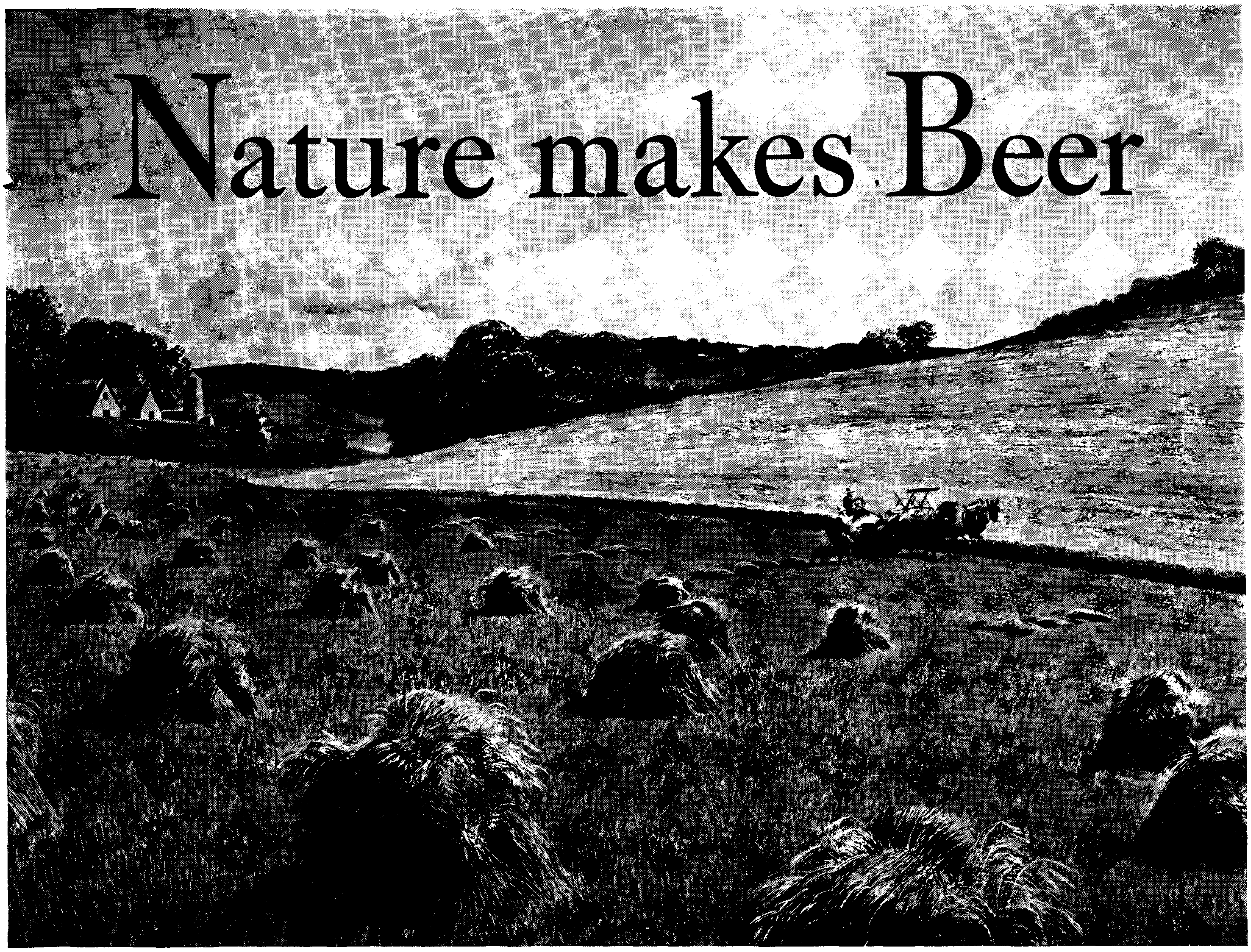
When the moon is a crescent, the light that makes the whole disk faintly visible is earthshine, or the sunlight that is reflected by the earth. At that time of the month, earthshine on the moon is estimated to be twelve times as bright as the light of a full moon on the earth.

The San Jacinto Monument near Houston, Texas, is the tallest shaft of its kind in this country, being twelve feet higher than the Washington Monument. Costing more than $1,000,000 and dedicated in April, 1939, it commemorates the famous twenty-minute battle of San Jacinto in 1836, in which Sam Houston defeated Santa Anna and freed Texas from Mexico.

Although the land area of Canada is nearly 500,000 square miles larger than that of the United States, almost ninety per cent of its population live within two hundred miles of the American border.

The Japanese catch a certain species of octopus, *Eledone moschata,* in an earthen jar, fastened to a rope, which is lowered to depths ranging from 60 to 120 feet. The octopus crawls into it and is dislodged, when brought to the surface, by pouring hot water into a hole in the bottom of the jar.

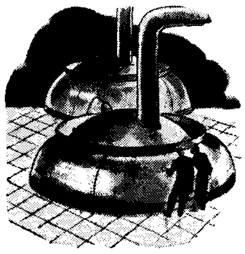
Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**



A wholesome beverage, it deserves to be sold only in wholesome surroundings

A NATURAL PROCESS CONVERTS MALTED GRAIN AND HOPS INTO BEER AND ALE!

Beer and ale are produced by *fermentation*—one of the most familiar and useful natural processes known to man. The brewing of beer and ale was first discovered thousands of years ago.



CENTURIES OF BREWING EXPERIENCE ARE APPLIED TO MAKE BEER TASTE BETTER

Although Mother Nature brews beer, the Brewer's skill is needed to make beer *taste* as good as it does today. Modern knowledge of brewing is the result of centuries of experience.

Simple natural ingredients—malted barley and other grains, yeast, pure water, and hops for flavor—that's what beer and ale are made of.

A natural fermentation process converts these ingredients into foaming beer and ale—low in alcoholic content, but rich in flavor—***the beverages of moderation.***

But it is not enough that beer itself is wholesome. For your protection the ***place*** where beer is sold should be clean and wholesome, too.

That is why the Brewing Industry has instituted a "clean-up or close-up" program to eliminate any undesirable beer retail establishments. This program is now in effect in a number of states. It is being extended.

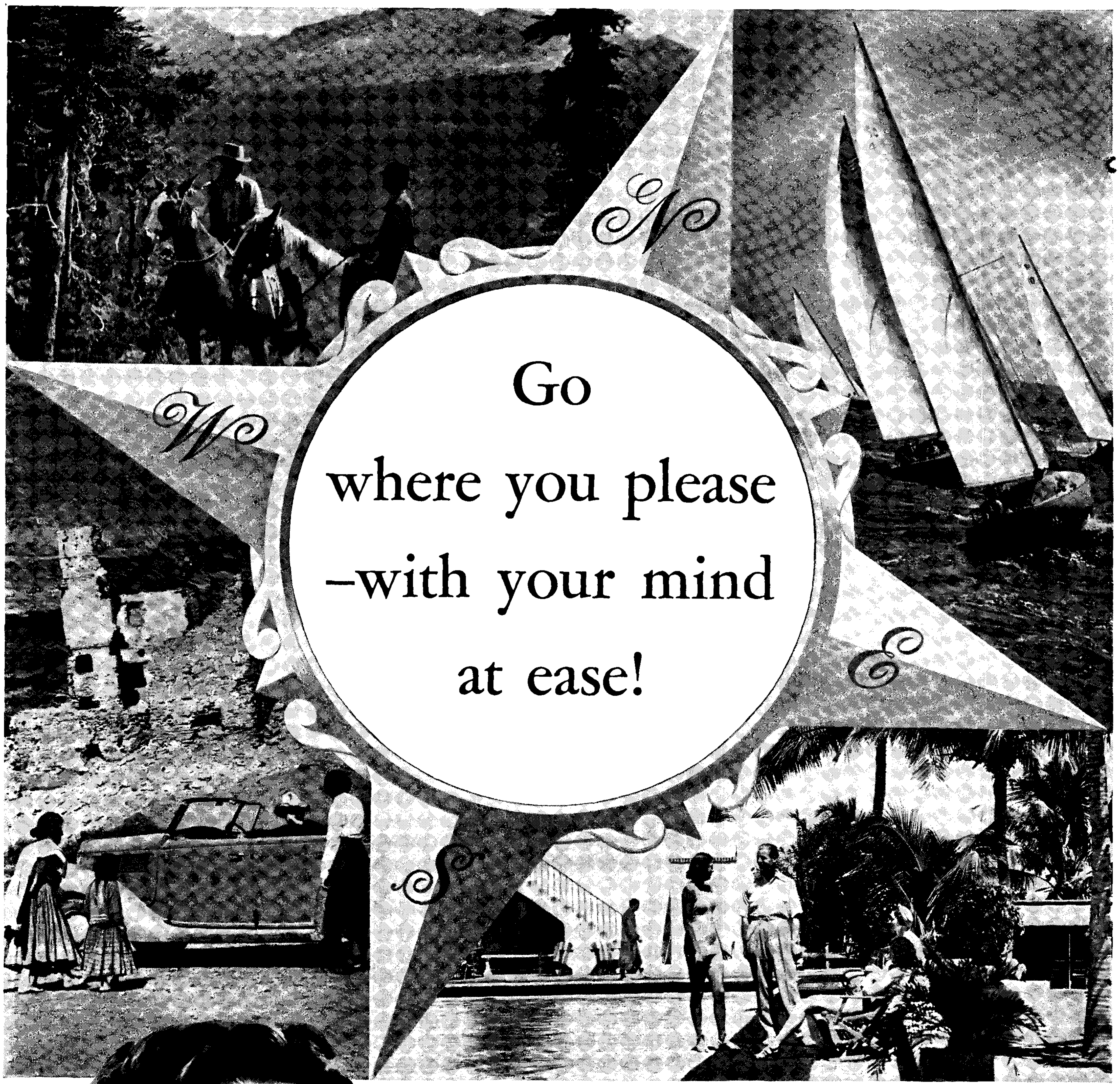
We'd like to tell you about it in an interesting booklet. Write:—United Brewers Industrial Foundation, *Dept. B16*, 21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

TODAY . . . A NEW KIND OF TAVERN BRINGS YOU GOOD BEER AND ALE IN CLEAN, WHOLESOME SURROUNDINGS

Most beer taverns today are respectable, and law-abiding, and inviting. The Brewing Industry wants the few but objectionable "black sheep" establishments eliminated. To do this, the Industry now cooperates closely with law-enforcement officers in a growing number of states.

BEER . . . A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION FOR THE NATION

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION



Go where you please –with your mind at ease!

Sails and salt water—palms and pools—'dobe and desert—saddles and snow caps—Long Distance will help you have a carefree vacation *wherever* you go!

Telephone ahead to check reservations and arrange visits with friends along the way. Telephone home to reassure the rest of the family and get the news from the office.

It's *fun* to share your fun by telephone. Breaking 80, hooking a big one, snowballing in summer sun, all pack a *double* thrill when you tell some one far away about it!

(Rates for all transcontinental calls and most other calls over 420 airline miles were reduced May 1.)

The Bell System cordially invites you to visit its exhibits at the New York World's Fair and the Golden Gate International Exposition, San Francisco

Collier's The National Weekly for July 27, 1940

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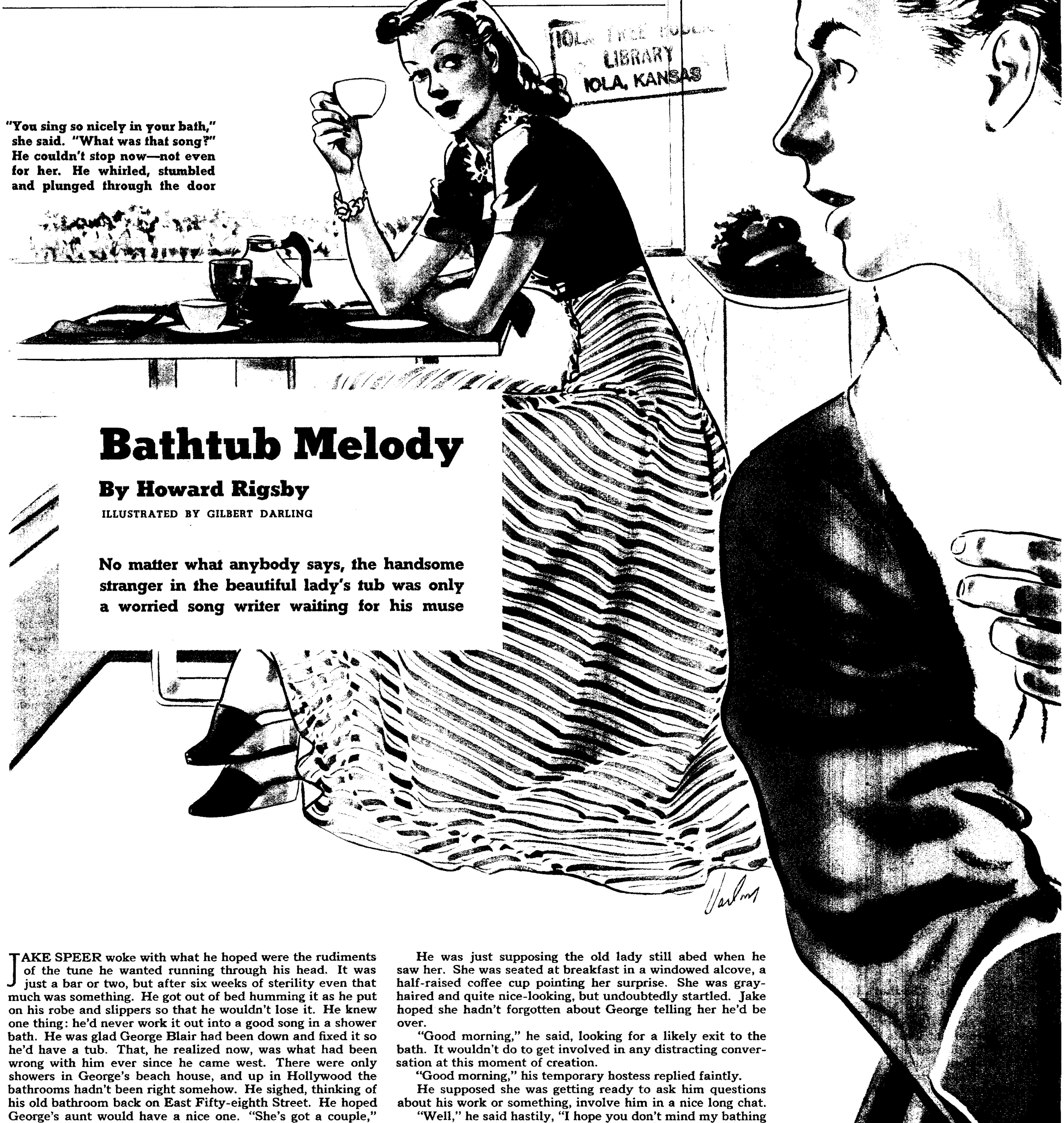


"You sing so nicely in your bath," she said. "What was that song?" He couldn't stop now—not even for her. He whirled, stumbled and plunged through the door

Bathtub Melody

By Howard Rigsby

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

No matter what anybody says, the handsome stranger in the beautiful lady's tub was only a worried song writer waiting for his muse

JAKE SPEER woke with what he hoped were the rudiments of the tune he wanted running through his head. It was just a bar or two, but after six weeks of sterility even that much was something. He got out of bed humming it as he put on his robe and slippers so that he wouldn't lose it. He knew one thing: he'd never work it out into a good song in a shower bath. He was glad George Blair had been down and fixed it so he'd have a tub. That, he realized now, was what had been wrong with him ever since he came west. There were only showers in George's beach house, and up in Hollywood the bathrooms hadn't been right somehow. He sighed, thinking of his old bathroom back on East Fifty-eighth Street. He hoped George's aunt would have a nice one. "She's got a couple," George had told him. "She won't mind at all."

He threw a big, fluffy towel over his shoulders and let himself out. Still buzzing with melody, he crossed the street, giving the notes more volume now because the roar of the morning surf was distractingly unharmonious. That would be the house George had pointed to last night, he thought—that charming, little white one.

He let himself through a picket gate, passed along a shrub-bordered path and stepped onto a bricked porch. The front door was open, revealing a room pleasantly filled with paintings, chintz and morning sunlight. Jake knocked, hesitated a moment and then walked in.

He was just supposing the old lady still abed when he saw her. She was seated at breakfast in a windowed alcove, a half-raised coffee cup pointing her surprise. She was gray-haired and quite nice-looking, but undoubtedly startled. Jake hoped she hadn't forgotten about George telling her he'd be over.

"Good morning," he said, looking for a likely exit to the bath. It wouldn't do to get involved in any distracting conversation at this moment of creation.

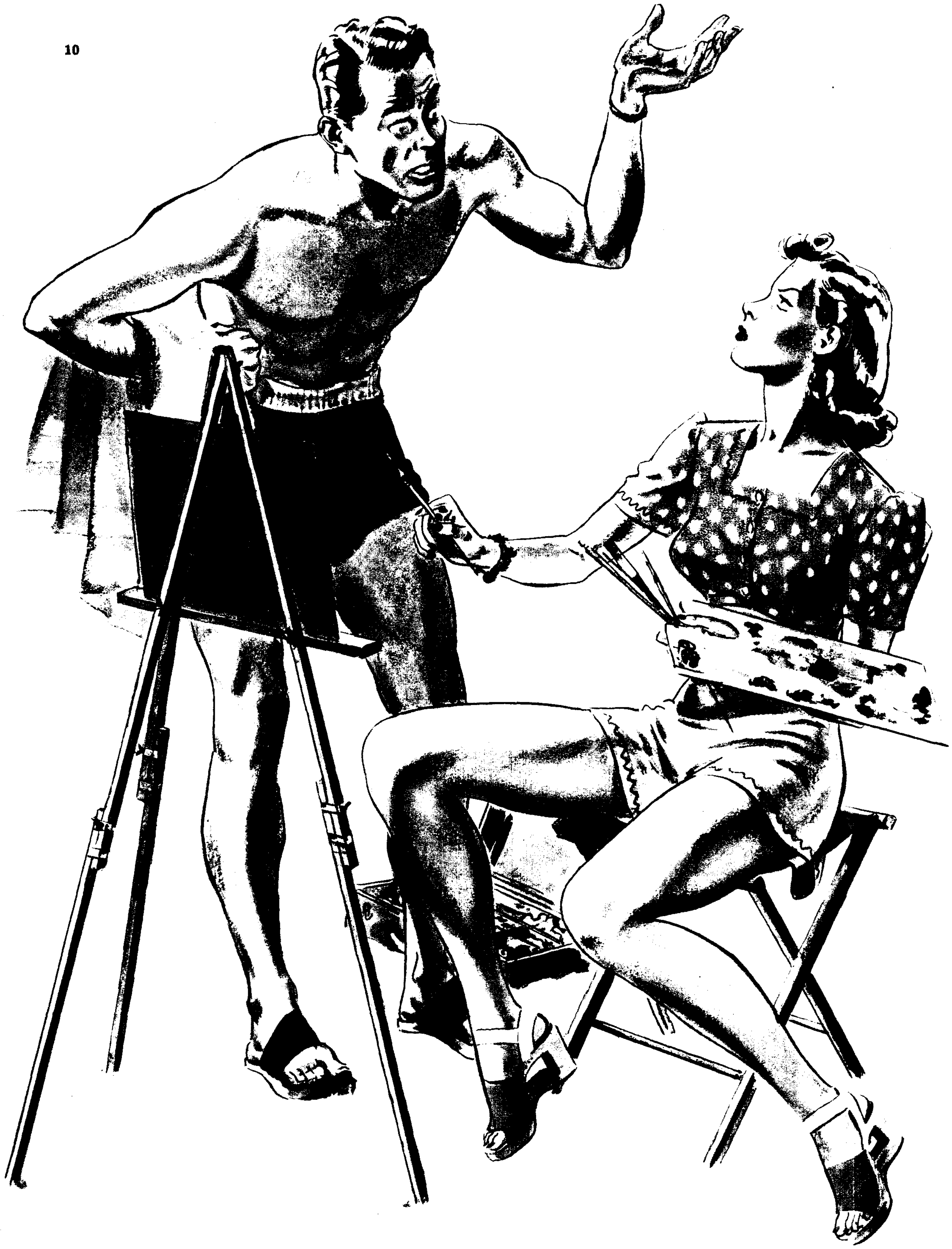
"Good morning," his temporary hostess replied faintly.

He supposed she was getting ready to ask him questions about his work or something, involve him in a nice long chat.

"Well," he said hastily, "I hope you don't mind my bathing at this unseemly hour." He laughed; then, resuming his humming, crossed the room, entering a hallway.

He tried a likely door. It was a bedroom. He had a glimpse of dark hair spread out on a pillow, and a tanned feminine arm. Shutting that door, he tried another, then immediately gasped with pleasure. He was, he realized, standing on the threshold of just about the nicest little bathroom he had ever seen. Hearing the scrape of a chair in the other room, he entered quickly and locked the door.

The walls were done in pale yellow and there was a tub in cheerful aquamarine, a beautiful, adequate tub, long enough for a tall man to stretch out in. It was, Jake thought, a décor



"So that's it!" he exclaimed. "You're a puritan. Full of musty old orthodox scruples!"

sprightly, yet not garish. Windows opened out into a sunlit garden where gaily plumaged birds were singing in a eucalyptus tree. Entranced, he went over and turned on the hot water, then mixed in a little of the cold. Like a symphony, the water thundered into the tub. Steam rose, and even as Jake slipped out of his robe he felt the melody bubbling within him.

When the sting was gone from the hot water he lay back and closed his eyes. After ten minutes he began to tap on the edge of the tub. The melody came, and words to fit the melody. Drying himself, he sang the chorus. He was ready for the piano now—quick.

He opened the door, concentrated for a moment on the melody in his head, then bolted.

"Was it a nice bath?" someone asked him as he reached the front door.

Something about that voice stopped him dead. It was not George's aunt speaking. He turned his head.

The girl was wearing a striped Roman-silk housecoat, drinking coffee, dangling one mule on her toes as she watched him. Hers was the long, dark hair he had seen on the pillow. But there was nothing in all this to make him gasp: it was her face, the tilt of the nose, the mouth just so. . . . He stared at her speechlessly for a moment, his eyes still foggy with creation.

"You sing so nicely in your bath," she said. "What *was* that song?"

That *song!* He couldn't stop now—not even for her. He whirled, stumbled, muttered a curse, and plunged through the door. He cast a slipper as he fled down the path, and lost his towel on a picket of the gate.

WHEN Joe Haver phoned from Hollywood that afternoon, Jake, still in his robe, was halfway through, picking it out on George's baby grand, pausing to jot it down when he got it right. He let the phone ring for a long while, then answered savagely.

"Jake?" said Haver. "This is Joe."

"Oh," said Jake. "Hello, Joe. Listen—"

"*You* listen!" Haver cried. "I want that music! You been out here six weeks and I haven't got a single note of music from you. You got three numbers to do for me—remember? I got to have the first one day after tomorrow."

"You'll have it tomorrow!" Jake shouted, and hung up.

He worked all that night.

At dawn he dressed, rolled up his music and got in his car. He stopped for breakfast on the road, reaching the studio at nine. He ran through the piece for Joe Haver and George Blair, then spent most of the rest of the day discussing the score with the musical director. It was a real bang of a tune, everybody said.

"The only thing worries me," Joe Haver told him, "is that it took you six weeks to do it, Jake. You got only three weeks left to get out two more tunes."

Jake waved airily. "You don't have to worry," he said. "I'm in the groove."

"How do you like my aunt's bathtub?" George asked him when the producer had left them.

"It's wonderful!" Jake said. "George, your aunt's bathtub is simply marvelous!" He became less eulogistic, more casual. "I was just wondering who the girl is that's staying with her."

"Girl?" George said. "What's she look like?"

"Dark hair," said Jake. "Very nice-looking sort of girl."

George seemed puzzled. "It might be my cousin," he said finally. "She lives in Phoenix. She drives out sometimes." He looked thoughtfully at Jake. "She's married," he told him.

"Married!" Jake said. "Oh. . . ."

NEXT morning he woke with only discord in his head. He lay brooding, thinking how unjust it was that after all these years he should find her married. But, he reflected—desperately grasping at any straw in sight—perhaps she was unhappy. Maybe her husband back there in Phoenix was cruel to her. She had left him there, hadn't she? She had come out to the coast alone!

He leaped out of bed. He put on his robe and slippers, noting when he cleaned his teeth that he'd better shave. He shaved carefully and brushed his hair. She simply couldn't stay married to anyone else, he decided. Even if she were happily married, he must explain to her that it was all a mistake. She would have to get a divorce. Why, ever since he had written the music for his first Triangle Show, five years before, she had been his girl. He had fallen asleep with his head on the keyboard one night and he had dreamed about her; then he'd written that song, My Girl. That was she. And now that she had become a real, live girl in a housecoat she belonged to him.

He absently took a shower before he left, then, selecting a towel and putting on George's best beach robe, he went whistling across the street.

As before, the door of the little white house was open and the morning sun was streaming in, lighting up the many paintings, scapes of sea, of dunes, and of the sere, rolling hills of southern California. Jake tapped on the screen and stepped inside, his glance going directly to the breakfast alcove.

She was there alone, the silk housecoat proving indubitably that there was not a thing wrong with her figure. The sun made a nimbus of the curling ends of her dark hair; her blue eyes regarded Jake levelly.

For a moment he was speechless again, his expression rapt and almost unbelieving as he stared at her. Then he said with hearty joviality, "Good morning! Well—I've just come to take another tub in that splendid little tub!"

"I thought that might be it," she said. "Won't you sit down and have some coffee, Mr.—"

"Speer," he said. "Jake Speer. I'd be delighted."

He sat down and she poured a cup of coffee for him, her eyes still regarding

(Continued on page 39)

An Open Letter to a German Hero

Dear Otto, Fritz or even Adolf:

You'll probably wonder why I'm writing to you without knowing your name but you'll have to put that down as another fault of the war. Things happen pretty fast over there and you don't get much time for social business. I suppose you know that as well as I do.

As a matter of fact I almost met you. Do you remember that day on the road between Corbeil-Cerf and Marines? You had just been there and gone when Jack Thorensen and I drove up. We only missed you by about fifteen minutes. That's why I wanted to let you know how things came out.

I don't know how it is with you fellows but I once had a boss who was great on reports. He wanted us to fill out all the blanks every day and he was pretty sore when we didn't. This is just to tell you that if you have any trouble with your boss you can get in touch with Jack or me and we'll back you up. You did a fine job that day. That French ambulance was a mess when you finished.

It almost seems as if I ought to know you. Were you with that bunch up around Beauvais? You certainly bombed hell out of us that time when you came over with the two hundred and fifty Heinkels and Messerschmidts. We saw a lot of German planes that way but the only German aviators I talked with were two kids who bailed out south of Amiens and were captured by the French. One was sixteen and the other eighteen. They were pretty scared but they gave us a good idea of why you guys are so tough When we mentioned Hitler their eyes lighted up as if they had just seen God. I suppose you're pretty young yourself.

We were with the American Field Service, Section One, Jack and I. That's how we happened to run into you. We got into action first around Amiens. Two of our ambulances got busted up there and four of our men were reported missing. I don't need to tell you much about how the ambulances work. We were supposed to stay eight kilometers behind the line and bring cases from the dressing stations to the emergency hospitals. The only trouble was that the line was all over the place. Your infantry was alongside of us and behind us and everywhere. We had to retreat.

Well, that's how it went. We had to evacuate the emergency hospitals and try to keep the men coming from the dressing stations. We got down to Beauvais and were bumped out of there and then Jack and I worked between Corbeil-Cerf and Marines, where we almost met you. We had to go over a bridge at Pontoise, single file, and that was a torture every time. One day Jack and I were halfway over when the military police shunted us to the middle lane and made us wait there till a military column went past. There were seventy-five trucks in that column and it seemed to take hours to get by and we sat there with our hearts in our mouths and scared pie-eyed.

Why didn't you ever bomb that bridge? Do you remember it? Some of the fellows said it was because you wanted to use it yourself later but I never found out. But you were certainly on the job other places. Up around Amiens we never saw an Allied plane. You birds had a picnic there. We learned something, though. We found out that the safest place was right under the motor. When you fellows came over, we'd hop out, if we didn't have any wounded in the car, and crawl under the front end and stay there.

But what you're really interested in, I imagine, is that day when we missed you by fifteen minutes. You know that road between Corbeil-Cerf and Marines. Sort of a country lane with no houses around. A driver could see for miles in either direction. When we came batting along we saw this French ambulance in the ditch. Thought, first, it had just run off the road and was waiting there for the repairmen. But when we got up closer we saw the bodies. There was a French captain on the front seat, leaning against the side of the car. He was dead. There were three stretcher cases in the back of the ambulance, also dead.

We saw two farmers in the next field and they told us what had happened. They said the ambulance was driving along alone when you came over in a formation of twenty-five planes. Suddenly you left the formation and swooped down. You dropped one bomb behind the car and that made it swerve into the ditch. Then you dropped another one in front of it. After that you swerved around and came back and machine-gunned the ambulance.

There were big Red Crosses painted on both sides and on the top of the ambulance, so you had a good target. The driver was the only one saved. He had been carried off, wounded, just a few minutes before we got there. The captain seemed to have been killed by the bomb in front. The stretcher cases were killed by the machine-gun bullets. We could see that for ourselves.

I'm afraid I'm boring you with some of this stuff because you know it yourself. I just wanted you to know how it came out. You did a good, efficient job and nobody can take it away from you. People get bored with war stories after a while but you needn't worry about that. You can keep this letter to show them you were good. If you ever have any children, you can tell them about that day on the Corbeil-Cerf road. If there are any skeptics around doubting you, have them write to Jack Thorensen or me. We'll back you up. We'll be glad to tell anybody what happened.

Yours,
Robert Montgomery.

Payment for this "letter" has been made, at Mr. Montgomery's request, to the American Field Service

"We'll back you up. You did a fine job that day. That French ambulance was quite a mess when you finished"

RONALD MC LEOD

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Robert Montgomery on duty with the American Field Service in France

INTERNATIONAL

THE GOLDEN HORSE

By Frank J. Taylor

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY J. WALTER COLLINGE

After vanishing for 400 generations, the world's most beautiful animal, the Palomino horse, is being revived

IMPATIENTLY Mr. Dwight Murphy waited for the sun to burn through the overcast hanging above Rancho San Fernando Rey in California's pastoral Santa Ynez Valley and then he hustled us out into the exercising yard behind the palatial stables to view "The King of Kings" in all his glory.

"Bring him out, Guy," he called.

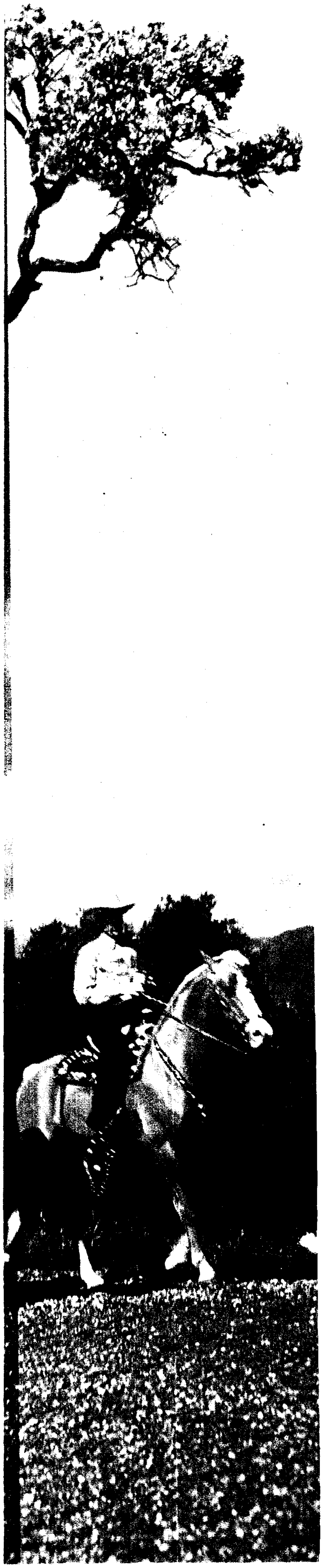
And when Mr. Guy Rutherford led out El Rey de los Reyes, head high, eyes sparkling, coat glistening, feet prancing and muscles dancing we knew why horse experts have called this gorgeous Palomino the most beautiful animal in the world. As the sunlight rippled over his coat, El Rey looked like a horse freshly gold-plated, except for his silvery mane and tail and white nose and feet.

Palomino enthusiasts the country over are pinning their hopes on El Rey, and his sons Hijo and Conejo. Their blood is to restore again the glistening golden hue of a strain of royal riding horses purposely bred out of existence two milleniums ago by the Arabs. An amazing strain, this Palomino, with traits so prepotent that after four hundred hidden generations it is reviving itself on great ranches in California, Texas, Colorado, Oklahoma and other Western states.

How the Palomino acquired his golden hue in the first place is a hot, moot question among horse authorities. Fiery little Dick Halliday of Ojai, secretary-treasurer of the Palomino Association and keeper of the official stud registry, thinks he has traced the animal back to ancient Chaldea. He isn't quite sure, because the professor who was doing the best job was a Pole, and during the Nazi-Soviet digesting of Poland the professor and his records were lost. Meantime, Mr. Halliday cites the "Golden Horses with fair manes and tails" mentioned in the Homeric poems as the animals that carried the Greek demigods to victory. They were, he says, Palominos.

In his most enthusiastic moments, Mr. Halliday holds that the Palominos were the forerunners of the Arabian strain, and not just an offshoot of the Arabians, as other golden-horse enthusiasts like Mr. Dwight Murphy contend. Then there is Mr. Ed Borein, the Santa Barbara cowboy etcher and sketcher, who insists that "palomino" is just a lost basic color of horses, and not entitled to capitals.

(Continued on page 28)

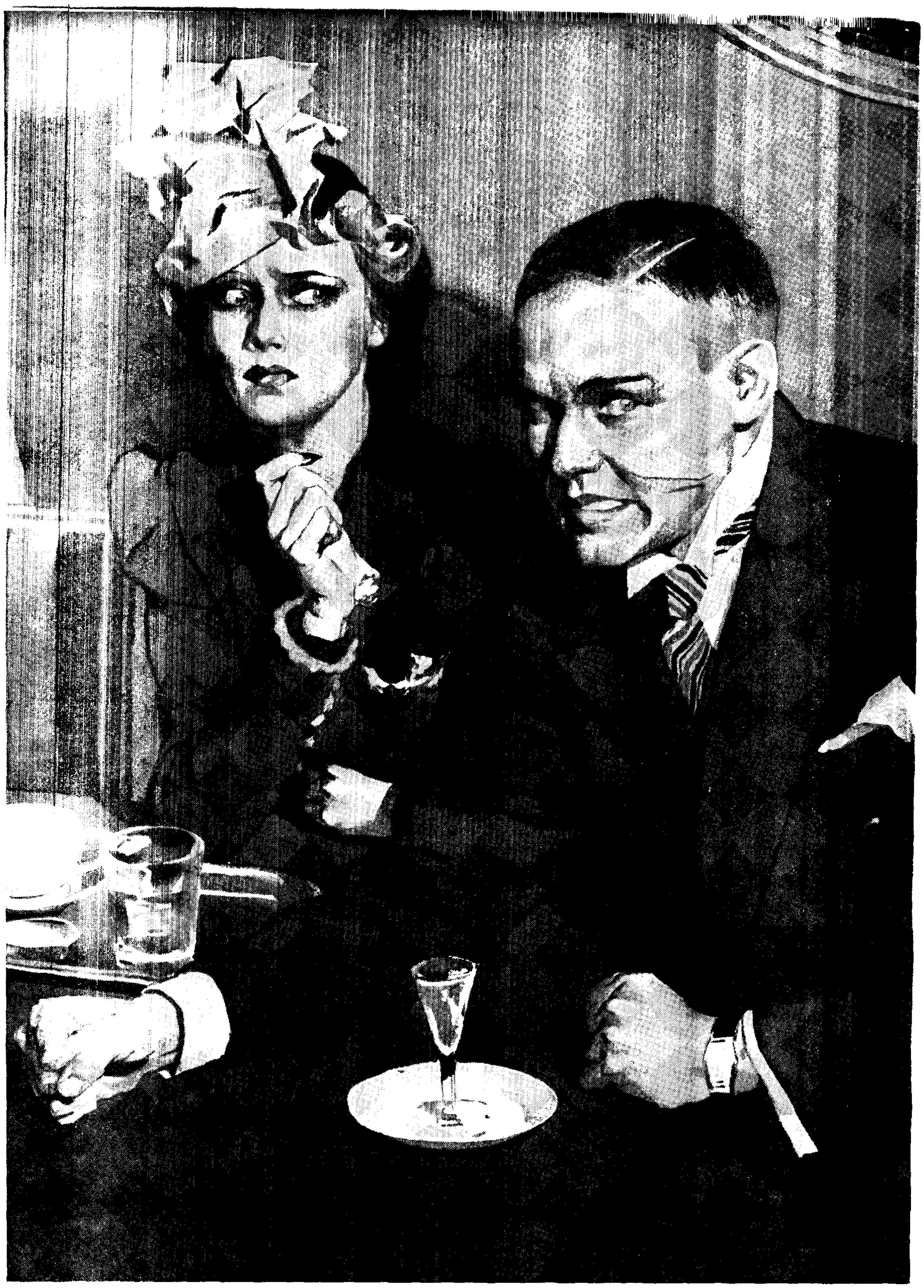


Most famed Palominos are the three handsome stallions bred by Dwight Murphy on Rancho San Fernando Rey. El Rey de los Reyes, right, sired Conejo (center) and Hijo del Rey

Occupation: Widow

By William C. White

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE



"I shall spend my life finding out who is to blame," he exclaimed. "And when I do—!"

The Story Thus Far:

IN BERLIN, Paul Lesser and Rolf Blaerchen start a night club: the Krokodil. Due largely to the attractiveness of Carola Dirling, a singer whom they employ, they do a good business. Then Lesser marries Carola, and, sent to Warsaw on a mysterious "government" mission, is killed in an automobile accident.

Heartbroken, and strongly suspecting that her husband's death had been planned by Blaerchen (a Nazi), Carola leaves Berlin. Three years later, a Nazi agent finds her in Rome and orders her to report to Blaerchen (who has become a power in the German Foreign Office) in Berlin. Knowing that to resist would be dangerous, she returns to the German capital. There Blaerchen informs her that she is to work for him as a spy; and presently she is ensconced in a charming apartment, wherein a maid (Maria Kunkle, who is in Blaerchen's pay) keeps an eye on her every move.

Senta Mainescu—a woman who, once engaged to Blaerchen and working for him, now hates him—calls on Carola. She makes no effort to hide her feelings toward her former employer. A few hours after she leaves the apartment, she is arrested. . . .

Carola has one real friend in Berlin: Karl Dietrich. Once a comedian at the Krokodil, he had offended the authorities. Now, just out of a concentration camp, he is deep in an anti-Nazi plot. Among those with whom he is working are: Hans Klauss; Klauss' son-in-law, Franz Ranke; and a man named Schebeler, who works in the Foreign Office. Although Karl is on Blaerchen's black list, he and Carola meet—surreptitiously.

At a brilliant party to which Blaerchen takes her, Carola encounters Franz Wagner, who is interested in several theaters; and she is introduced to Signor Froscetti, who is attached to the Italian Embassy. Wagner offers her a job. Froscetti makes gallant advances, suggests that Carola lunch with him sometime soon.

Wondering about Blaerchen's true status at the Foreign Office, Karl queries Schebeler. Schebeler says that Blaerchen and Wilhelm Praut—both of whom are among Ribbentrop's favorites—are using the Foreign Office as a base for intrigue against Goering and Himmler

Karl calls on Carola. They go for a walk, discuss the perils surrounding them. Karl suggests that, should Carola ever need him, she send him a telegram. It is night. The street is dark. *And their future—?*

IV

CAROLA woke on a sunny February morning, the memory of Karl's deep, pleasant voice very real. Every word that he had said to her was something to be considered over and over again. On other mornings in Berlin she had awakened and the streets outside were quiet as they were quiet now. On other mornings, as now, she had heard the familiar sounds of family life in neighboring apartments, of breakfasts prepared, of children sent to school, of maids taking the family dachshunds for a morning stroll. Yet this day was different from all others and not because of the first hint of warmth in the sunlight; after meeting Karl last night she knew that from now on she was not alone.

Her telephone rang early. Maria answered it. "Herr Praut, of the Foreign Office, wishes to speak with you."

He called each day just as Blaerchen had prophesied. "I have a little free time today, *meine Liebchen,*" he said, clumsily intimate. His voice was as unctious as his manner. "I hoped I might see you today."

"I'm sorry, Herr Praut." The thought of a meeting with him made her shudder. "I shall be busy all day."

"Perhaps you won't be busy the next time I call."

"Perhaps." She hoped that gave him no encouragement.

He laughed lightly. "I shall be very patient."

Blaerchen also called each morning. When Carola mentioned Praut, he was annoyed. "The *Dumkopf* should have more sense." Then, less heatedly, "I should advise you not to see him."

"I do not intend to see him," Carola said sharply. He assumed the right to tell her whom to see and whom to avoid and she resented it. He had used the same phrase in speaking of Karl.

As she sat combing her hair, she thought of Karl. He had shown her a clear picture of her own situation. More than ever she would have to remain in Berlin, and pretend to Blaerchen that she was sincere, eager to do whatever he asked. But less important than learning the truth about her husband's death was finding some way to slip safely away from him. There would be some way! Her position here might be desperate and grow worse, yet she was less acutely worried about that than about Karl. He had no job and he probably had little money in this war-torn Berlin.

In worrying about him Carola felt released from her own worries; in having another person to be anxious about she felt something new. It was tantalizing to know that he was somewhere in this city and that, except in emergency, they had to stay apart. When worrying about Karl made her restless, she told herself that any man who had been through Karl's experience could take care of himself.

Without plans for the day and with her concern about Karl, time went slowly.

One habit she had acquired in the old days of itinerant cabaret singing was doing her own laundry. She still insisted on ironing even though Maria had objected.

While Maria watched disapprovingly, Carola set up a board to iron a few handkerchiefs and a dress. Usually Maria, whether working or doing nothing, went about smiling. For the past days she had been worried. As Carola spread the dampened dress before her, Maria said: "I'm anxious, Fräulein. I've had no letter from Fritz for more than three weeks! He used to write so regularly."

"I'm sorry," Carola said sincerely.

The telephone rang again. It was Froscetti, from the Italian Embassy, sounding annoyingly genial. "I've waited two days until I was sure I knew what I wanted more than anything else in the world."

"What is it?"

"To lunch with you."

(Continued on page 41)

Dark Land Waiting

By Ernest Haycox

They were hard people in a hard country. But they were better neighbors than she had ever had before

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

HE CAME out of the prairie from Virgil way, driving two matched bays and a light-paneled rig. His name, he said, was Crabtree and he sold a line of household articles. This prairie would one day blossom like the rose and towns would stand where mourning doves now nested in the river willows, but meanwhile would she kindly put him up to supper? Therefore Mrs. Rand *had fed him and had been lavishly* complimented. "You are," said Mr. Crabtree, "a rare cook." He removed the feed bags from the horses and tossed them into the rig; he donned his yellow duster, laid half a dollar in her palm, and prepared to go.

"I had not intended to charge," she said.

"Ah," said Mr. Crabtree, and gave out a sharp, cheerful laugh. "In a new land the religion is water and food and shelter. I respect religion." He lighted a cheroot and adjusted it at an angle that expressed his benevolent self-content. "Let me give you some practical advice. There are four hundred families newly arrived around here. Many drummers like me will be traveling through. You could make money feeding them."

Harriet Rand stood by the water barrel, watching him pass Brewerton's and diminish into the twilight, into the sea of breast-high yellow grass. All along the prairie the shanties and tents of homesteaders broke the evening horizon and, with the rapid arrival of darkness, points of topaz light winked forward from them. She closed her hand tightly on the half dollar, thinking that Mr. Crabtree would never know how it had strengthened her heart. This was the *first money she had ever earned.*

She heard her small daughter's feet scuffing around the shanty, and called at once: "Tara, don't go into the grass." The grass was beautiful but, deep in it, anywhere and everywhere, a cold and immaculate deadliness waited, with no warning to precede it but a dry rattling that was usually too late. She moved into the trapped summer's heat of the eight-foot square shanty whose flat tar-paper roof rendered out a strong asphalt smell.

There was a bed at one end of the room and a round-topped trunk with all her possessions, and a stove and table with two chairs, and two condensed milk boxes tacked on the wall for cupboards. This day she had made jelly from a gallon of blackberries given to her by the Bergs, who had traveled twenty miles to pick them on Crow Hill. Fear lived with her a great deal these days and it was a comfort to know she had made one thing with her hands, against the coming winter.

WITH half an ear she listened to the errant pattering of Tara's feet behind the house while she did the dishes and wiped the table's oilcloth. She put the half dollar on the table, gently worshiping her achievement. Money was life, though she had known nothing about that as long as Lieutenant Philip Rand had been alive to shelter and spoil her. She had one hundred and fifty dollars in her purse, her clothes in the trunk, the jelly in the cupboard, and this half dollar. Money was life and for a woman one year *widowed there were so few* ways of earning it.

She sat still before the table, a small woman who at twenty-six still displayed a girlish immaturity in her soft face and great round eyes and hesitant voice. Her quarter section would be worth two thousand dollars when patented. That was a year ahead and meanwhile how could she make her way? Since the day of the land rush, two weeks before, that question had never left her.

Black night moved in, so still that the oncoming swish of a body moving through the high grass seemed very loud. She slipped the half dollar under the oilcloth and turned to discover Clyde Jacks beyond the doorway.

He said: "If you want, I'll cut your hay and give you half of what we sell it for."

He was a dry, close, plugging man who thought of things like that. Salt sweat crusted his temples and sun had burned *him a violent red.* He was flat-chested and long-faced, with a slight stoop to his shoulders and he stood before her in a pair of trousers whose suspenders looped over the shoulders of flannel underwear turned gray by dust.

"All right, Clyde."

He said, as though it were an afterthought: "This country's no place for a single man or woman. You can't farm and I can't handle a house. It takes two."

That had been a growing consideration in his eyes during the last week and she wasn't surprised. "It is nice of you to think of me, Clyde."

"Your quarter section and mine would make money. As for Tara, I don't mind children." Then he added quickly, "Though I'd expect some of my own."

"I'll think of it."

"Let me know in a few days. I'd rather it was you, but if it ain't you it will have to be some other woman."

SHE moved to the doorway, watching his angular frame sway through the dark toward Brewerton's. All her tenderness and need of love made its silent cry and every fastidious instinct she owned shrank away from Clyde Jacks. Then she thought: "I am a widow with a child. I can expect nothing more than he *offered. If I cannot make my own way* I shall marry him. I have got to think of Tara."

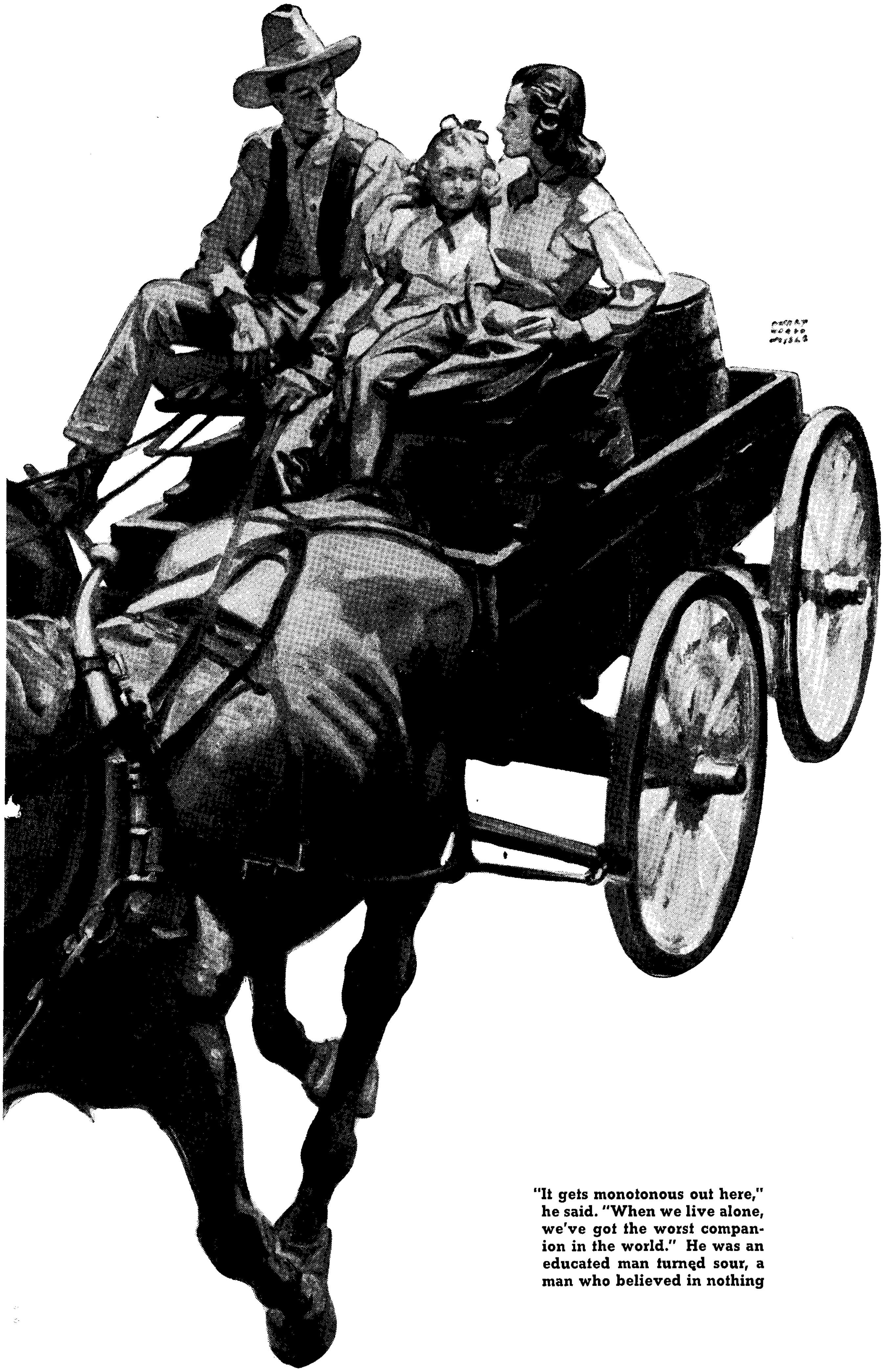
Wagons moved down the road toward Brewerton's, and people walked the night, their voices running bell-clear through the dark. Two weeks before they had all flooded this land in one wave of land rush, hungering for escape and a fresh start on the breast of a rich land whose treasures were lush beneath their feet.

The land was as rich as they had dreamed, yet it lay hard and immobile and stubborn beneath them, its riches to be torn out only by sweat and thirst and hunger.

She was thinking: "If I fail here I can't go back. There is nothing behind me and not money enough left to move *again. I must make my own way or I* must marry." She took three jars of jelly from the cupboard and caught her daughter's hand and turned toward Brewerton's. Tara would grow up, and Tara must have a good life, one that would not end against a stone wall at the age of twenty-six. There had to be ways for a woman to live out here. But if there were not—

"Mommy," said Tara, "your fingernails bite and you are walking awf'lly fast."

Brewerton's lights cut round, warm holes in the complete black, and horses and wagons stood about the place and people's voices sent twining echoes abroad. Tara heard a boy's voice and ran ahead, crying: "Georgie, Georgie, can't catch me!" Brewerton's house was *a shanty with two rooms and an adjoining* lean-to for his blacksmith shop. Hospitably he had scattered boxes around the yard for seats and his daughter Letty moved through the small crowd with a pitcher of lemonade. She said: "I was about to come and get you, Harriet. You shouldn't be alone too much." The Websters were here and Clyde Jacks and the Bergs with their daughter Ingrid who was barely a woman, and Ben Lowe with his nondescript flock of children and a wife whose acid, unhappy voice now and then rasped through the general talk.



"It gets monotonous out here," he said. "When we live alone, we've got the worst companion in the world." He was an educated man turned sour, a man who believed in nothing

Tom Kertcher came out of the dark and paused and Harriet Rand noticed that his glance followed Letty Brewerton until she turned and saw him.

Webster said: "I don't make out what kind of plowin' you're doin' down there at the foot of your gully, Kertcher."

Kertcher sat back on his box, the tip of his cigarette setting up bright thin flashes against his eyes. "An earth dam to catch winter and spring rains. You've got to think of water out here."

Brewerton said: "We need wells, too. Haulin' water from the river takes too much time."

Mrs. Lowe's high, unhappy voice clashed through the silence. "We need a lot of things—and money to do it with. It is a year till crops. How can people live?"

A wagon's wheels groaned on the uneven road ruts and Curtis Kilrain drew into the shanty light's beam. Elizabeth Marsh sat beside him and a young man, thin and sick, pulled himself slowly from the wagon bed. Kilrain called: "I need two rolls of barbwire, Brewerton," and descended from the seat. He turned, holding up his hand to Elizabeth Marsh; and the silence in the yard was very strong.

"NO," said Elizabeth Marsh, "I'll wait here." She looked at the gathered people, her beautiful and rebellious eyes hating them.

Mrs. Berg said: "We need a school. We need a store and a post office."

Brewerton moved back of his shanty with Kilrain for the barbwire. Harriet Rand walked toward the young man beside the wagon. "This jelly is for you."

"Why," he said and showed her a strange, pale expression, "why, thanks."

"Then," said Webster, "we need a hotel. Lots of people passing through here."

Kilrain moved back with his barbwire, throwing it into the wagon. He stood a moment, watching the group, ironic and disbelieving; and looked up at Elizabeth Marsh on the wagon seat. Letty Brewerton came forward with her lemonade jar. "Elizabeth," she said, "are you thirsty?"

"No," said Elizabeth Marsh.

Curtis Kilrain swung up the wheel hub to his seat. Somewhere on the prairie horses rapidly ran and a man's voice yelled one word. He came into the light and hauled his horse back and jumped to the ground, flinging about to show the group a strained, wild expression.

Tom Kertcher said: "What's up, Pete?"

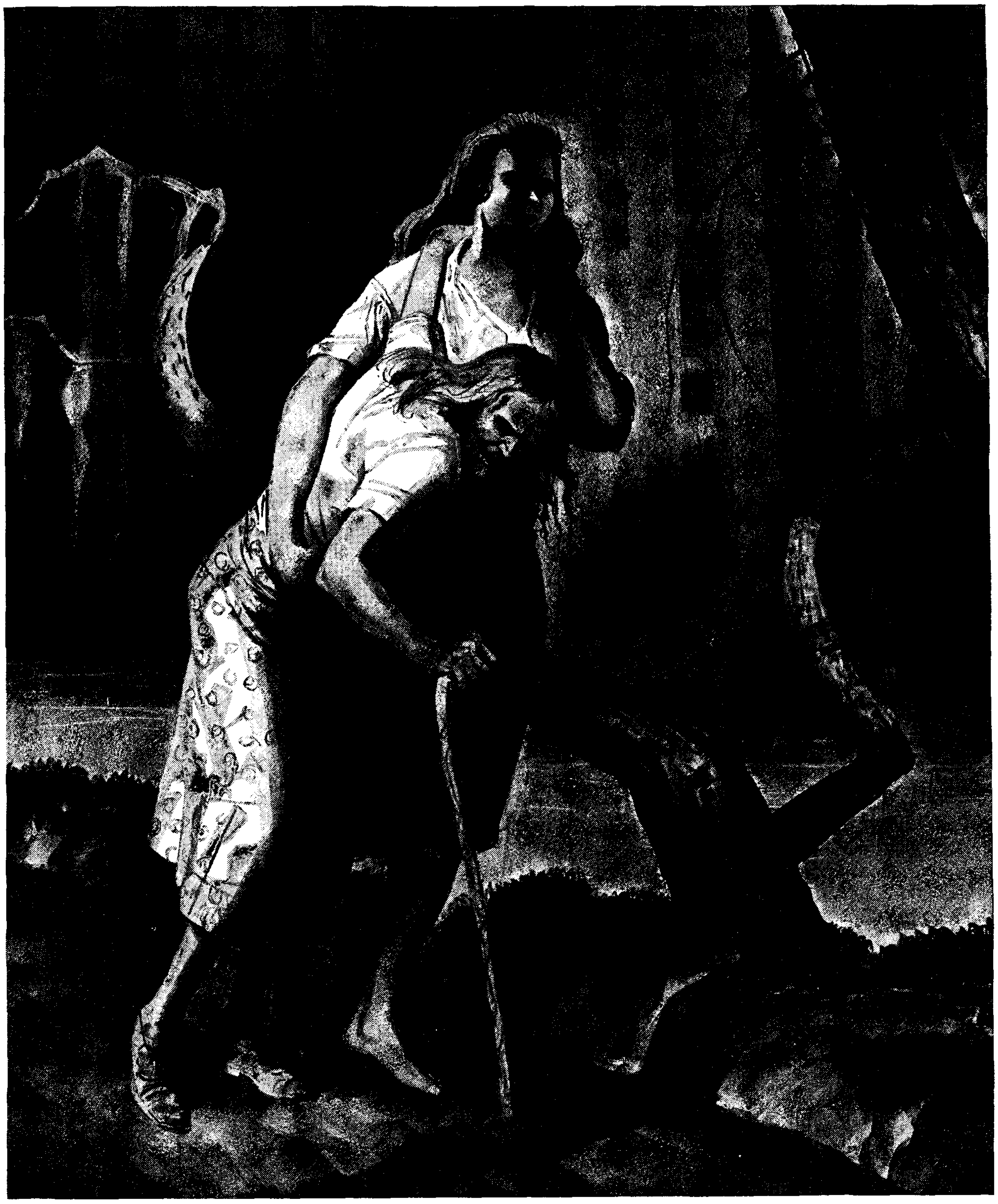
Pete Eccles breathed: "Mullan," and retreated slowly into the small crowd as Brazil Mullan rode out of the night. He stopped, three other men behind him, and from her place by the shanty, Harriet Rand saw Mullan's lank-long cheeks tilt down on Pete Eccles, and lift and go around the circle of people, and turn sly. He said: "Next time you take a pot shot at me I'll run you to hell and gone."

"Stay off my land and quit cuttin' my fences!"

"I'm warning you," said Mullan.

A voice said: "Hello, Brazil," from some yonder angle of the night. Mullan's head jerked upward and Harriet Rand noticed an alert and squeezing care come to his features. A rider drifted forward, a long young man who swayed on the saddle and gave Brazil Mullan an amused smile. "At it again, Brazil?" he asked and rested both hands before him. He belonged on the horse, he was part of it. Sun had bleached his eyes a pale blue that showed bright in the lamplight and sun had turned his cheeks a dark, smooth bronze. He was silently laughing at Brazil Mullan, yet it was the kind of amusement that made Harriet tremble.

(Continued on page 47)



The young one went back and helped the old one. The old one cried like a cat, but it was all put on

Dusty Death

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES E. ALLEN

He wasn't looking for murderers. But they were looking for him—and they didn't lose much time finding him

HOW I came to meet up with the Dust People, I was down in the Carolinas looking into some claims for stolen cars. I'm an investigator for insurance underwriters.

It was funny about that batch of claims. They weren't made by the owners we insured but by their heirs and families, and all they could tell us about the cars was that they had disappeared somewhere in the Carolinas, and the owners with them. Well, we were holding the claims up till we knew more, and I was seeing what I could find out.

Do you know the eastern Carolinas? It was new country to me. I certainly saw woods. People that say most of the woods in this country are cut down are not talking about the Carolinas.

Pine! I drove all afternoon and was still in the pine, except it might be an acre or two every few miles. It's not a pretty country. Pine woods are dark any time, and when the country is flooded and you look back under the trees it does not look homey.

Well, I was driving along and I got to noticing these little clearings every few miles. They were taken up with low, yellow hills maybe twenty feet high or so. I thought they were clay. And thinking of it later, I noticed the witch water was heavy on the road that afternoon.

The sun went down on me while I still had five miles ahead to the town where I wanted to talk to the state police. It grew black as sin under the pines but was still bright on the road. I was moving along at fifty miles when I saw a young lady in the road ahead of me.

She was facing me, giving me the once-over, I guess, and I was driving a snappy new sports roadster, as it happened. When I was almost up to her, she tumbles to the road, falls down. She lay there and I pulled up and got out, as you would.

She was groaning and I asked her what the matter was and could I help her and all like that and she said she'd been knocked down by a hit-and-run. I told her to get in my car and I'd take her into town, but she said she lived "up yonder," pointing to a dirt road that ran off through the pines, and would I take her home. Well, certainly, and I helped her into my car.

The dirt road was narrow and soft with swamp on both sides and I remember thinking I might have a little trouble getting the car out again, and that was once I was right.

I didn't observe the young lady particularly as my only idea was to do what I could and get on my way, but I had the impression later that she was young and husky and good-looking but not very clean and refined; dressed in calico and men's shoes, and her hair like a rat's nest. And I did remember she had eyes like some outdoor animal, green and bright, such as you will see through bars in a zoo, not mean, but more unsympathetic. Well, she'd just been knocked down and might look a little wild and stary. And she had six fingers; all dirty.

We drove down this road a mile or so into the pine.

WE CAME to one of these clearings with the yellow hills. She said that's where she lived, and I looked and saw a house in against these hills.

Now, it was getting twilight and I was only interested in getting going. I saw a one-story house with an eighteen- or twenty-foot front, and there were a window and a door. Through the window I could make out a big room; a light was burning in back.

I gave them the horn but nobody came, not even dogs, and the young lady asked me to go knock on the door. So I got out.

The house was a little up on the hill, and I started up for the door. This yellow ground felt like walking on peat; just outside the door it was piled up high on both sides, three or four feet high. I stepped along, thinking of nothing much except that somebody would be home and help the young lady and I could be on my way. And all of a sudden the ground gives 'way under me and down I go. The ground opened and swallowed me up.

I would not know how far I fell because it was such a surprise to find myself down under the ground. I was swallowed up, over my head, in some soft stuff.

The stuff choked me, blinded me, I was drowning dry, there was a roaring in my ears; I'll tell you frankly, I'm only going to be closer to death once more in all my life. But I am a long fellow, six foot three, and able to handle myself. I got my hands up through this hellish stuff, clutching to try and grab something and haul out. I plowed my arms, trying to haul up, but the stuff held me in a grip all over. Well, I'm skinny but I'm wiry. I twisted like a worm, I drove with my feet and butted with my shoulders. Up there was the air. I just about made it. The stuff seemed to be a little lighter and I could breathe a little and rest a little.

And then I came up like a man out of the grave, head and arms, and there I stayed for a bit, coughing and sneezing and seeing only a blur out of my eyes. You know what the stuff was, don't you? It was sawdust. Those yellow hills were sawdust.

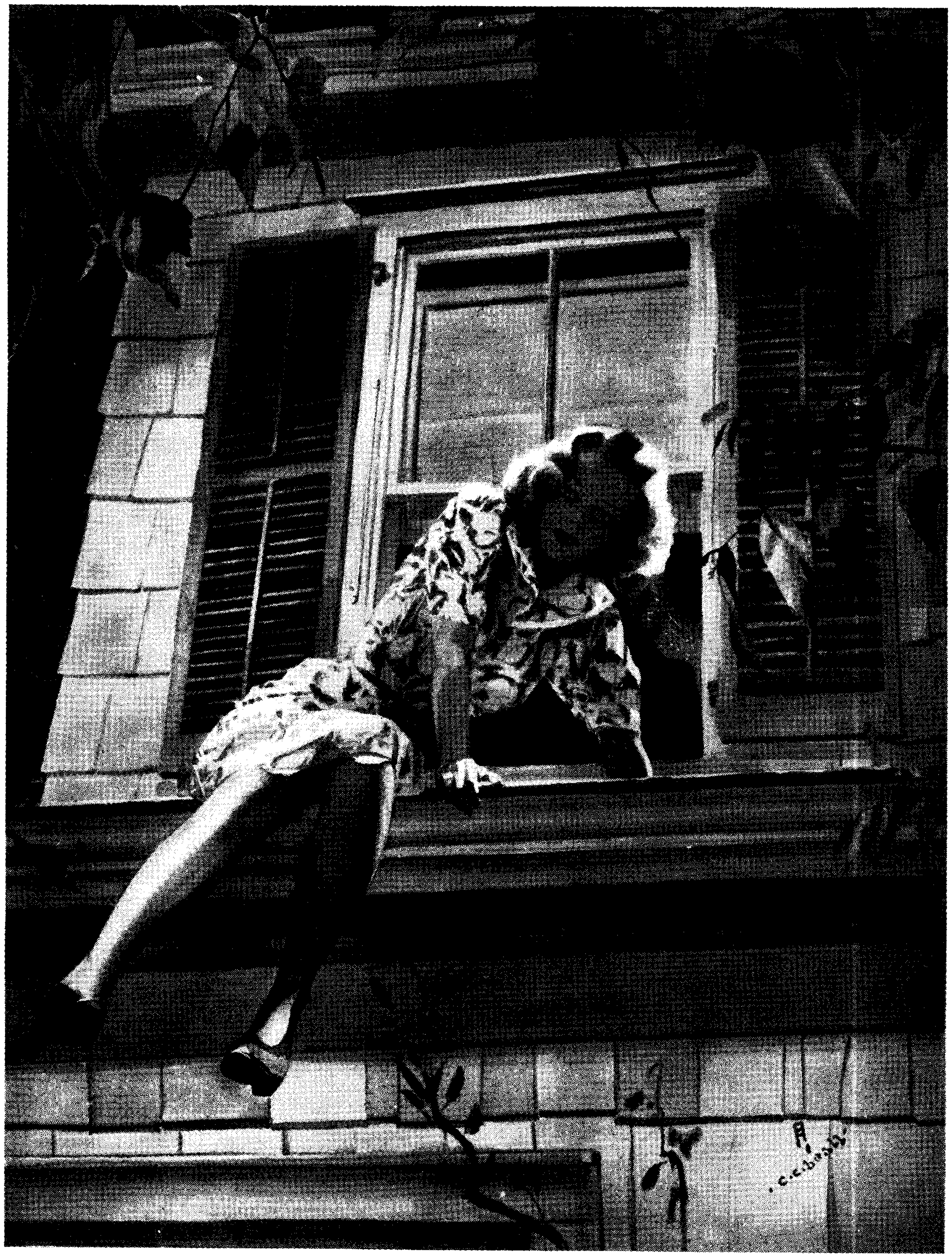
I could see the house, though not good, and it wasn't where it belonged, right in front of me, it was off to one side; unless I burrowed a long ways under the dust. I gave a sneeze and wiped my eyes, and when I looked again, blame it, I couldn't see the house anywhere at all. My car was gone, too. Now, I am telling you this thing just as it hit me, and there was a roaring in my ears as if the top of my head were coming off.

(Continued on page 55)

Rain Before Seven

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



Her hands gripped the window sill and her feet swung down till there was support beneath them

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE fighting together on the Loyalist side in Spain, Caleb Thatcher, of Wallisport, Massachusetts, and Bert Hendricks almost lose their lives when a fifth columnist, "Heinemann," betrays their unit to the enemy.

Following the outbreak of the war in Europe, Caleb returns to Wallisport, where he falls in love with Hope Shaler, who is engaged to John Gabriel, whose machine-tool company is feverishly filling order for overseas. . . . Representing a labor union, Hendricks comes to Wallisport. A few days later, one of Gabriel's factory buildings is burned. Whereupon, Gabriel accuses Hendricks of incendiarism. But Caleb helps his friend to make his getaway.

Natalie Gabriel, the widow of John's brother, is madly infatuated with Greg Ashburn, who, working with a man known as "Sir Eric Bramwell"—Heinemann!—has convinced Natalie that he is a British spy, whereas he is employed by the Nazis. Natalie passes on to him various documents that Gabriel keeps under lock and key. . . .

Hendricks is drowned—according to the police findings. But, having learned that Heinemann has come to Wallisport, Caleb feels sure that he has been a victim of foul play. While trying frantically to find Heinemann, he asks Ashburn to help him. Ashburn promises to do what he can. After which, Caleb disappears.

By this time, the realization has come to Hope that she loves Caleb; and she has broken her engagement to John Gabriel. Worried when Caleb does not get in touch with her, she puts two and two together—fragments of evidence which make a fairly clear picture of the true situation; and, certain that Caleb is in peril, she sets forth to find him. Meanwhile, Natalie—who, conscience-stricken at last by her betrayal of John Gabriel (with whom she has fallen in love), has gone to Ashburn's home to recover an important document she had stolen for the spy—encounters Heinemann. Heinemann does not hesitate—he pinions her arms behind her, slaps his hand over her mouth and shouts for Smurthwaite, Ashburn's servant. . . .

Kidnaped by Ashburn and Heinemann, who plan to kill him, Caleb is being held in a boathouse near Ashburn's house. Hope succeeds in finding him. He is bound. Hope frees him. As she does so, a shot rings out. Caleb kisses her. "Stay here," he says—and starts toward the house.

Conclusion

WHAT John Gabriel had achieved was simplicity. He was in love. And leaving the house when he could wait there no longer, he understood that he was jealous too. Nothing else was important.

He had endured suspense easily enough, up to dinnertime. The impatience that gripped him was impatience for Natalie—it was not mingled with any other emotion. The afternoon had proved that the whole basis of his life had changed, that he was an altogether different man from what he had thought, and clearly that change must have been going on for a long time, however suddenly discovered. Up till today he would have thought such a disclosure as Natalie's must have shattered a priggish and conventionally moral young man. It hadn't. After no more than a moment's shock, there had been only anger because Natalie persisted in denying him and sadness that she felt such grief for something that did not matter. Did not matter at all. For the blinding light that had burst on him showed things as they really were. All that mattered was that, at last, he understood himself and she had answered his kiss.

Whatever quixotic guilt or contrition was making her raise a barrier between them was silly—and cruel. He knew exultingly that it was as cruel to her as it was to him. . . . He dressed for dinner with minute care; that formality, he told himself, was all that remained of the conventional John Gabriel. The new John Gabriel was the man who was remembering. And who was anticipating.

Whatever painful and preposterous effort she was making to degrade herself in his eyes was not finished—she did not come back for dinner. He contrived to seem self-possessed, talking with his frail, distinguished father—who could never understand Natalie's conflict as John did and so must never know it. Afterward they sat in the library, where John was rapt with the memory of what had happened here. Here a few hours ago he had forced the miraculous truth from her. Here a few nights ago he had kissed her for the first time—how soft her body through that fragile robe! Here, with Natalie gone, he must now talk attentively with the old general.

It was about eight-thirty when the telephone rang. He snatched it up and he, and the butler, at an extension, said "Yes?" simultaneously. No one answered. He said, "Yes? . . . Hello. . . . Natalie!" several times, with increasing urgency, but there was no answer. She had called him—and then thought better of it.

With that, the agony began. It was barely tolerable till his father retired, then it was intolerable, for he had to face a simple fact. Whatever errand she had gone on, whatever penitence was in it, whatever she meant by saying she must make him despise her—it must involve Greg Ashburn. The world had narrowed till it held just three people, and one of them was Ashburn. So for something under an hour John Gabriel sat in his library and realized that Natalie was with Ashburn, who up to two weeks ago, she said, had been her lover.

While the slow moments dragged, the world, made simple that afternoon, got simpler still. Till there was only one thing left. Till he found himself on his feet and heard his own voice say with ineffable derision, "And you let her go!"

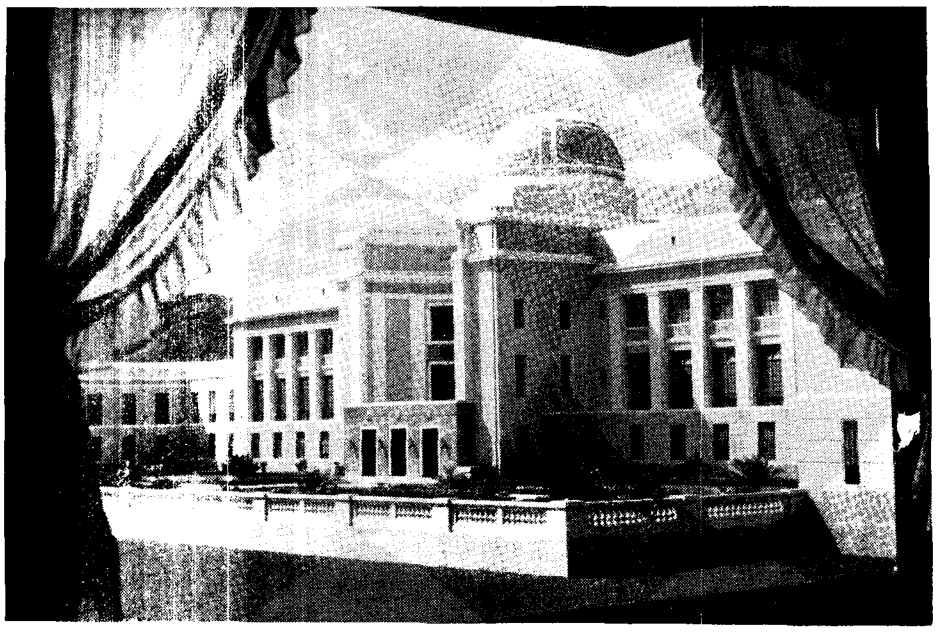
(Continued on page 33)

End of a Dream

By Jim Marshall

The Philippine dream of independence fades as Japan and her navy eye the rich, orphaned Dutch East Indies. Practical Filipino politicians aren't deluded about their chances for survival if the United States turns the islands loose

Much of the Philippine revenue has been used by politicians for public buildings. Right, the provincial capitol on Cebu Island



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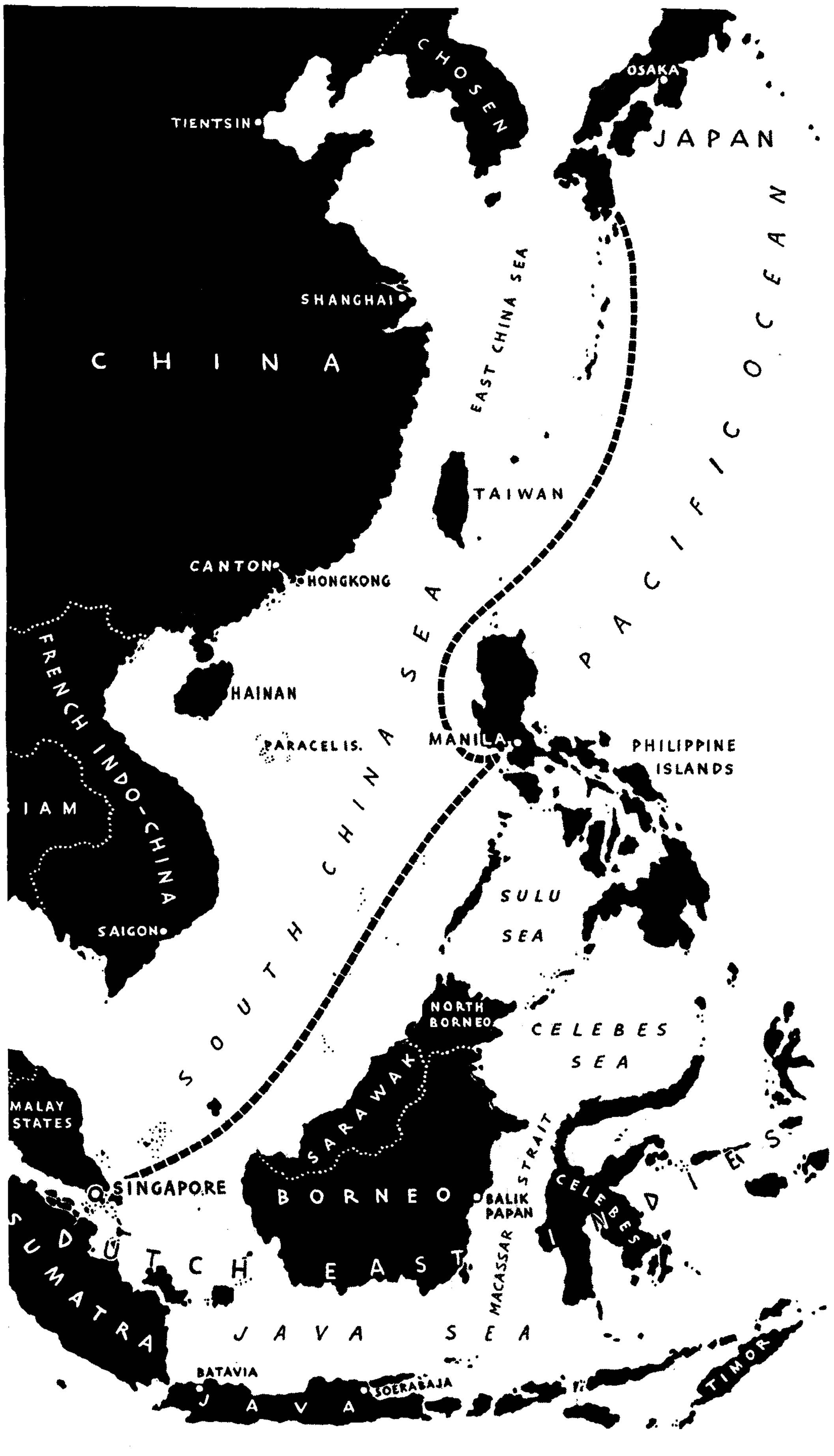
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SAIGON
NORTH BORNEO
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MALAY STATES
SARAWAK
SINGAPORE
BORNEO
BALIK PAPAN
MACASSAR STRAIT
CELEBES
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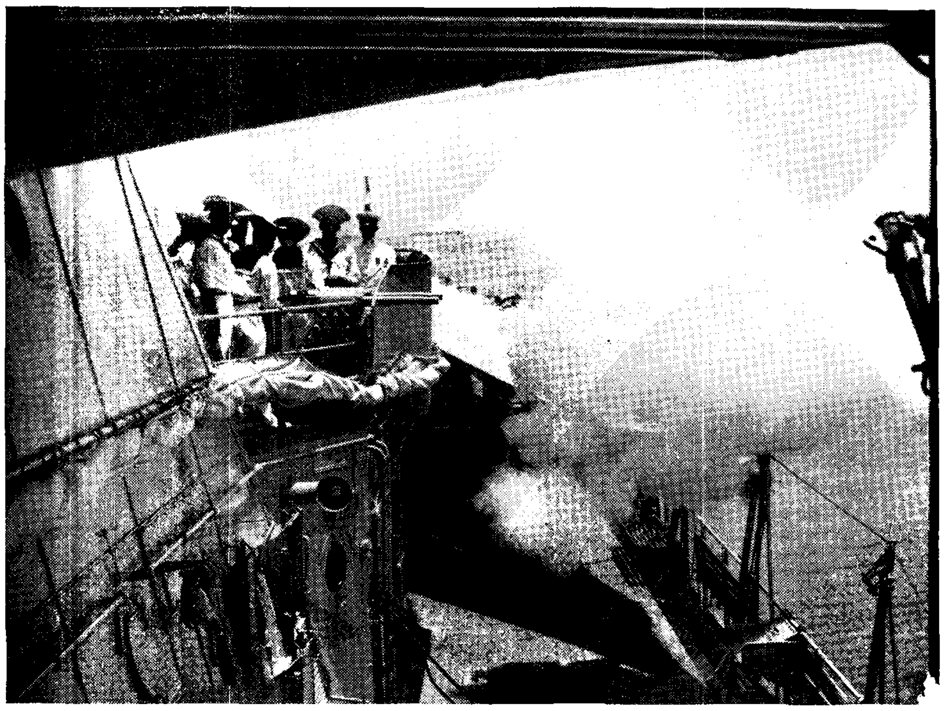
SUMATRA
JAVA SEA
BATAVIA
JAVA
SOERABAJA
TIMOR

ROLF KLEP

Control of Balik Papan, Borneo's oil port in the Dutch East Indies, would give Japan a naval base that would make Philippine defense impossible. Dotted line shows Manila is about equidistant between Japan and Singapore, from which base our Navy could defend the Philippines



PIX

The Dutch East Indian navy is small, but it will fight Japan if necessary. Above, its flagship, the cruiser De Ruyter

SOME time soon, there will come a faint tapping at Uncle Sam's front door. That will be the Filipino nation, wanting to know if it will be all right to come back under old Mr. Whiskers' roof and settle down as one of the family, instead of helling off like Little Red Riding Hood in a world full of wolves.

For a couple of years now it has been a good bet that the Filipinos would, in the end, decide a junior partnership in the United States was better—and considerably safer—than the complete independence the islands are scheduled to achieve on July 4, 1946. But what happened in Europe this summer made it practically inevitable.

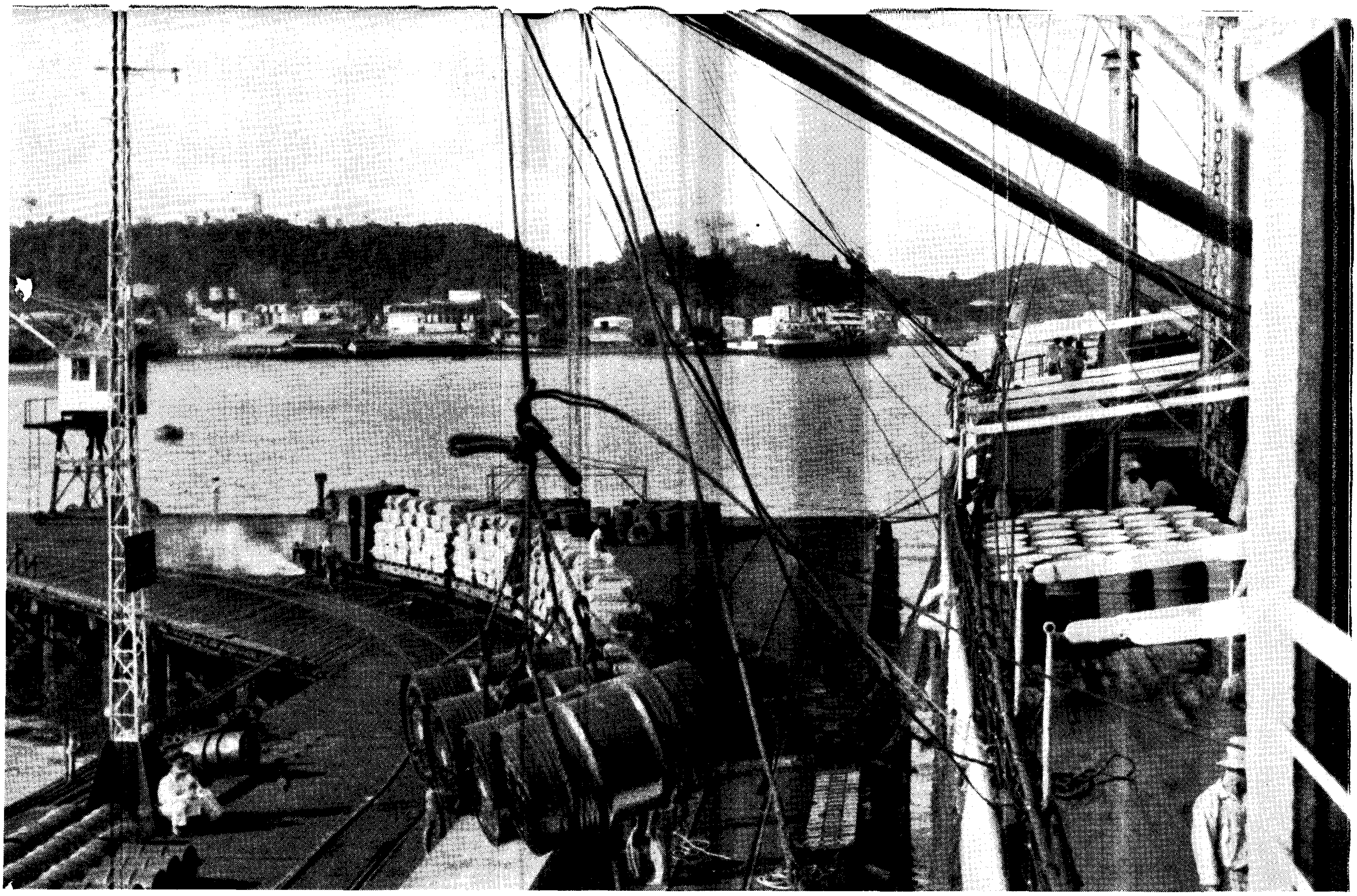
This, oddly enough, brings us right into a sunlit harbor on the east coast of Borneo, facing Macassar Strait, and a place called Balik Papan, of which few Americans ever heard. Balik Papan is where the pipe lines come down to the sea from the Dutch oil fields. Trim Dutch tankers slide in riding high, fill up and slide out, deep-laden. Dutch freighters and liners running between Java and Manila stop to tank up.

Going into Balik Papan you zigzag through a mine field. Up in the hills above the oil tanks and refineries are hidden batteries of coast-defense guns. Not far away—at Soerabaja and Batavia—is the Dutch East Indian navy, half a dozen small, fast cruisers, a dozen destroyers, two dozen submarines, ten dozen modern bombers and a flock of mine layers, their decks chockablock with black eggs.

Today, five nations are intensely interested in Balik Papan: The Dutch, because they own it and intend to keep on owning it; the Americans, because Secretary of State Hull has more or less guaranteed Dutch ownership; the Japanese, because their navy wants Balik Papan the worst way, as a fuel and naval base; the British, because a Japanese base there would menace their own bases at Singapore and Hong Kong. And finally, the Filipino nation because, with Japanese bases on Formosa, to the north, and in Borneo to the south, it knows full well that its independence would last only until the Japanese got around to absorbing the Philippines into the empire.

Off the Asian coast lie twenty thousand islands. In the north, they form Japan. Then come the Philippines. South of these are the East Indies, mainly Dutch, although the British own parts of Borneo and New Guinea. Between Japanese, American and British-Dutch possessions are only narrow channels.

There is practically no oil in Japan; very little, apparently, in the Philippines; plenty in Borneo and probably more in New Guinea, which hasn't been thoroughly prospected yet.



G[illegible]REAU

The oil port of Balik Papan, *richest prize of the Dutch colonial empire, would be extremely valuable to the Japanese navy both* as a naval base adjacent to the Philippines and a source of oil supplies. Balik Papan is the terminus of the pipe lines from Borneo oil fields

When Hitler drove northward through Denmark and into Norway and invaded Holland he gave Japan an opportunity to assert a claim to the Dutch East Indies, meaning mainly Borneo and New Guinea, the two oil-producing islands. Holland, after being invaded, said the East Indian islands were capable of governing themselves independently, even if Hitler conquered Holland permanently. Down in Batavia, in Java, big, bronzed Dutch colonials told your reporter they proposed to maintain their independence and fight Japan, if necessary.

About this time, you remember, the United States issued a statement to the general effect that she was on Holland's side down in DEI. The Dutch down there said thanks a lot, but we think we can handle Japan without help, for a while, anyway.

This American offer was the result of an announcement by the Japanese navy, through Foreign Minister Arita, that Japan proposed to "preserve the *status quo* in the Dutch East Indies."

"Preserving the *status quo*" in this case meant the taking over of the DEI, by the Japanese navy. It was this apparent inability to translate Latin phrases that called forth from our Mr. Cordell Hull the mild announcement that we too were going to preserve the *status quo* in DEI—and the Japanese had better look up what *status quo* meant. The reason for our interest, of course, is that Japanese bases on Formosa, in the Carolines (near Guam), and at Balik Papan would cut the American-British-Dutch defense line which now protects not only the Philippines, but the DEI and Australia and New Zealand.

This brings us, in a roundabout sort of way, to the fact that when Hitler marched north he practically ended the Filipino dream of complete independence six years from now. Every Filipino, from Don Manuel Luis Quezon, *el presidente*, down to the lowliest *tao* behind his *carabao* in the paddies, realized that the Philippines—abandoned by old Mr. Whiskers and his nice shiny Navy, would be merely an overnight stop on Japan's southward march.

A few Filipinos, immune to the facts of life, still thought they could have independence without responsibility and that the United States would do their fighting for them after 1946—but the majority had no such illusions.

No Wonder They're Bewildered

Don Manuel, a practical if somewhat impulsive little dictator, is frankly skeptical of the islands' ability to stem a Japanese invasion. He recently told graduates of the Philippine Normal School that an independent republic on the eastern edge of Asia couldn't defend itself, and couldn't possibly build up an efficient defense for some decades. He added that the islands could be safe from attack under the American flag—and then, remembering suddenly that he was the Number One Champion of Independence, added that he didn't favor remaining under the flag.

This slightly bewildered the graduates and the rest of the Filipino people, who construed the speech as meaning the islands would haul down the Stars and Stripes, be an independent republic for ten or fifteen minutes and thereafter become part of Dai Nippon. The main result was to crystallize a sentiment that had been building up for some time: The idea that the whole independence question ought to be reopened, considered in the light of recent events and a new setup invented.

Nobody knows what cost the Japanese navy might think worth paying to open the road southward. Cost counting and profit taking don't seem to enter much into Nippon's empire-building plans. For example, even if they captured Borneo, the Dutch would—and could—destroy every refinery, drain the tanks, dynamite the oil wells, wreck the whole oil plant. The Japanese are not good oil technicians; it would take them months—maybe years—to get the layout into production again. But they seem to have ignored this in their plans.

Incidentally, of course, we have a stake in the DEI oil business. We have sixty per cent of the concession in New Guinea, with the Dutch and English splitting the rest; we have "interests" in Borneo and Sumatra. . . . But naturally this wouldn't affect our desire to maintain the *status quo*.

Or would it?

The DEI flurry brought to a head the growing feeling in the Philippines that, for the present and near future, independence is just a grand, vague idea—and that some sort of alliance with the United States, and that comforting Navy, is a sound, practical plan. Clinging, verbally at any rate, to the freedom theory, were *el presidente* and most Filipino politicians.

On the other side were lined up nearly all Filipino and American businessmen, the sugar interests and some down-to-earth legislators. Their arguments were that "independence" could result only in the islands becoming a Japanese colony and that if, by some miracle, this didn't happen, the islands would be ruined economically.

It's the Filipinos' Play

What is now going on is a poker game, with each side waiting for the other to bid. Quezon and the Nationalists, though most of them know independence is dangerous, feel they cannot make the first move for a new setup. They want our Congress to make the suggestion. On the other hand, the feeling in Congress is that, having given the islands the freedom for which they shouted so long, the play is now up to the Filipinos.

There are also American business and the American farmer. Between them they sell the Filipinos one hundred million dollars' worth of their products every year—one hundred boxcarsful every day. Forty years ago the Filipinos spent fifty cents each with us each year; now they're spending nearly six dollars each.

Have a look at what the boys and girls have been doing since 1936 when the "transition period" started. At that time there was a cash balance of $17,500,000 in the treasury; we handed it to *el presidente* and his legislature. Since then, we have given the islands refunds on coconut-oil excise taxes and

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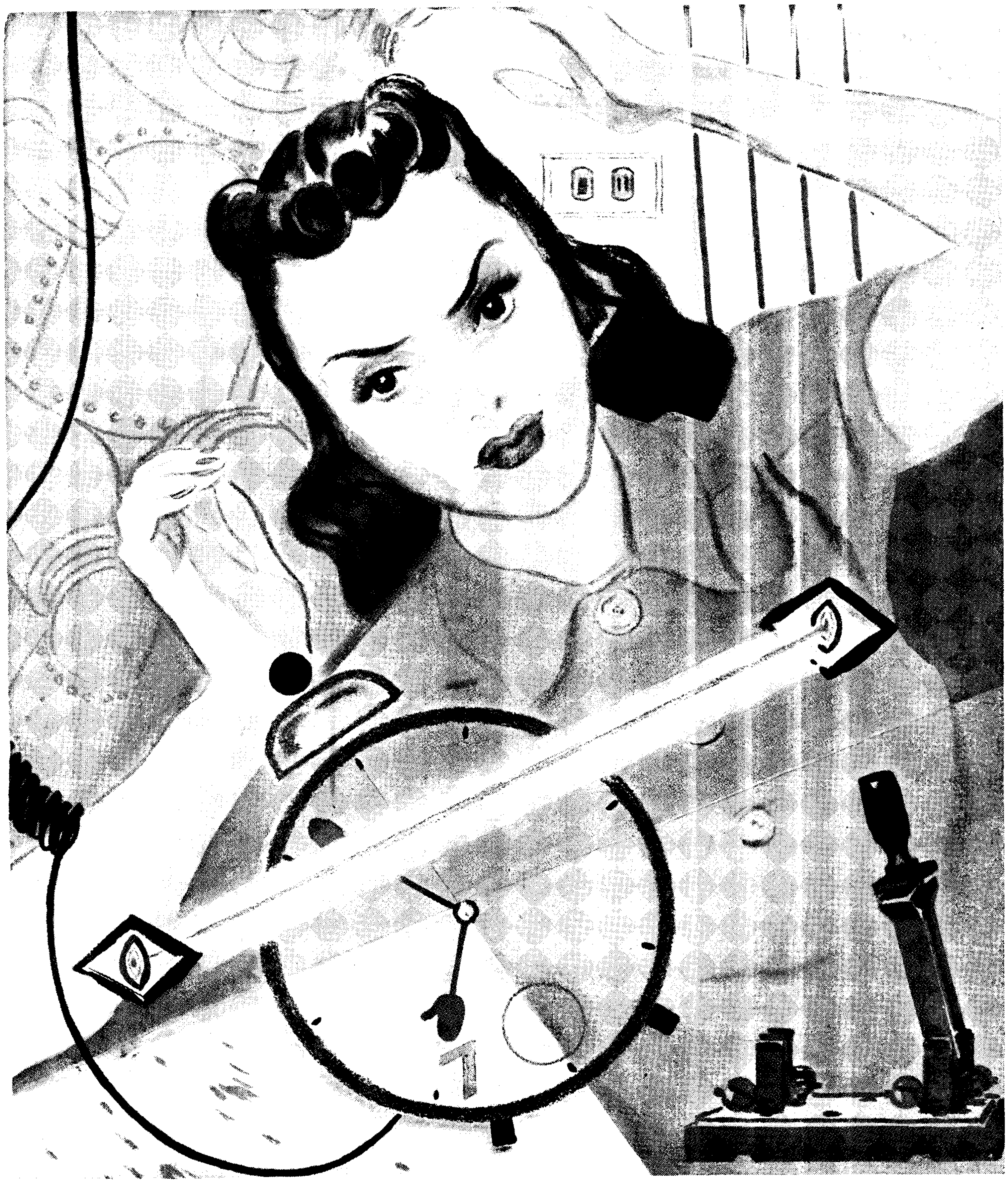


John had installed them. Good machinery and apparatus were personal to him

The Alarm Clock

By Mark Saxton

JOHN ACKER quit work ten minutes early and left the lab. He didn't want to go to the apartment. He hadn't been there since the night Sue told him she was going to Reno and hadn't been able to tell him why. He still didn't know and he didn't like to think about it.

John walked slowly as he came near the building. He nodded to the doorman and stepped into the elevator. On the way up he reached into his pocket, and by the time the elevator stopped he had the key in his hand. It always took him just that long to get out his key.

He closed the apartment door behind him and went into the dim room.

When he pulled up the Venetian blind on the west window, Sue's square wooden clock on the desk said five minutes after one. The ships were still sailing across the blue water painted on the glass door below the dial. He felt lost; the clock stood for so many things. Involuntarily, John looked across at the electric clock on the mantel.

"Still going," he said aloud, and pulled out his watch. "Twenty seconds fast in a month."

Sue's clock never had kept good time even when she wound it. A few days after they moved in John asked her if she wouldn't rather have the radio on the desk and move her clock to the kitchen. She looked at him as though she hadn't understood him and then said no, she'd like to leave it where it was. The same thing happened with the two plain, high-backed rocking chairs by the window. When he bought the new furniture suite for the living room, John suggested moving them out.

John ran his hand along the arm of the couch. It was chromium. He looked at his fingers; there was some dust but not much. He crossed the room and turned on the radio. Nothing happened. Then he reached around the side of the cabinet and threw the switch that cut in the regular radio circuit. As soon as he saw the light on the dial, he turned the radio off. The wiring was intact; it led to the bedroom.

Because the clock on the mantel was running and because the wiring on the radio was still there, John felt more comfortable. He had installed them, and they were dependable. Good machinery and good apparatus were personal to him; he felt friendly to them.

John put in the extra switch as soon as he bought the radio. He wired it in to the alarm clock in the bedroom and every morning at seven-thirty the radio went on automatically. John had taken the alarm out of the clock when he found a program that started with an alarm going off and then played records. He had always dialed the radio to the station on the remote-control tuner just before he went to sleep. Sue said the radio alarm was a good idea.

John reached into his pocket for the two lists Sue had sent him from Reno. One list gave the things of hers she wanted stored and the other gave the clothes she wanted John to pack for her.

John checked the first list against the furniture in the living room and then walked out to the kitchen. In the hall he threw another switch.

The swinging door into the kitchen opened in front of him as his legs broke the beam of the photoelectric cell. That cell had been more than worth the week end it took him to install it. Sue had never got quite used to it, but it had saved her endless trouble. She had been able to carry plates and food in and out of the kitchen without having to shoulder the door open.

John went into the bedroom to check the second list. The two beds were made and the lamp was on the table between them. But not the alarm clock. The soul of the place wasn't visible anywhere. Its absence made John feel uncomfortable again. What could have happened to it?

He went to the window, raised it until he heard the latch click. He pressed the catch. The window came slowly down.

That had needed a bit of doing too. He had taken out the sash weights and put in the catch to hold the window open. The catch had been rigged to the alarm clock, now missing, so that when the radio went on in the morning the window closed by itself, and the room had a few minutes to warm before they got up. John had been working on an idea for automatically closing the window during thunderstorms, but he hadn't had time to work it out.

The light in the closet went on when he opened the door. It had been easy to put in. This closet was Sue's. It was so full of her that for a moment John couldn't believe she wasn't in the apartment. Four dresses were on hangers. He remembered specific times when she had worn each of them, things she had done. He reached and felt the sleeves of the green one. They had been crossing Fifth Avenue and Sue had looked up at him and put her hand on his arm. She had said, "It's nice out, John. Let's not go home yet." The cloth was smooth and soft under his fingers.

If she had only told him why she was leaving him, he wouldn't have been hit quite so hard. When he had asked her she was sitting at the desk with her chin in her hands. She looked at him and shook her head and said there was no reason she could give.

John closed the closet door and turned to the bureau. Whenever Sue had closed that door, she always started to open it again to see if the light had gone out. Her picture was gone from the bureau, but the silver-backed brushes were still there. He picked one of them up. Behind it on the runner were the remains of the alarm clock. It had been beaten and pounded with a hammer.

John took it and ran his fingers over the dents. "Why did she do that?"

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

The Winner – FAMINE

By Walter Davenport

Here for the first time are the hard facts on the coming famine in Europe—what crops are growing and where, how much meat is still on the hoof, and how many mouths these must feed

EUROPEAN

FAMINE followed Hitler through Europe. One by one, as nations fell before his man-reaper, conquered peoples sat down to starve. This winter Germany will eat the wheat of France and the Danube, the cattle of Scandinavia, the pork of the Low Countries. But at her doors millions of her human prey may die the most horrible death of all.

England may survive the German terror. At any rate her western gates are open. Her government can flee to colonial refuge. Her children may be whisked off to North America or New Zealand and Australia where starvation doesn't await them nor famine follow. Her colonies and the United States can feed her. The British navy may patrol the Atlantic, blockading Hitler from food beyond the seas. Similarly it will be denying bread and meat to Belgium, Holland, France, Norway and beaten lands beyond. But the victor shall not want. Neither will Italy. She will get what Germany gives her as her reward for her brief season of cautious combat.

We have the story from the files of Herbert Clark Hoover, former President of the United States. He fed Belgium after the first World War. He led the mercy crusade to Finland after Helsinki surrendered to Moscow last March. He's director and high mind of the Polish Relief. And he's trying to help Belgium again. When Belgium surrendered to Germany in May she had food enough for fifty days.

There is nothing emotional in the Hoover facts, although horror is their sum. Before Germany invaded Poland last September, Europe knew that her crops were poor. Had Germany, England and France consulted together to pick a year for war that would have produced a punishing peace they could not have done better. Poland was invaded as the farmer was sowing his winter wheat. Germany's potato crop was being ravaged by that voracious pest without a country, the Colorado Beetle. Drought had withered the fodder fields of Scandinavia and Holland and their herds of beef cattle had dwindled. They imported fodder but sources were reluctant. Even as England and France declared war upon Germany, Europe's farm economists reported that the Continent's crops of wheat would be anywhere from twenty-five to fifty per cent below normal. Last winter was yet to come.

Danubia Can Starve

Winter brought the bitterest cold that Europe had felt for years, the deepest frosts, the vastest blights of ice. And while Hitler bided his hour and the Allies cozened themselves with the thought that he didn't dare strike, food hopes died in the ground. Spring came late and cold. Belated frosts killed successive plantings. England made overtures to the wheat growers of Rumania, Hungary, Jugoslavia and Bulgaria, thinking thus to make them her allies and ignoring as something that would always be hers Canada's 300,000,000 stored bushels and Australia's 125,000,000. But Germany's Or Else diplomacy won the Danubian granary and this winter she'll make the most of the dismal fact that whereas normally that fecund sector provides about sixty per cent of the bread requirements of North Central Europe and the western occupied countries, this year it will be different. The Danubian yield is off a third, is not expected to exceed 3,540,000 tons, and Adolf Hitler's Reich will eat almost all of it. Danubia can starve in the shadow of her own bursting grain elevators or beg from her knees for a loaf of her own bread.

What sick Nature hadn't done to Europe's grain and cattle, fruits and hogs, iron heels and steel wheels did. Armies leave nothing in their wakes except people and poverty. What marching men don't devour as they go, they destroy. Even the deep-delving Hoover records cannot estimate how many food animals died in Hitler's fire. And nobody knows how many hundred thousands of tons of grain and meat were destroyed by terrified farmers before they fled with their soldiers before the German wrath.

That's the picture you see in the Hoover files. No pretty phrases nor wishful thoughts are going to mellow it. There's nothing so drear as lost harvest hopes. The picture is painted in black-and-white statistics and tells you that at best, in normal days, Europe could not feed herself.

They've Always Needed Help

There's the fundamental table, for example, which shows you in percentages the self-sufficiency in foodstuffs in normal crop years of the various nations. For example, Great Britain is only twenty-five per cent self-sustaining. Remember that we're talking about food. Norway is only forty-three per cent, Belgium fifty-one, the Netherlands sixty-seven, Finland seventy-eight, Germany (prewar) eighty-three, France (prewar) eighty-three, Sweden ninety-one, Italy ninety-five, Poland (prewar) a hundred and five, Bulgaria a hundred and nine, Rumania a hundred and ten, Russia a hundred and one.

These are samples and can be mis-

(Continued on page 38)

Conquerors eat first and noncombatants get what's left—if any. These are German troops lined up at a field kitchen at what was their western front. Below, Rumanian peasants, despite rich harvests of grain, starve in the midst of plenty

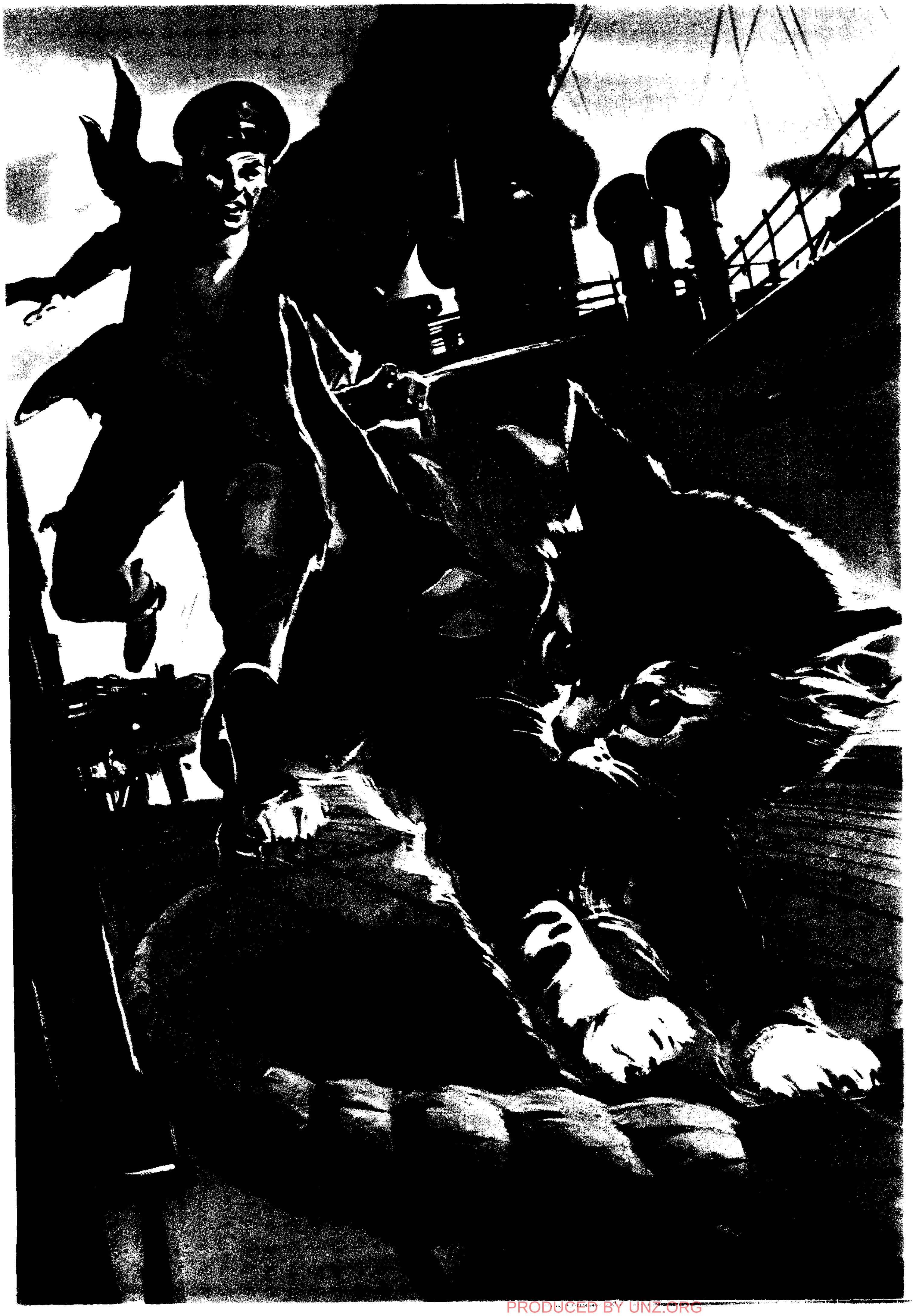
PIX

Childhood of Miss Churt

By F. R. Buckley

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

What if she has only eight lives left to give for her country? The one she has lost was dearly bought



Miss Churt ran away now, her ears cocked for the sound of beloved footsteps pursuing. And they came

MISS CHURT—British, like everyone else aboard the Malvern—sat on the storm sill of the galley and with glazed eyes surveyed the North Atlantic.

Miss Churt was meditating somberly on the rump steak the cook had given her. "Eat it up, Kitty; good!" the cook had said, and Miss Churt had followed the suggestion.

Now—although the steak had been delicious—Miss Churt was experiencing certain qualms; a sensation, as of cannon balls in the midriff, had assailed her. . . .

Miss Churt decided that she would get a little fresh air and drop in on her friend Mr. Wharton.

She dropped from her perch and, with tail at its meridian height, walked unsteadily toward the cuddy stairway.

THE Malvern was moving unsteadily also, and likewise because of a heavy feeling in the midriff; caused not by cannon balls but by much more modern munitions of war. Never on very cordial terms with her rudder, she had now been be-shelled and be-packing-cased and be-airplane-parted until she would just as soon go anywhere as anywhere else, and was constantly trying to do so.

In a room on the boat deck, the first officer and the chief engineer were discussing this phenomenon and others related to the comfort and well-being of the ship's company. Mr. McIvor, who was naturally the engineer, had joined in New York and was absorbing pessimism from Mr. Wharton.

"He's a kind of mixed product of the flu and the board room," said the first mate, alluding to his captain. "He's—well, you saw him."

"I saw *something*," said Mr. McIvor cautiously.

"That'd be him. Chairman's nephew; on the beach for years; war comes along—old Stokes gets flu—hand o' Providence—an' here I am sayin' 'Aye, aye, sir!' to *that*. If he'd got eyelashes I wouldn't mind it so much, but—"

Mr. McIvor nodded, and his unclean pipe said, "Cluck, cluck."

"Have any trouble comin' over?"

"Subs, you mean? Naw. Hello, sweetheart! Hello! Come to see Poppa?"

Mr. McIvor, thunderstruck, made an instinctive motion to smooth his hair; but it was only Miss Churt. Mr. Wharton went over, picked her up out of the aperture of the hooked door and before sitting down again on his berth spread a month-old newspaper carefully on the carpet. The page uppermost bore a picture of Lady Somebody's wedding to Captain Gossakes-Whosis of the guards; Mr. Wharton, bending with Miss Churt sprawled over his palm, surveyed orange blossoms, smiles, teeth, tonsils and the arch of swords with a nitric eye.

"There, sweetheart," he said, putting Miss Churt down on them.

"You a morried mon?" asked Mr. McIvor.

"Nah. But I *will* be. That's her."

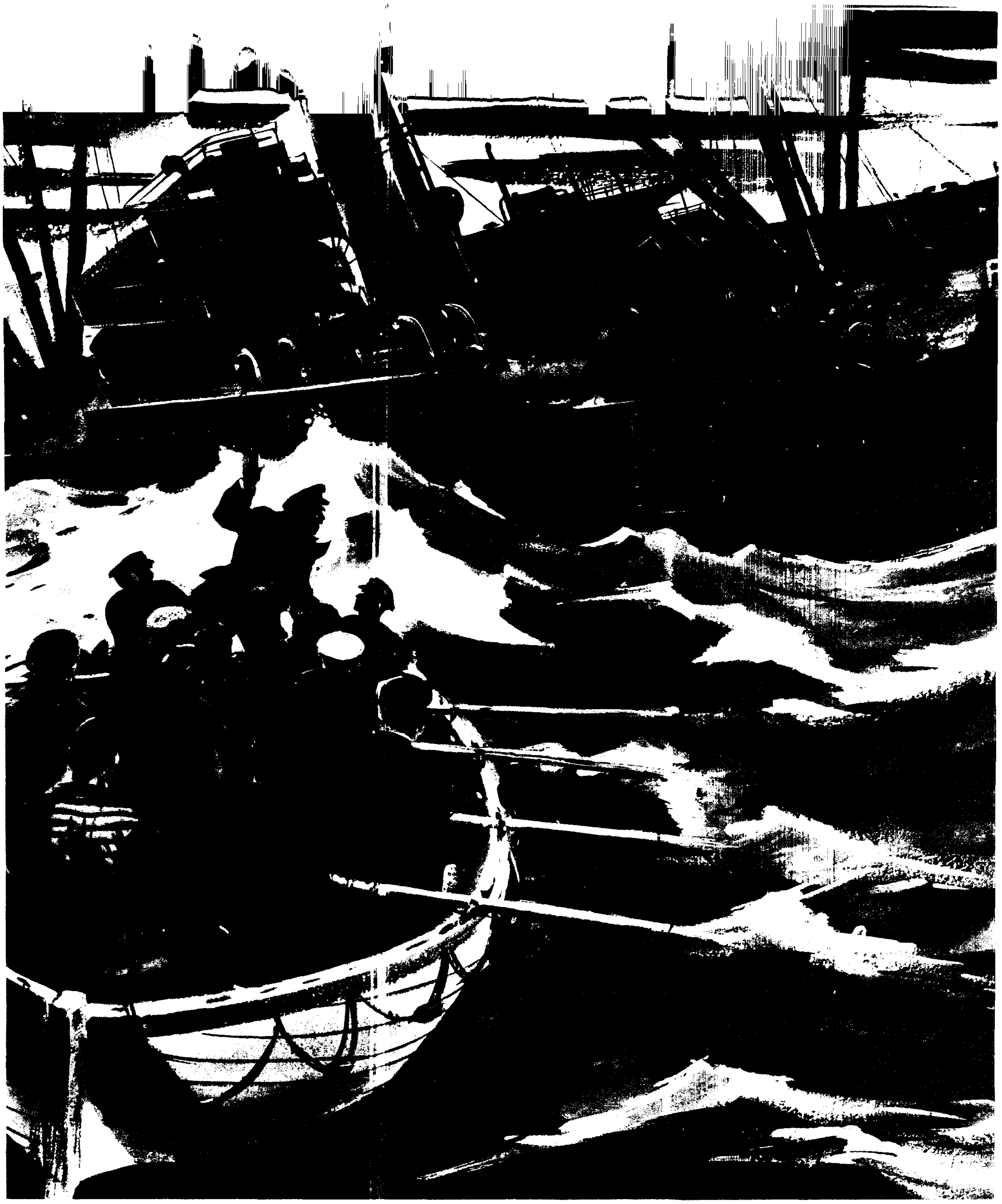
The engineer rolled an eye at the picture on the bureau.

"Nice gurrul."

"You said it. Canon Hobson an' all. Speakin' of cannon, have you seen our 4.7 on the poop deck?"

"To my grief. But what's this," said Mr. McIvor, whose intake of personal news was disproportionate to his output, "aboot a canon? The young leddy's no got a smash on um?"

"On old Hobson? Not *that* kind," said Mr. Wharton; and his look made Mr. McIvor wonder whether he should



"Forgotten something?" said Mr. Wharton. "I've left my cat behind." From the bow came a chuckle

have asked "Fact is—that's a good little sweetheart! Come to Poppa! 'At's a girlie!"

"Ye seem fond o' yon kitten."

"I'm mad about her. And she's just wild about Harry, aren't you, pet?"

Miss Churt licked a gnarled and *knotted hand. It tasted something like* the rump steak, flavored with tar, salt, tobacco and Mallinson's Wonder Ointment for superficial cuts and bruises. . . .

"Then whaur *does* this canon come in?"

"All the girls round our way in Liverpool are mad about him. See—he had us all in Sunday school; children's choral guild, he called it; us boys got away after we'd been confirmed, of course, but you can believe it or not, I've never been the swearer I ought to have."

"I noticed that when we was warpin' into the stream," said Mr. McIvor. "I thocht maybe ye was a nance."

A sudden squeezing of Miss Churt's ribs evoked a mew.

"Did I hurt ums bellah?" asked Mr. Wharton. "Dere. Snuzzle down, a good girlie; such a full ickle tummy . . . Ho, you did, hah?"

"Until we met," said Mr. McIvor in haste. "But—he canna be a young mon, this parson?"

"CANON," said Mr. Wharton. "Naw, an' he's no beauty neither. But he's the bee's knees so far's Annie's concerned, an' she's goin' to be married by him or nobody, so so far it's been nobody—an' now they go an' put this pink-whiskered nincompoop in over my head—"

"What's it matter who morries ye? It takes no longer than havin' a tooth out."

"Ho, doesn't it? That's where *you* drop your tow. Old Hobson's strong for the ritual and all that; and that means veils an' orange flowers for Annie an' a top hat an' tails for me."

"But not in wartime!"

"How do *you* know?"

"I'd go," said Mr. McIvor after reflection, "an' see the old mon an' say 'Fush!' to um."

"You would *not,"* said Mr. Wharton darkly, "not if you saw him. He's only about five foot six, but I've seen him sober a stevedore with one look—*cold* sober, an' askin' for coffee. He's got one o' those kissers you carve out o' granite with a road drill. Looks something like you."

The chief engineer considered this judicially, and put his glass down.

"Aweel," he said, rising. "It's the wull o' Allah, I suppawse, that some of us should be morried an' hae bairns, while ithers lovish their possions on tobby cots. Guid nicht, Mr. Wharton."

In the doorway he turned to see the burst of this Glaswegian bomb. Miss Churt, who had been awakened by something that felt like an earth tremor, blinked at him and went to sleep again.

"We've naval ratings aboard to work yon gun?" McIvor asked, to cover his more morbid curiosity.

"We have," said Mr. Wharton, "an' if anybody asks you who's in command o' that gun crew, it's me. Naval reserve."

"You bein' in turn commanded by Captain Timbs. Weel—guid nicht."

"You heard about that timber ship gettin' torpedoed?" Wharton asked.

"No. What was that?"

"Oh, just that they thought she mightn't have sunk properly, an' be derelict hereabouts. Timbs has been radioin' everybody bar Churchill an' President Roosevelt, but nobody's seen her. Dark night, too. Well—pleasant dreams."

A certain pensiveness marked Mr. McIvor's departure but the first mate seemed to feel better.

He extracted Miss Churt gently from the land of nod, held her up with forelegs dangling, treated her to a gigantic smile and kissed her unhygienically on the nose.

"Azza booful girlie!" said Mr. Wharton. "You like Poppa go home to his other girl an' get married, please, an' zen you have lovely house an' garden to scratch in?"

Miss Churt was exceedingly drowsy; moreover that rump steak seemed still to be clogging her articulation. She opened her pink mouth, but no sound issued.

"I'll bet you," said Mr. Wharton. "And that reminds me—"

He had just risen to pick up the newspaper with the wedding on it when from for'ard, out in the starry dark, there came a thunderous crash.

The Malvern stopped in her tracks like a dowager smitten in the breadbasket.

Simultaneously, the lights went out.

It was, of course, that derelict, floating bottom up at what the French so prettily call the flower of the water, or, in Anglo-Saxon sea talk, awash.

Having accomplished the destiny given her by those heavenly lights overhead—Neptune afflicted by Mars, perhaps; who knows?—and buckled the Malvern's blunt bows backward like the bellows of a concertina, the timber ship rolled, spewed a few hundred thousand board feet from a new gash and sank; while down behind the forepeak of the Malvern, Mr. Wharton and a number of nearly naked shipmates strove to save their tub from doing likewise.

IT WAS a question of strengthening a bulkhead, and strengthening bulkheads is uneasy work in the pitch dark.

It was an hour before Mr. McIvor and his horde got the uprooted dynamo going again; and then what was revealed by hand lights led into the hold was the reverse of encouraging.

Not only was the bulkhead spouting water through the holes of deracinated rivets; it was bulging bodily and visibly inward, so that it was obvious that no time remained for carpenter work and fancy shoring.

Mr. Wharton's eyes, under a mop of embattled hair, shuttled desperately about the hold. The port and starboard sides were solid-packed with minor munitions, forming admirable buttresses for the wings of the forward wall. But in the midst stood two cases that had taxed the stevedores; they were large and heavy enough to have contained whippet tanks, and the Malvern's notorious instability had caused them to be stowed well aft of the bulkhead.

The space between was filled with

(Continued on page 53)

Leave the Lady Be

By Frank Condon

Jean Arthur detests press agents and interviewers. So Gate-Crasher Condon decided to interview her to find out why

MISS JEAN ARTHUR has a very nice voice and I am a pushover for a beautiful young woman with a nice voice, especially if it is clear, low and sort of lilting. I have recently returned from Tucson, Arizona, where I had a good chance to hear this voice in the rear of a tin garage, with a cooler machine blowing, and I will state the voice comes spang up to all descriptions, hints and rumors. The noise Miss Arthur makes when talking is such that you don't care a hang what she is talking about and are content to lean back and be lulled.

Regarding the trip to Arizona, there were a few ominous preliminaries. It was explained, with some hesitance, that Jean Arthur avoided newspapermen, press agents, lady interviewers and any person carrying sheets of yellow paper in a side pocket. It was said she had a poor opinion of all interviewers, who are apparently people who listen carefully to what a person has to say and then write something else.

There was a slight chill of formality in the Tucson air, which could stand a little chilling, as it was otherwise 130 degrees in the sun, 100 in the shade. Even her own press department, the scholarly lads from Columbia Pictures, spoke of her remotely as Miss Arthur and she was said to address Otis Wiles as Mister Wiles, causing him some uneasiness. I suggested to Lou Smith, who had bounced all the way over on the midnight plane: "Maybe we better turn around and go on home."

Well, I'll never understand any part of it, because, as I say, I sat in this dim garage and Jean sat opposite me on a wet hospital cot, for which she personally paid $1.39, and we got along fine. . . . The garage was part of the set and the trailer was backed into it and the cooler shot a blast of air over the whole. She talked for two hours about the war, pictures, actors, people, the war, herself, pictures, actresses, people, the heat, the supreme efficiency of the workmen about her, the war and why she doesn't like to pose in the studio for still pictures, holding a bottle of catsup. She hates to sit anywhere for still pictures and studios must have still pictures.

I said: "What do you do about it?"

She said: "I don't go."

Meanwhile, the air machine murmured steadily, and after a long time the publicity staff figured they'd better investigate and see if anything untoward had happened to me in the garage. Miss Arthur was clad in an all-lace bridal costume of ivory white, with five petticoats of satin, formal pantalettes with lace, two scuffed-looking shoes and a bride's veil, which she presently hung on a horseshoe.

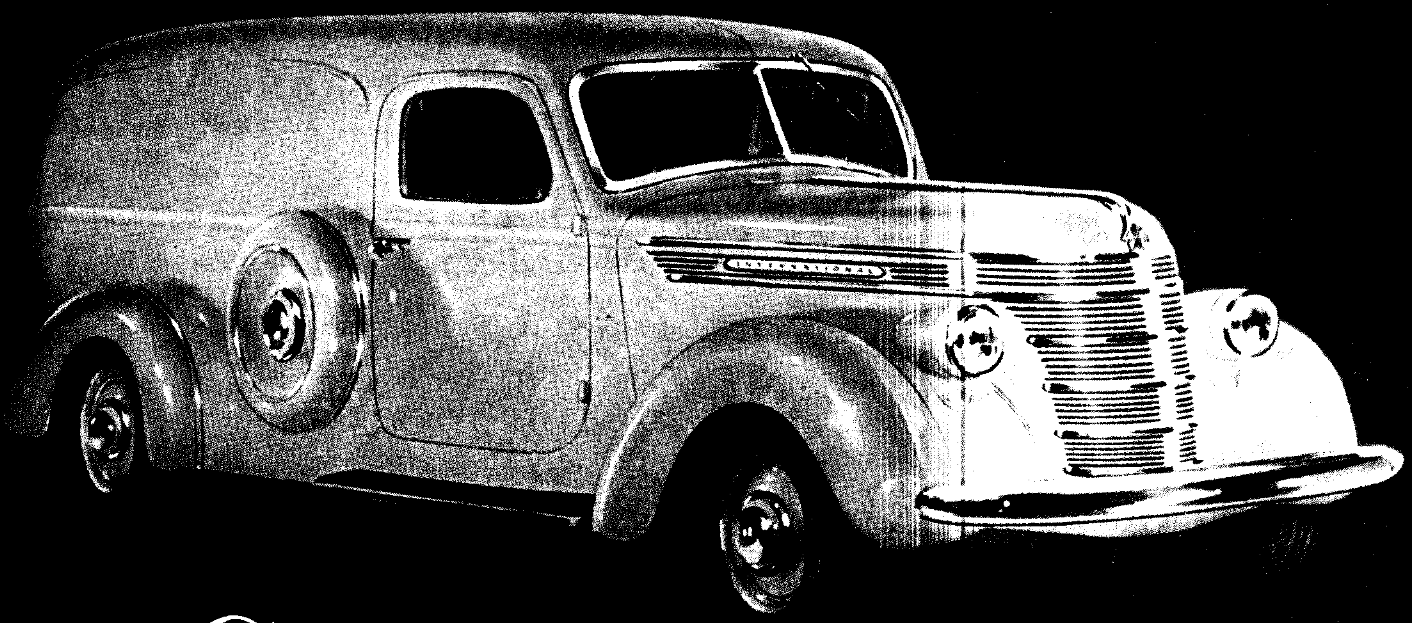
Tucson's Ready for War

Tucson in June is one of the world's hottest hot spots, although the residents appear not to notice the heat. Hotels and homes are equipped with air-conditioning machines that work all right, but make alarming noises, and you can buy a cooler-box starting as low as eight dollars, so even the Indians have air-cooled tepees. Tucson lies a few miles north of the border of (one word censored) and enemy bombers could leave foreign soil and drop their eggs on Tucson within twenty minutes. It's that close. Tucson gave this some serious thought, and with the help of Columbia Pictures it is now the only camouflaged city in America and ready for war. What it did, along with Columbia, was to build another Tucson, a phony Tucson, about seventeen miles due south of itself, and in case of military activity the bombers are expected to leave (same word censored), fly north and mistakenly drop their bombs on the imitation Tucson,

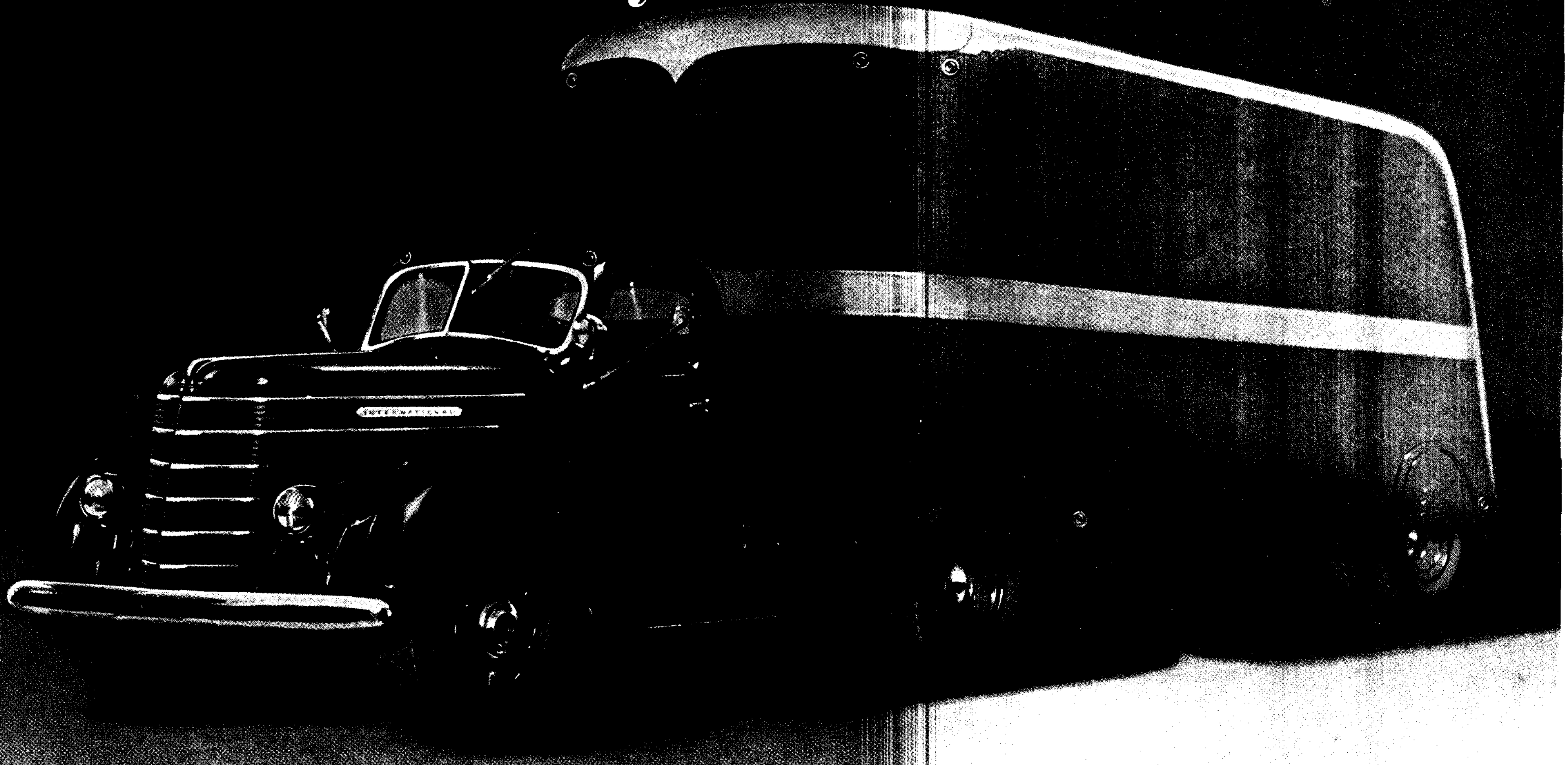
(Continued on page 50)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE

'Cross Town *and*....



'Cross Country



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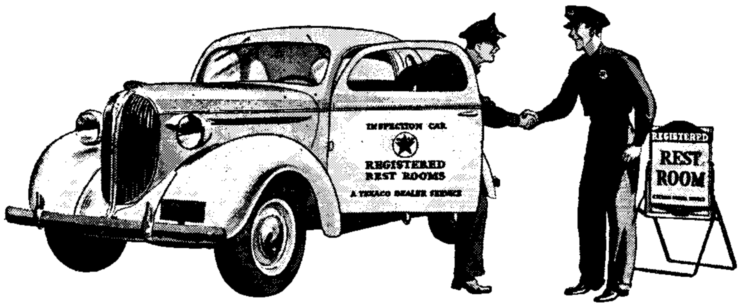

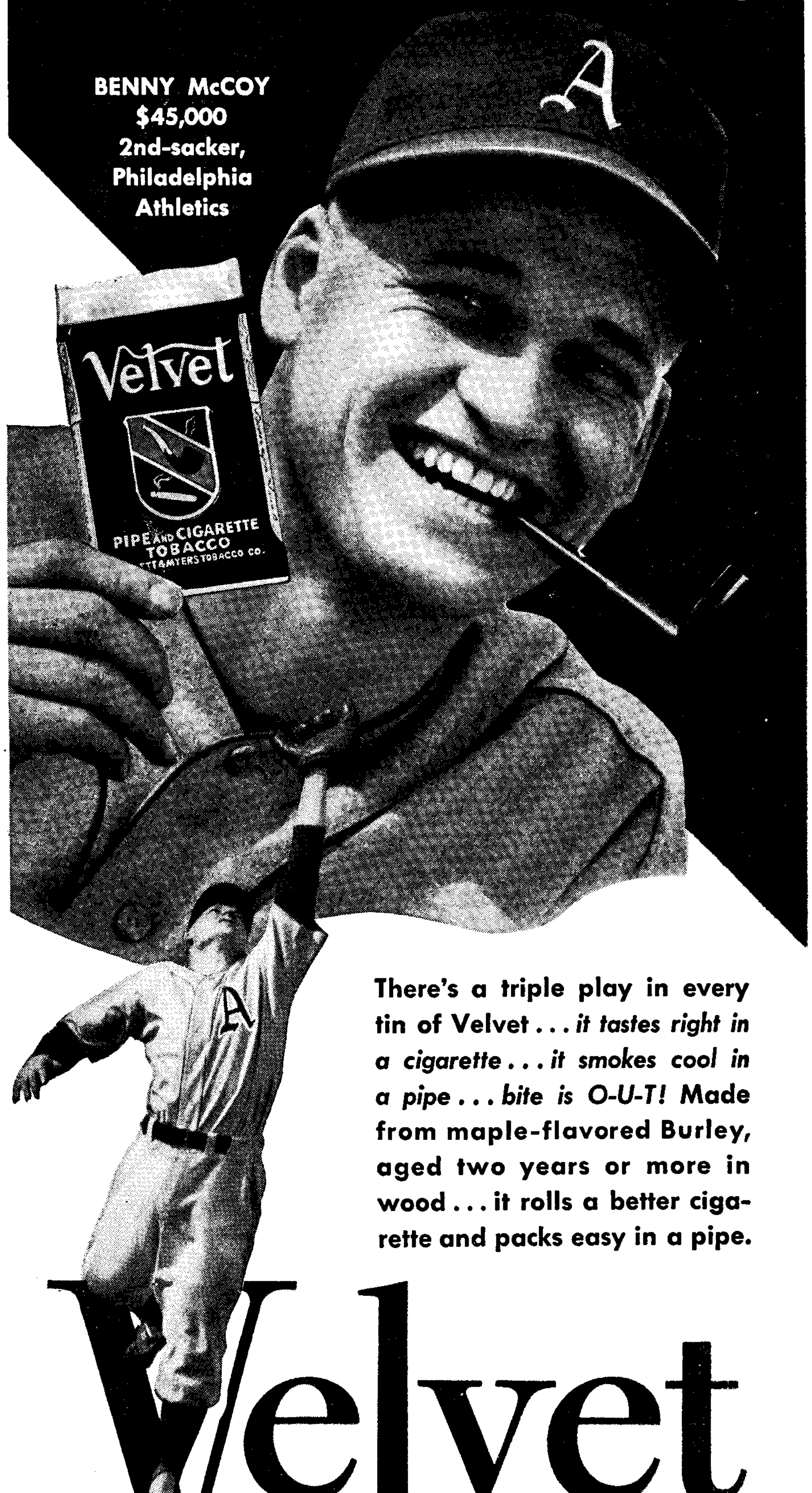

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The Golden Horse

Continued from page 12

This may seem like splitting hairs, but it is not trivial to the folk who are heart and soul for the Palomino. The record is pretty clear that golden horses were plentiful until the Arabs discovered that a warrior riding a Palomino was about as safe as a belled burglar. The Arabs deliberately bred the golden color out of their horses by getting rid of the Palomino colts and keeping only the darker animals or the pure whites, whose very lack of color blended into the horizon.

Though this had gone on for fifteen centuries, which is a long time in horse language, when the Moors invaded Spain, bringing their Barbs of Arabian lineage with them, the mares still dropped an occasional Palomino colt. The gold-loving Spaniards regarded these as gifts from Heaven. Among them the rare Palominos were rated as badges of royalty. The Spaniards called them "The Ysabellas," after the great queen who drove out the Moors and launched Spain on her era of conquest.

A Mate for Blondie

It is a matter of record, says Mr. Halliday, that though there were only a few score golden horses in Spain at the time, Queen Isabella sent a Palomino stallion and five mares to her viceroy in New Spain, which is to say Mexico, to perpetuate the golden horse in the New World. From this nucleus, the blood spread to the Texas plains, and from Texas it came to California. In the notable trek of the de Anza party from Mexico across the deserts of New Mexico and Arizona to California to colonize the San Francisco Bay region for Spain, there was a doughty caballero named Juan Palamia who rode a golden stallion. It is probable that the name Palomino, distinctly of California origin, springs from Palamia's stallion.

The Spaniards released a number of horses in the California valleys and allowed them to propagate in their wild state. Before long, the wild herds were numbered in the tens of thousands, particularly in the San Joaquin Valley. The occasional Palomino colt found in these wild herds was sought out in annual forays by hard-riding young bloods.

As a matter of fact, Palominos were so highly prized that it was the unwritten law among Californios that they could not be sold. A caballero could give a Palomino to another caballero as a gracious gift ranking next to the gift of his daughter in marriage. But no hidalgo would think of buying or selling a golden horse.

Although the hidalgo who lacked a Palomino to ride in the fiestas was considered practically on foot, the easygoing Californios made no effort to breed golden horses scientifically. In fact, they wanted good wagon and plow horses so they crossed the sleek, fleet, graceful riding horses of the early Californians with draft horses of European stock.

Yet in spite of these overwhelming odds, an occasional golden horse of good conformation turned up in the herds on the Western ranches, and in Texas, where a similar evolution almost wiped out the Palomino. Wherever cowboys gathered, tales were told of the legendary feats of riding and roping possible with Palominos. Members of sheriffs' posses in the Western country readily hocked everything but their six-shooters to buy the rare horses of golden hue to ride in parades and fiestas.

The only breeder who has set the strain so far is Dwight Murphy, whose Rancho San Fernando Rey is a ten-thousand-acre pastoral paradise, stretching across the oak-studded Santa Ynez Valley, forty miles north of Santa Barbara. It is the last remnant of the old Rancho San Marcos on which the padres of Santa Barbara Mission raised their cattle and horses.

Mr. Murphy first came west in 1906 as a young fellow seeking health. Instead of loafing in the Santa Barbara sunshine, he joined the U. S. Forestry Service and, being single, was sent around from lookout to lookout as a pinch hitter for the regular foresters, when the regulars took vacations. He fought fires, rode ranges, slept outdoors every night for three years, regained his health, fell in love with a Santa Barbara girl. She thought she was marrying a humble ranger, but discovered when they returned to Pittsburgh to see the folks that her husband was one of the richest young men in the country, one of the heirs to a great railway-equipment fortune.

His heart and hers still being back in the Santa Barbara hills, Dwight Murphy sold out as soon as he could and came west to stay. He bought the Rancho Los Prietos in Santa Ynez Valley, and acquired a riding horse named "Blondie." Desiring another golden horse as Blondie's mate, Mr. Murphy rode all over California seeking another Palomino. He returned from the excursion without one because there were no good Palominos for sale.

"All right, I'll raise some Palominos," said Mr. Murphy.

The decision launched him on a quest that has consumed a good deal of his life for the last twenty years. He journeyed to Texas, returned with a carload of Palomino mares. Through two centuries of running wild, the Texas ponies had bred themselves smaller and lighter than the horses the Californians liked.

But the colts were everything but true Palominos. They included bays and grays and some were albinos with blue eyes. The next year's crop was equally disappointing, and it dawned on Mr. Murphy that he had made a false start. Later he learned that most of the other Palomino breeders did this, too.

He talked with geneticists and one of them suggested that he inbreed for a time between Palominos.

This experiment, at first, looked promising. Then the colts took a turn for the worse, and after wasting several years trying to breed Palominos artificially and scientifically, Mr. Murphy was back exactly where he started. Comparing his results with other breeders, he learned, as they had, that true Palominos were as elusive as the will-o'-the-wisp.

Every Man a Don

By this time, Dwight Murphy decided to build Palomino stock from the Arabian strain. He bought a great Arabian stallion, Swedish King, from the famous Lucky Baldwin stables. This time luck was with him. Bred to light Palomino and Barb mares, Swedish King sired a number of promising colts with a golden tinge in their kinky, cream-colored coats. One of them, as he grew older, grew more golden. He was Del Rey, rated as the first bred-to-order Palomino in the Murphy stables. Now nineteen years old, Del Rey is the retired patriarch of the rancho.

In his prime, Del Rey sired El Rey de los Reyes, which Mr. Murphy named "The King of Kings" because the colt, as he grew into a young stallion, demonstrated that he had everything for which Palomino fanciers had prayed. His coat is a lustrous light golden hue, with platinum blond mane and tail. He has the delicate head of the Arabian, the dark, intelligent eyes, the crested neck, the trim legs, the good manners and easy gait of a parade horse. More important yet, he was able to perpetuate his qualities in most of his progeny. Among them are Conejo and Hijo del Rey, the latter almost a spitting image of his sire.

About a decade ago, Mr. Murphy induced the Santa Barbarans to revive the Old Spanish Days Fiesta and don bespangled sombreros, tight black pants with red stripes, gay sashes, whiskers, and so on. The women dressed in gay colors and the big occasion was the Parade, in which everyone rode his best horse, preferably a Palomino, which in itself makes every man a Don.

That first year the Santa Barbarans were so skeptical that Don Dwight Murphy had to send down to Hollywood for costumes and hire cowboys to bring their regalia and ride, cutting $10,000 out of his own bank roll to put the show across. But after that first year, the Dons came in droves, bringing their duennas, their horses, and their silver-trimmed saddles with them. This August there'll be a thousand horses in the parade.

Stall and Bath

Mr. Murphy, the Irishman from Pittsburgh, has succeeded in rekindling the early Spanish Californian enthusiasm for fine horses to ride in the Rose Bowl parade in Pasadena on New Year's Day, the Salinas Rodeo cavalcade and others of California's endless round of fiestas. Everybody in any parade craves to ride a Palomino, because the golden horses invariably steal the show. The Californians have managed to round up perhaps three hundred bona fide Palominos in the state, about as many, Mr. Dick Halliday estimates, as there are in Texas. Together, Colorado, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Oregon, Arizona and New Mexico have enough more to bring the country's Palomino population up to perhaps a thousand head.

This is not so many golden horses, but considering that a few years ago the strain seemed doomed to oblivion, it is an amazing comeback. Other breeders, following Mr. Dwight Murphy's lead, are successfully breeding Palomino colts, notably John J. Mitchell's Juan y Lolita Ranch (Lolita being Mrs. Mitchell, the former Lolita Armour), and Silsby Spaulding's Rancho Tecolote, both in Santa Barbara County, Karl D. Matthiott's Rancho Carmelo in Monterey County, and Wallace Smith's Palomine Ranch in Yuba County.

Howard Cox of San Angelo and W. B. Mitchell of Marfa have fostered the comeback of the golden horse in Texas, and the Texans now have an annual All-Palomino Horse Show each October at Abilene.

The Palomino breeding business, in case you want to muscle in while it is still in the ground-floor stage, is a bit on the capitalistic side. Dwight Murphy probably poured close to a million into his operations before he produced The Big Three of the Palomino Stud Registry, as Mr. Dick Halliday calls El Rey, Conejo and Hijo, and his thirty dependable brood mares. The other breeders have had to dig into their socks, too.

Where do all the dollars go? Take a look around the stables at Rancho San Fernando Rey. A little on the fancy side, according to fellows like Leo Carrillo, for example, who was practically born on horseback.

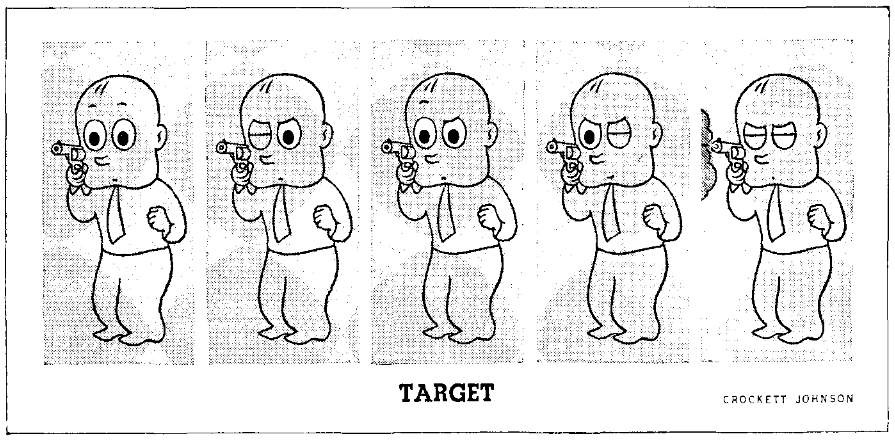
Major-domo Guy Rutherford, who used to valet the steeds on Mr. Hearst's baronial estate at San Simeon, and his staff keep hustling all morning to get the Murphy horses ready for exhibition each afternoon. Every stallion has a separate room, not a stall, with running water, electric light and a thick layer of clean straw on the floor.

Each stallion, from El Rey down, has to be taken for an eight- to ten-mile morning constitutional, which begins with a trot, winds up with a gallop, and while he's lathery each horse is turned into a yard filled with beach sand for a good roll. The sand idea is partly to keep him clean, partly to burnish his golden hair and make it shine. After the roll, each stallion goes like an athlete to the showers for a bath. Later, his mane and tail are shampooed separately. On Fiesta days, there's a special bit of primping. Each stallion's mane and tail has to have a permanent wave!

A Palomino's color continues to develop from cream at his birth to a fixed golden shade by the time he is two years old. Not until then do you know whether it is going to stop at the luster of new-minted gold bars, the most highly prized color, or continue on to the burnished copper shade, which isn't so bad, after all. Either way, if he is of good conformation and fine riding habits, you have an animal that will bring some real money, anywhere from $1,500 to $5,000 for a stallion. If he approaches perfection, like El Rey, the rainbow's the limit. Mares and geldings bring from $200 up, depending upon how much somebody wants them and how unwilling you are to part with them.

Most of the Palomino breeders are like the old Spanish-Californian hidalgos. They dote on their golden horses to the point where they don't like to think of them in commercial terms. More than one modern Don has given Palominos to his friends to avoid selling them. Leo Carrillo, already a Palomino owner and enthusiast, was up at Rancho San Fernando Rey a year or so ago, admiring the colts sired by the great El Rey. Leo fell in love with one frisky little squirt, "Conquistadore," about the cutest, finest colt El Rey sired that year. Don Dwight Murphy watched the movie star and the colt and everybody could see that he was having a soul struggle within himself. Finally, he called the movie star over.

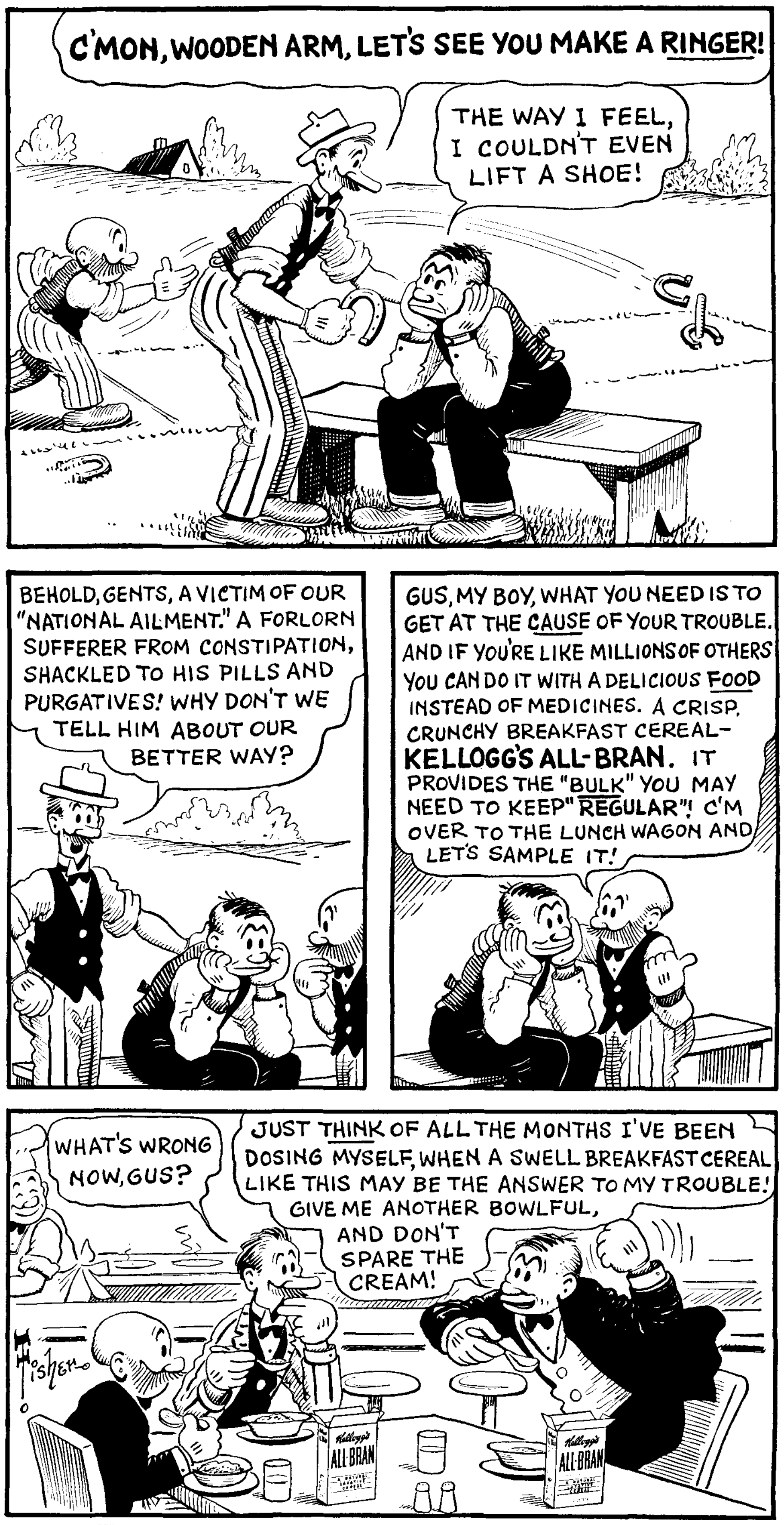
"Leo, that little colt is yours," he said.

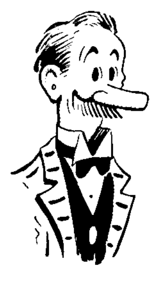


TARGET

CROCKETT JOHNSON

MUTT AND JEFF —by Bud Fisher


C'MON, WOODEN ARM, LET'S SEE YOU MAKE A RINGER!
THE WAY I FEEL, I COULDN'T EVEN LIFT A SHOE!
BEHOLD, GENTS, A VICTIM OF OUR "NATIONAL AILMENT." A FORLORN SUFFERER FROM CONSTIPATION, SHACKLED TO HIS PILLS AND PURGATIVES! WHY DON'T WE TELL HIM ABOUT OUR BETTER WAY?
GUS, MY BOY, WHAT YOU NEED IS TO GET AT THE CAUSE OF YOUR TROUBLE. AND IF YOU'RE LIKE MILLIONS OF OTHERS YOU CAN DO IT WITH A DELICIOUS FOOD INSTEAD OF MEDICINES. A CRISP, CRUNCHY BREAKFAST CEREAL— KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. IT PROVIDES THE "BULK" YOU MAY NEED TO KEEP "REGULAR"! C'M OVER TO THE LUNCH WAGON AND LET'S SAMPLE IT!
WHAT'S WRONG NOW, GUS?
JUST THINK OF ALL THE MONTHS I'VE BEEN DOSING MYSELF, WHEN A SWELL BREAKFAST CEREAL LIKE THIS MAY BE THE ANSWER TO MY TROUBLE! GIVE ME ANOTHER BOWLFUL, AND DON'T SPARE THE CREAM!
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
FISHER



HOW about you? Would you like to be free of those heavy, logy days due to constipation—and free from the pills and purgatives, too? You *can*—if your trouble is the common kind (due to lack of "bulk" in diet). It's no harder to do than just eating a delicious breakfast cereal—crisp, crunchy, "bulk-forming" All-Bran. Eat it for breakfast every day, drink plenty of water, and see if you don't get more kick out of life!

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

Copyright, 1939, Kellogg Company

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

WHEN SECONDS COUNT

By Dan Parker

Handler Ray Arcel, noted for his speed and skill in closing cuts, demonstrates on fighter Bernie Friedkin

MONAHAN

The bell clangs, the boys go back to their corners, then the second's job begins. And forty seconds is all the time he is given to perform his miracles

FOUR nights before Bob Olin lost the light-heavyweight title to John Henry Lewis in 1935, Ray Arcel, famous handler of fighters, was awakened from a sound sleep in his St. Louis hotel by a series of bloodcurdling shrieks. Thinking murder was being committed outside his room, Arcel jumped out of bed, grabbed the nearest weapon for protection and flung open the door, prepared for the worst. Instead of a mangled corpus delicti, Ray was confronted with Olin, doubled up as if in the throes of death and howling like a troupe of Banshees.

"Get me out of here! I'm going to die!" screamed the big, healthy brute as he took a fresh purchase on his midriff. Ray, who knew Olin as a timid chap outside the ring, although a lion once inside the ropes, sensed the situation in a flash. He knew Olin was suffering from a bad case of ante-bellum jitters such as seize even the bravest of fighters, if they happen to be highstrung.

"Okay," said Arcel to the world's champion. "I'll call the fight off. Now, go back to bed and get some sleep and tomorrow morning we'll catch a train back to New York."

Relieved instantly of his "frightful pain," Olin went back to bed and was snoring like a boar with adenoids within five minutes. The next morning, Arcel took his fighter to the office of Dr. Raines, a noted physician and psychiatrist, and introduced him as Ray Arcel, a local clothing salesman who wanted a complete checkup. This subterfuge was necessary because there was a tremendous advance sale for the fight and even the rumor of a postponement might ruin the gate.

Dr. Raines went over Olin's body like a pair of gymnasium tights. Finally, after an examination lasting a half-hour, he broke the silence by exclaiming: "Young man, you ought to be a fighter! I never encountered a finer, healthier specimen in my career!"

Olin felt both flattered and sheepish as the doctor pronounced his verdict. Arcel felt relieved. He knew now that the crisis had passed and that there would be no trouble getting his fighter into the ring.

Bob Olin's Best Fight

Bob lost his title to John Henry Lewis a few nights later but only after putting up one of the gamest exhibitions ever seen in St. Louis. Draped across the middle strand of the ring ropes in the 13th round and saved by the bell, Olin was carried to his corner by Arcel and Harold Scadron, his manager. It looked as if the fight was over. But, reaching into his vast store of wisdom, Arcel came up with a mixture of water and strong ammonia which he forced Olin to drink. As the powerful concoction brought the groggy fighter sharply to his senses, Arcel pleaded: "Bob, please don't let this guy steal our title."

"Okay, Ray!" growled the fading champ.

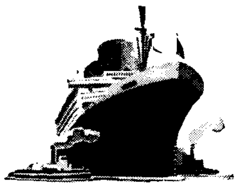
For the next two rounds, Olin gave Lewis the worst beating he assimilated until a chap named Joe Louis came along four years later and topped it. John Henry was barely able to stand as the referee held up his right hand and proclaimed him "the winnah and new champeen!" Olin had lost after putting up the best fight of his career. Yet, only a few days before he had tried to "take a powder," in a fit of panic.

"Fighters are funny people," says Arcel, who has worked behind more of them than any man living, during his quarter of a century of serving as a Jeeves for the Jab and Jolt Jazboes. "More fights are lost on the way from the dressing room to the ring than in the ring itself. Some fighters are sheep outside the ropes but tigers once that bell snaps the tension. Some of them have to be conned. Others require bullying. Some can think for themselves. Others follow instructions but are incapable of original thought.

"The successful second must be able to double for a mother, a psychologist, a physician and a mind reader. After you've worked behind five or six thousand fighters, like I have, it becomes second nature to you, like swimming or typewriting. You've got only about forty seconds to work on your fighter between rounds. Often you have to stop a hemorrhage or bring a fighter

(Continued on page 51)

Just off the Boat from Havana

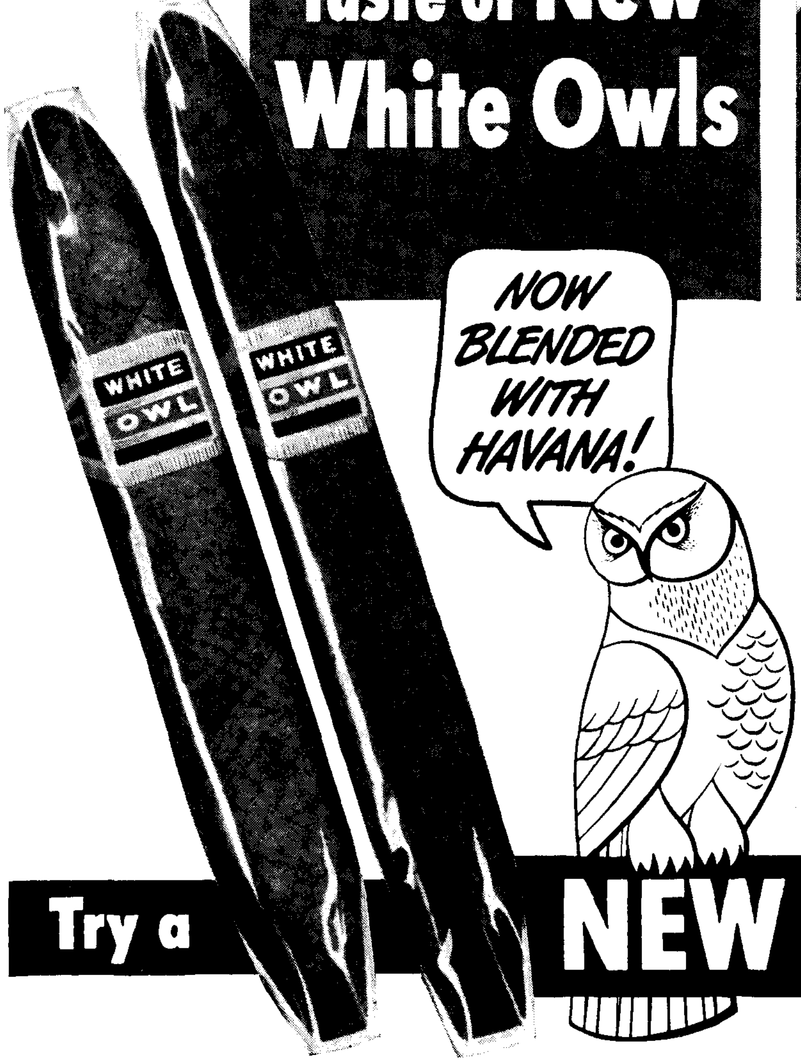


OWL: Greetings, Everett—have a pleasant Havana vacation?
MARSHALL: Grand time—most enjoyable place!

OWL: Well, as a discriminating cigar smoker—some of the enjoyment must have been those Havana cigars!
MARSHALL: You're right—brought a few back with me. Here—try one!

OWL: Okay—swap you for a *new* White Owl . . . Tell me if it's got real Havana taste—will you?

EVERETT MARSHALL approves Havana taste of New White Owls



MARSHALL (*after several puffs*): Say—it's a good smoke, milder than a Cuban cigar—but it certainly has true Havana taste.

JUST BACK FROM HAVANA, Everett Marshall—whose baritone voice has been heard at both the Metropolitan and at George White's "Scandals"—steps ashore.

We interviewed him right at the dock where the boat from Havana comes in. And while the taste of Havana cigars was more than a memory—he still had a pocketful. We asked him to check on the Havana taste of the *new* Blended-with-Havana White Owl.

The *new* Blended-with-Havana White Owl does have a rich Havana flavor—thousands of smokers will go along with Everett Marshall on that. And the fact that you now can get this preferred cigar taste in a good 5¢ cigar accounts for the popularity of the *new* White Owl. Try one today.

Try a NEW WHITE OWL—*Today* 5¢

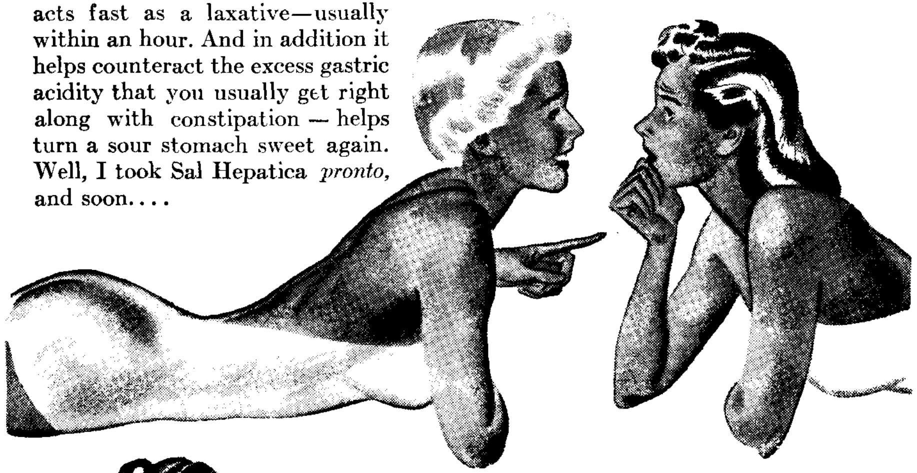
New White Owls made in America—See how at New York World's Fair, 1940

Copyright, 1940, by General Cigar Co., Inc.

Me-I discovered something

Me—sunk. Second day at the shore—dying to see more of that handsome lawyer who's staying at our cottage. But I had barely reached the beach before I knew: "All this strange food and all this sun have got you, my girl!" You know that sickish, headachy feeling!

Me—learning. "Why, that happens to a lot of folks on vacation," consoled a girl at my cottage. "You just take some Sal Hepatica!" And she told me how Sal Hepatica acts fast as a laxative—usually within an hour. And in addition it helps counteract the excess gastric acidity that you usually get right along with constipation — helps turn a sour stomach sweet again. Well, I took Sal Hepatica *pronto,* and soon....



Me—amazed. Head clearing. Pep returning. I marveled. And as said lawyer and I romped off down the beach before a whole porchful of craning necks, I thought, "What a come-back! From now on I'm traveling with Sal Hepatica in my suitcase." Who knows? Maybe I'll be packing for a honeymoon soon.

SAL HEPATICA

for a faster come-back

TUNE IN! Abbott and Costello—laughs, music—Wed. at 9 P. M., E. D. S. T.

End of a Dream

Continued from page 19

sugar-processing taxes — all paid by American taxpayers. Up to the end of 1939, these gifts totaled about $75,000,000. Until 1946 they will amount to about $17,000,000 a year.

All these millions were given to help the Filipinos adjust themselves to the new economic setup that would follow independence. But today the original nest egg has all gone; so has the $75,000,000; and the annual gift has been appropriated right up to 1945. It has been spent on gaudy new buildings, a glamorous private recreation park for Don Manuel and his guests, and a lot of other trinkets that can hardly be said to contribute to "economic adjustment."

There is, however, a great shortage of school buildings and teachers in the islands and thousands of kids can't attend classes in consequence.

The Philippine army, too, is being economized on; its budget cut, its operations curtailed. This army is supposed to number 400,000 trained men by 1946, but judging by progress so far it won't have much equipment. There is a skeleton air force of training planes and a couple of motorboats are supposed to form the nucleus of a navy.

Some Philippine political leaders say frankly they might as well spend the money while they have it, because after independence comes there won't be any money; and there's no use making "economic adjustments" because the islands' economy is going to collapse, anyway.

Meanwhile, under the guise of encouraging native enterprise and putting the islands' natural resources under native control, a brisk campaign is under way against foreign business, which is mainly American. All foreigners are called "exploiters."

Now, if there is one thing we have not done in the Philippines, it is exploitation. Our sins, if any, have been on the other side. As a matter of fact we have given the Philippines a square deal; the islanders are vastly better off today than any other people in Asia, and some people in Europe.

In spite of all this, there is in the islands a bitter underground battle against American business. American firms are taxed to death, enmeshed in red tape, discriminated against, threatened with expropriation.

Freedom is Expensive

Canny Filipino businessmen and *politicos* agree that unless the United States keeps control and the Philippines keep our market a great many Filipinos are going to starve or go back to semi-barbarism after 1946. Some orators know this, too, and tell the natives in long, grand phrases it is better to starve as free men than live well as slaves. The fact that the Filipino is today a free man and hasn't been a slave for forty years is conveniently forgotten.

And so is the other fact: That if he insists on independence in 1946 he is going to be a slave again in 1947, yelling "Banzai Nippon!" at the sun flag. Or else.

Under the pressure of events the Filipinos have actually less liberty today, under their own government, than they had under ours. They live under a virtual dictatorship.

Quezon is not a bad dictator and there is no doubt he has the welfare of his sixteen million subjects close to his heart. He has his faults, but he is not vicious and probably his administration is as good as any other would be.

No one holds office in the islands without the nod of Don Manuel, and this goes for lordly governors of provinces down to meek justices of the peace in remote Ifugao and Ilocano villages. Only a short time ago *el presidente* fired all but two of Manila's city councilmen and replaced them with his own men ◆

The fantastic height to which Quezonism and nationalism has risen is pretty well illustrated in the official abolition of the American language. For forty years this language has been taught in schools; most islanders have a working knowledge of it. When independence comes, American will be replaced by an obscure dialect, Tagalog—which happens to be Quezon's native tongue. Tagalog, a poor language of only a few hundred words, is spoken by less than a fifth of the Filipinos.

Manila's city council, in an outburst of patriotism, once tried to conduct a meeting in Tagalog. The mayor got to the middle of the second sentence of his opening address and bogged down. It is almost impossible to express in Tagalog any scientific, economic, political or business idea; hardly anyone outside the islands ever has heard of the dialect, let alone being able to understand it.

Profits Without Responsibility

Many Americans think we should "get rid of the Philippines" because they may involve us in war—but they would like to continue selling that $100,000,000 worth of our products to the Filipinos every year. We want profits without responsibility.

The Filipinos—most of them—want substantially the same thing, plus the feeling that they are completely free. Quezon knows full well that's impossible and frankly tells his people that freedom will entail hardship, suffering and sacrifice. He thinks the prize is worth the price.

What it adds up to is that if the islands want freedom in fact, which they have now, they will have to accept our continued management. And if we want to keep the Philippines as a good, profitable market we will have to accept the responsibility of defending that market.

That defense, in a showdown, is not going to be easy—but it is not as tough as you might guess from the map. Apparently, we would have to fight the Japanese navy seven thousand miles from our Pacific Coast battle-wagon bases; nearly five thousand miles from Pearl Harbor, in Hawaii. Fighting those distances from supplies, fuel, munitions and repair facilities would be an enormously hazardous undertaking.

But—and it's a big but—there's Singapore. Singapore and the Japanese naval bases are about equidistant from Manila—say sixteen hundred miles. The British have formally offered—in 1938—to "lease" the Singapore base to us, any time we need it. The base has huge oil supplies, two enormous drydocks and plenty of repair facilities. Basing our fleet in Singapore would wash out any advantage the Japanese might gain by making the battleground near the Philippines.

Still, Japan's only chance to win the Philippines would be by defeating our Navy near the islands and destroying or capturing our bases on Luzon. It would have no chance whatever for a naval victory within a thousand miles of Hawaii. And there lies the danger.

There—and at a steaming Borneo port called Balik Papan, where the pipe lines come down to Macassar Strait and the ships zigzag in through the mine fields, picked out by white searchlights under the muzzles of hidden guns.

Rain Before Seven

Continued from page 17

If he had lately formed a habit of calling himself a fool, here was reason enough for it. He had let the woman he was in love with out of his sight—out of his arms. He had let her go, on whatever errand, to her lover. He felt a sudden access of pure rage. He had achieved simplicity. He was going to get Natalie. Ashburn could not hold or keep her. Ashburn was not man enough. John Gabriel was.

His mind turned from that focus for a single moment only. Passing the floodlighted mills, he resented them because they had delayed his discovering Natalie. He pressed the accelerator till his foot touched the floor. No, Greg Ashburn was not man enough. . . .

That burst of speed was at its height when Nate Jenkins saw John's car turn down the side road toward Ashburn's. It was, Nate thought, about eleven o'clock, which meant that he had another hour to kill. That car had been doing ninety down the highway and was doing only a little less when it took the curve, and no doubt that was improper but Nate wasn't going to do anything about it. Nate was going to smoke a cigarette. He propped his motorcycle against a tree, decided against sitting down because the grass was wet, savored the first long inhalation, took off his cap to scratch his head, and gazed happily into the spring night. The cigarette was little more than half finished when he heard a distant explosion. Must have been a backfire. Something like a minute later, he heard some more. No, that wasn't backfires.

"YOU will leave geography to me," Greg said. "I tell you, we cannot go south. We must get out of Massachusetts by the shortest route. That is why we land at Marblehead and Smurthwaite has the car there for us. From Marblehead we can get to New Hampshire in an hour. I will take you to Portsmouth. I will leave you there."

His mind leaped on to Troy. Crossing New Hampshire and Vermont, away from the teletypes of the Massachusetts police, he could reach Troy by six o'clock, by seven at the latest. He would be safe in Troy—as safe as, now, he could be anywhere. He had tested men there who could take care of his car and get him started southward.

"Stop looking at your watch," Heinemann said. Heinemann's bulk was comfortable in a chair near the side windows from which, when the shade was pulled back, you could see Witchcraft Creek. He was too stupid to appreciate the precariousness of this hour. In fact, ever since Thatcher had been seized and tied up Heinemann had radiated an overbearing and even jocose self-satisfaction. It was clear that he actually enjoyed it—he took pleasure in the simple act of inflicting pain. Heinemann went on: "You aristocrats!—you are all women. Look at you! Your nerves have gone to pieces. And all because a little awkwardness has occurred. How would you ever be a soldier?"

Greg said coldly, "Unquestionably, you are a brave man. You shoot dogs and you drown men whose arms are tied. I wonder you are never brave enough to be intelligent. At the very best we can hope for, the police will be looking for us both by eight o'clock in the morning—"

There was a crash of laughter from the big chair, where Heinemann seemed to grow steadily more like an American cartoon of a Nazi. "Does it matter what *happens* at eight o'clock tomorrow morning?"

Greg nodded. "A trifle." He looked at his watch again. "The brave men do not count minutes? You would count minutes in the death cell. You would even regret you did not bother to count them a little earlier. . . . Look! Allow ten minutes additional for Smurthwaite to get to Gorham, ten more than he could possibly need. Then allow five minutes more than he would need to get the boat out. Then he is now at least ten minutes later than he should be."

Heinemann was very jovial. "Good! Smurthwaite is ten minutes late. I count ten. What then?"

"Then is some part of ten minutes more—count them, too, brave man—perhaps there comes a knock at the door—"

"That would be the ghosts that also knock pictures from the walls."

"I suppose nothing gets into your thick head except what is beaten in with a club," Greg said meditatively. "Smurthwaite is already late. There is a fine chance he has been taken. If he has been, your stupid life is worth as little to you as it is to me."

"Who would take him? Why should anyone take him? Smurthwaite is a boorish oaf but you can trust him. He is a better man than you—he does not lose his nerve. He is on his way here now."

Greg bowed ironically. "Yes, I think so. If I did not, you would be alone."

Heinemann's contemptuous grin narrowed to a leer. "Also I would not trust you. Had there been any safety or profit in abandoning me or selling me out, you would have done so." Heinemann stood up. He slapped Greg on the shoulder. "Here, it is childish to quarrel! And do not be fearful. We have done it. Nothing has gone wrong and nothing threatens us. It is working out. We have done our job."

"You feel fine, don't you?" Greg said, cold with disgust.

"You *are* right." Actually, the thug was preening himself—strutting, feeling that he was a devilish clever fellow. "Yes, as you put it, I feel fine. So fine that you need not soil your hands further. I will be happy to complete the unpleasantness by myself. This time, let us be farther out to sea."

Greg got up to peer between the shades. There was no boat coming up Witchcraft. He went to the back stairs. Halfway up, a window looked out on the one opening in the trees through which Thatcher's house could be seen. When he had last looked out, half an hour ago, the house had been dark except for a single lighted window in the kitchen end, presumably the way Thatcher had left it when Smurthwaite called for him. But now every window in the house showed a light.

WHO had turned on those lights? He stood, thinking furiously, then went swiftly downstairs. Heinemann turned from the side windows. "Thatcher's house is lighted up," Greg said. "We will not wait. We will go now—by car."

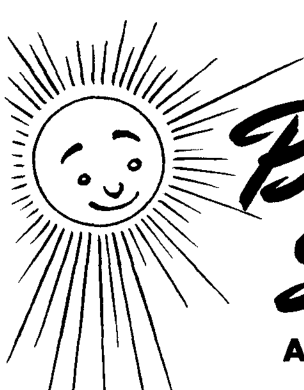
"So? And what about Thatcher?"

"Leave him."

"We will not leave him! No, we will not leave Thatcher!"

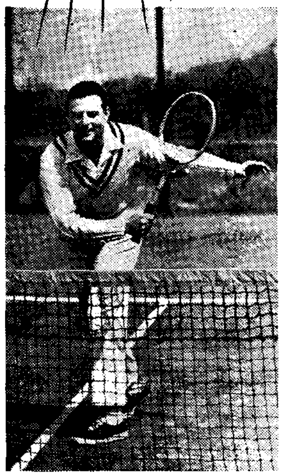
"Then take him with us." Greg picked up a bag. "If you want anything, get it—quick."

His forearm was paralyzed by a sudden blow of Heinemann's fist. "Stay where you are!" Heinemann growled. He forced Greg into a chair and stood over him. "Must I slap your face or can you act like a man?" The hoarse voice had sunk to a guttural and Heinemann

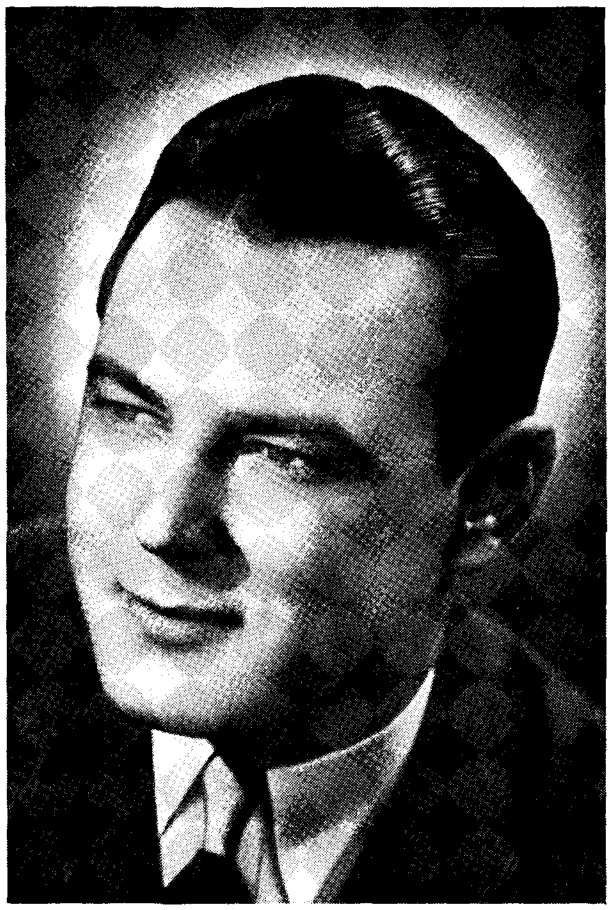


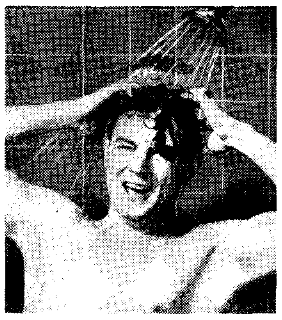
Blazing Sun and Soaking Showers

ARE BAD NEWS FOR YOUR HAIR!



Scorching sun parches hair . . . makes it dry and lifeless.





Water increases harm, washes away remaining scalp oils.

Protect your hair with VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

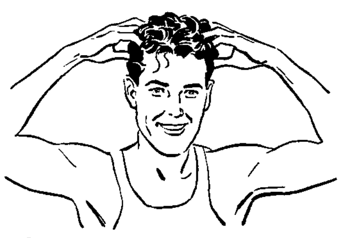
THERE'S nothing like a day at the shore for good health—high spirits! But what a punishing ordeal for your hair! The burning sun parches your hair, makes it brittle, lifeless! Soaking water adds to the damage by washing away remaining scalp oils!

So play safe—use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout". Massage your scalp with it. Feel the pleasant tingle as circulation awakens. Your parched scalp welcomes Vitalis—your brittle hair gains new lustre, new richness. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis aid your scalp by supplementing the natural oils. Your hair is easy to comb—has a rich lustre—*but no* objectionable "patent-leather" look.

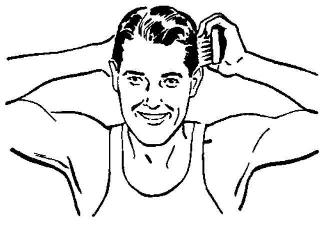
Get a bottle of Vitalis today. Start now to protect your hair against summer's blazing sun and soaking water with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout".

Ask Your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis comes only in sanitary, individual Sealtubes. Next time you go to the barber's insist on Vitalis Sealtubes.



1 **50 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



2 **10 Seconds to Comb and Brush**—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

swore violently in German. "We are not leaving for a minute or two. We are waiting for Smurthwaite."

Greg got out of the chair. "Smurthwaite has been seized."

"He has not! Stay where you are!" The bellow stopped Greg and restored his intelligence. It was going to be necessary to shoot Heinemann. The butt of his pistol was hard against his thigh. Heinemann said, "There are lights at his house! What of it? In ten minutes we will be out to sea."

"We will never get to make the start."

"Bah! You did right to play you were an Englishman! You are yellow through and through. Lights? It is the girl. She is still looking for her lover." That was possible and Greg's alarm lessened somewhat. Heinemann went on: "I grant you, we will move fast now. Not even an American could fail to get the idea when he does not come home all night. But there is plenty of time, I am counting minutes for you. You may stop trembling. I promise you, there is time enough."

Greg stood irresolute, twitching, unable to decide anything, aware that he must decide something in the course of a second. Heinemann's pig eyes watched him narrowly. Something was happening to Heinemann. It would be necessary to act at once, to shoot. . . .

Suddenly there was an unmistakable sound upstairs. Greg shrugged. He said, quietly, "That is the police. They sneaked in upstairs over the shed roof." The tenth part of a second. He leaped for the door.

HE DID not get there. He crashed into Heinemann's chest and Heinemann's gorilla arms went around him. "That is Smurthwaite," Heinemann was muttering. Greg could do nothing against that tremendous strength. Pain flashed along his arm, a forearm across his throat was strangling him, his knees buckled. Heinemann wrenched the pistol from his pocket, snarling, "Firearms are not for women." He lifted Greg off the floor and hurled him into a corner. He struck on his forehead and shoulder. The room spun and swung and came out of darkness into light again. Heinemann was ten feet away, pointing the pistol at him.

"You can get up and sit in a chair," Heinemann said. Nausea and dizziness ballooned in Greg but he shook his eyes clear, trying to focus them on the brute figure that, half crouching, still held the pistol pointing down at his chest.

Heinemann said, "Too bad but necessary. I must take no chances with you." He sat down, crossed his legs, leaned back easily and kept the pistol pointed at Greg. "That is Smurthwaite upstairs. He is carrying out my orders. He brought the boat up while you were having hysterics about some lights in a farmhouse. He went at once to do what I had told him to do."

Greg's tortured throat could produce no sound, one of his arms was wrapped in pain, something had happened to one of his legs. But his mind was clearing. He tensed his legs.

"No, don't do it," Heinemann said, conversationally. "This is too bad. You are not allowed a pistol. Smurthwaite will keep this one pressed against you in the boat." The apelike face blurred in Greg's eyes and Heinemann was chuckling. "You see, while you were gone this afternoon, there occurred an episode. It was advisable not to let you know about it. Smurthwaite is getting the other passenger we must take on the boat. You will help him with Thatcher. I will devote myself to the other passenger."

Heinemann stood over him, touched his ribs with a foot, and spoke sharply: "Stand up! We are going now. You will help Smurthwaite with Thatcher. If there is one moment of hesitation, I will shoot. . . . Get up, I say!"

Greg got to his knees. But Smurthwaite came in. Smurthwaite said, "She is gone!"

"Gone?" Roaring, Heinemann turned away from Greg. "She cannot have gone!" He ran out of the room. Smurthwaite followed him. Greg got to his feet. He could stand up by holding on to a chair.

NATALIE felt herself being lifted. She screamed against the pad that had been bound across her mouth. Useless. It was only breath, not sound, and her throat ached. She was being carried somewhere in darkness. A voice at her ear said, "I'm Smurthwaite. Be quiet, please."

She twisted, squirming against the ropes that bound her arms, bound her legs together. She had been squirming against them for an eternity. Smurthwaite muttered in German. He stopped and, dimly, she saw a ceiling just above her. The attic stairs. Smurthwaite whispered, "I am getting you away. You must make no sound. Be still. Do not scream. Do not struggle."

"Git in there, moths, an' seleck me a fall outfit!"

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

With infinite slowness he went down the stairs. It was a little lighter here—this would be the second floor. He laid her on the floor and bent down till his mouth was at her ear. "There is only a minute or two. If you cry out we are lost." He unbound her arms. "Work your hands. You will need them." He got the rope off her knees and ankles. He pulled her to her feet. "Good!" She swayed against the wall. "You must have strength," he commanded her in a whisper that reached her intelligence at last. Inch by inch, making no sound, he got a window open. He pulled her to it. "A minute or two only. The roof of the shed is three feet down. Drop from the roof to the ground. Then run. Get into the trees. Thank you for caring about Radnor."

She was paralyzed. Smurthwaite shook her. "Be quick!" He shoved her to the window sill, shoved her over it. Her hands gripped it and her feet swung down till there was support beneath them. "Run!" Smurthwaite whispered, "Run fast." The shed roof was silver with moonlight and she saw the dark edge beyond. She hung on to it, dropped her feet, let go. She sprawled on the ground. She got up.

Now she came alive. She was not going to run. She was not going to get into the trees. She was going back into that house, and keep on trying to get that paper back for John.

She went around the corner to the back door. It opened on the kitchen. Darkness here, after the moonlight. But someone was running upstairs—running and roaring. He was running down again. A light went on in the hall.

"She *is* gone!" That was Sir Eric Bramwell. He cursed in German. She heard Greg's voice and there was something wrong with it: "Who is gone?"

They came into the hall and she shrank back through the pantry door. A light went on in the kitchen. They were hardly ten feet from her. Bramwell shouted, "There is no time. We will go now," and Greg shouted something, and Bramwell cut across Greg's shout, "Smurthwaite, get him into the boat!"

There was no one else to stop them. She had to go into that kitchen. She was going into it. She went.

They were stopped—frozen motionless where they stood, Smurthwaite by the hall door with his face stupefied, Bramwell nearest her with a pistol in his hand and his face frightful, Greg with blood on his forehead and one arm dangling, a terrible comprehension coming into his battered face.

Time was turned off. It began again when Natalie's tranced eyes saw Smurthwaite disappear through the hall door behind him. No one else saw that abandonment—they were all talking now, or shouting. Greg had said, "Natalie!" and turned painfully toward Bramwell, "She was your passenger!" Bramwell had said "*Ja*" in a choked voice, and filthy German words followed that syllable. And Natalie had said to Greg, "I've found out. Give it to me."

Bramwell leaped for her, and she screamed once before he got his hand over her mouth. He was yelling "Smurthwaite!" as before, hours since, but he dropped her, flinging her aside so violently that she brought up at the door. He had dropped her because Greg had said, "Damn you!" and had started to move toward him. Greg's injured arm was dangling grotesquely and he must be hurt in the leg too, for his steps were infinitely slow and faltering. Bramwell said, "Stop!" and leveled the pistol. Natalie could not scream again. Greg took another step, his sound arm rising. He took another one and the room split with the thunder of the discharge.

Bramwell bumped into her, getting through the door, and she sprawled on the stoop. She got up. He was running toward the water. But he stopped short, reaching the edge of the house's shadow, stood for a moment in the moonlight, turned toward the front corner of the house and fired into the night. He began to run again—and stopped. He was a clear silhouette in that silver light. The pistol rose. It fired again. Twice more. Again, out of the moonlight there was another shot. The silhouette sagged and went down.

Natalie got into the kitchen. Greg was crumpled face down on the floor. She had no sensation whatever—she was a concentrated purpose. But he said, his voice the thin shadow of a sound, "Natalie—in my coat pocket. What you want."

She had it. A moment later Caleb Thatcher was with her. A moment after that she was safe, for here was John.

WHEN Caleb measured it some days later, they found that it was just ninety yards from where he had thrown Hope to the ground to where Heinemann had stood in the moonlight and fired four times at Caleb. Neither of them knew just where Caleb had stood to answer that fire. Hope did not care. Wherever it was, the scene was photographed on her memory forever in black and silver and the crimson jets of flame. She had lain there with the breath knocked out of her and watched Caleb, with a desperate unhurriedness, move toward the house. Then chaos. A woman and a man burst through the kitchen door together and the man was running straight toward Witchcraft, straight toward Caleb and her. The man stopped, shot once—that was at John—was running again and stopped again. At ninety yards, in the moonlight, she saw his arm rise and saw the four fiery flashes. She saw Caleb raise his arm.

She was reduced to pure instinct—and will. She got to her knees, she got to her feet, she started to run—though it was more like crawling. Caleb was leaning over the man on the ground, then ran on to the house. She ran, or crawled, onward and someone seized her, said, "I thought you were Natalie!" and abandoned her. That was John and he got inside the house before she did. But she got there, and Caleb was kneeling by Greg Ashburn, who was dead, and John was holding Natalie in his arms . Another tableau engraved on her memory forever

It was only the beginning of chaos. Nothing had been explained, little had been said, when Nate Jenkins arrived. Hope's mind whirled and ballooned, raw light and sound coming through but meaning little, and it seemed only a few seconds till the place was swarming with police. Town police, state police—doctors—an ambulance in the yard—sirens—a furious activity—ten thousand questions. One flurry was specially intense when Caleb and Natalie made it clear that Smurthwaite had to be found, and innumerable policemen surged out after him without diminishing the number in the house. Then the four of them were taken away to Greg's living room and were answering questions, or trying to answer them

Presently someone saw that Hope

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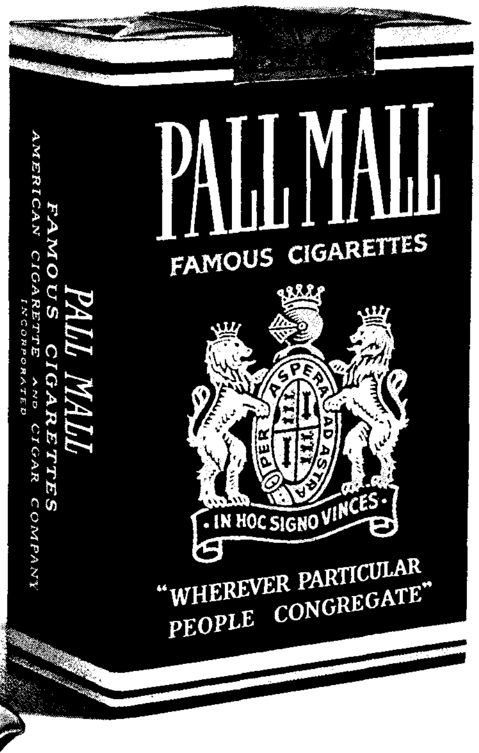
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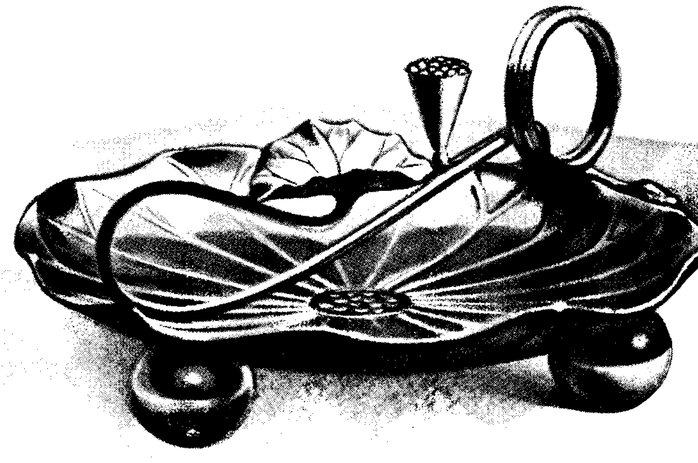

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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

could not talk very well because she was shivering, and gave her a big glass of whisky. She made them understand that she wasn't frightened any more, she was just cold, and someone wrapped a blanket around her. She told what she knew, or disjointed parts of it, but couldn't have told it intelligently, for the whisky made her mind spin faster and float higher.

At least she made out that Caleb and John were rapidly piecing things together, even if she didn't understand; that Natalie had been tied up like Caleb, that mystery was being chipped away in large chunks. She made out that John had taken hold of this thing and was running it himself. And she saw John suddenly put an end to the ordeal—getting up and ordering it stopped.

"Take my car and drive these women to your house," he commanded Caleb. He blazed at Jim Dowdy and the state police lieutenant, "I will not permit you to harass them after what they've been through." He glared at Hope, "Take that man's blanket off!" That seemed so logical and was so forcible that she fairly shrank out of the blanket. Now, for the first time, somebody noticed that there was a trickle of blood on John's wrist—yes, and he had left a spot of it on Natalie's cheek—and at once no one could misunderstand how Natalie felt about it. But when they got the cuff back it was only a little nick in his forearm, hardly even a scratch, and that was the last damage Heinemann had done to anyone. A surgeon came in, now, and said that Heinemann wasn't dead. Caleb said, "If he lives he'll just fry." The curt, hard words stopped Hope's vertigo. She began to understand. It was over, this was the end, what had begun in Spain had now stopped threatening Wallisport, and they had come through.

Caleb took them to his house, and her mind was clearing and quieting. It had been lived through! Caleb was free of danger, she had come out of the shadow. Then Caleb swept away the last vestige of disbelief and horror, and released a catch that let joy flood over her in a great, rising wave. He opened his bedroom door, gestured Hope and Natalie inside, said, "You can put on some of my clothes," and shut the door on them.

There it was! She was all mirth, all delight. For this was how it had begun, they had come around the circle to the starting place. Stripping off her sodden clothes, washing caked mud from her face and arms, toweling herself till her skin glowed, catching sight of her inconceivably bedraggled hair in the mirror, putting on Caleb's underwear and trousers and sweater—why, she had done this before, the broken tune had been caught up again and would be finished, she wanted to laugh, she wanted to cry, and if she cried it would not be for sorrow.

Natalie was still and silent. Hope studied her covertly. That pale face was different; something had subtly refined it so that it seemed gentler, less arrogant. A depth that was not altogether horror had been added to the sea-blue eyes. Natalie was changed—and you didn't need to guess twice. But the change had not impaired her immaculateness. She had spent hours bound up in Greg's attic, she had twisted and rolled and fallen and been tossed about, but her hair seemed to be freshly waved, her dress was hardly wrinkled, and she could have paid a formal call just as she was.

Except— Hope said, "Oh, Natalie, you slattern! There are runs in your stockings! They're ruined. How slovenly, how vulgar!"

They clasped each other and laughter rose up from the very depths of Hope's being. It was a laughter that cleansed and healed. But Caleb knocked at the door. "Natalie," he said, "there's a fireplace there."

That meant nothing to Hope but Natalie's cheeks grew even paler, then a slow flush came to them. She took a parchment envelope from the bodice of her dress and withdrew from it a thin, creased packet of papers. Confusion, fear, repugnance moved across her face. She looked at Hope, a question in her eyes, didn't ask the question, stood irresolute.

Hope said, "After tonight, nothing matters."

Natalie whispered, "I believe you." She laid the papers on a charred log and set fire to them. When they had burned away, she stretched out a toe—and be sure that was a fashionable slipper—and slowly ground the ash to powder. A shudder passed over that fine body, and then Natalie's cheeks were stained a still deeper red.

The aroma of coffee invaded the room—and the exultation in Hope's blood grew stronger. She had stood in the kitchen, had seen the interrupted preparations for a meal, and had thought that Caleb might be dead. He wasn't dead and now that meal would be completed. Much else would be completed.

Later, John had come, Caleb and Natalie were eating, and all four were talking rapidly and easily, held in a new friendship there was no time to speculate about. The others were impelled to ask and answer all the questions, but not Hope. She just wanted to sit by Caleb, touch him sometimes, and wait—wait patiently enough for what would surely come. She didn't care what happened to the puzzles. But if the others did, let them talk—at last there was plenty of time.

"If there had been any way of getting all four of us together and pooling what we knew!" Caleb said. "It could all have been prevented. But no, we had to go on quarreling about women and Red plots and who is jealous about what and why don't you leave my girl alone!" He scowled and banged the table. "Four damned fools! But in a championship contest, I'd win in a walk."

The new John Gabriel, who had a much quieter assurance than the old one and seemed much more formidable, said, "From here on, we aren't going to call ourselves fools."

They had thrashed all this out at Greg's, but Caleb had to go on: "Bert must have caught sight of Heinemann right after he left Hope. He must have started to follow him and followed him right up into Greg's yard, right on into the house. We'll never know—"

"They'll get Smurthwaite in an hour or two," John pointed out. "They'll turn him inside out. They'll clear things up."

"And inside the house was—a damned Nazi that two of us had taken for a gentlemanly British agent who didn't count. Bert didn't have a chance." Hope saw the passionate despair in Caleb's eyes—the deeper because he too had lain bound and blinded, waiting to be drowned. Her breast rose in a great sigh—we can't do anything about Bert, but we're safe, it's over. She pressed Caleb's hand. He went on talking: "Ashburn must have been pretty high up. Wallisport must have been a focus in the system. Well, Uncle Sam's boys will find out about that. Yes, and we'll all be talking to them till we're bored. . . . Everything keeps coming back to Ashburn. He had brains. Heinemann must have demanded his help when he got here and found Bert on hand. Heinemann knew his life wasn't worth a nickel if Bert saw him."

Caleb got up and began to stride about the room, seething with explanations: "The whole plan was not to do anything about Bert themselves. Greg had an agent in the mills—we'll turn him up now. So he had his agent set a fire—a crude, suspicious fire that would make Gabriel believe Bert had set the fire—Gabriel could have him put away. So they set the fire. But they hadn't counted on someone's blundering in the back door. Hope and I did—the very night of the fire. The boat Greg kept at Gorham and no one ever saw it because no boats ever come through the Farrow Shoals and no boats are kept on Witchcraft. Particularly, a country gentleman wouldn't keep a boat—he loved dogs and horses. Smurthwaite must have brought a lot of callers to Greg, up Witchcraft, after midnight, when nobody would see. And the boat was coming for Heinemann that night. But Hope and I blundered into that. That was the pay-off. I had to be discredited, and it would be great stuff if I got jailed too. And still they had to work around a corner."

He turned to Hope: "It was Ashburn who phoned about your car. It was Ashburn who kept telling Gabriel, with the greatest reluctance, that I must be engaged in some fiendish Red business with Bert. It was Ashburn who planted that paper here and told John fairy tales about my secret communications with Bert after he'd gone into hiding."

Hope wanted to say, It doesn't matter any more, darling. But there was no stopping him. "It didn't work. Luck and chance were on our side. Neither Bert nor I got put away. They weren't so bright! So then there was nothing to it but murder." He stopped, then went on much more slowly: "*We* weren't too bright! It was a damned close thing!" He faced the others. "The moral is: take Hope's word for it, she knows best! She suspected the beggar all along. If I had listened to her—"

"I didn't suspect him," Hope said, "I just didn't want him playing with my garters. No, the moral is: don't believe Caleb when he says he's in no danger. The moral is: what are the police for? Any one of us could have broken it up at any time, if we'd told the police the truth. No, we wouldn't—we might hurt somebody's feelings, somebody might be embarrassed, somebody might get mad! Or maybe the moral is: just wake up when a boat happens to come by."

"Five minutes!" Caleb said. "They lost their game by not more than five minutes. And you licked them."

"Did I? They lost it by just one minute! Who got that minute for us? Natalie! Maybe the moral is: be kind to servants. Or: feel sorry when dogs are shot! One minute more would have . . . changed everything. And that was Natalie—with Smurthwaite's help."

"The moral is—" This was Natalie, and her voice was deep and strange. She got up from the table. She said, "No, I won't tell you what the moral is." Her face was pale again, deadly pale, but she stood straight and calm, looking at John. Clearly, John was the only person in this room. "You can draw whatever moral you like. But I'm going to tell you—"

"Nothing! Nothing at all!" This was John, and he was pale too. He had stood up but he wasn't calm. Far from it. He looked like a man who was holding himself back by the collar of his own coat. "There is nothing I want to know. There is nothing I will listen to. Good God, Natalie! I came to a house where I knew you were and heard shooting!"

"Nothing can stop me—"

"I can stop you!" That was a kind of bellow, and John looked accusingly, wildly, at Hope and Caleb. Oh, wildly!

Caleb said, "Well, stop her," and that seemed to be what was needed. It got action. John walked toward Natalie and she shrank away, her arms trying to keep him back. They didn't keep him back, his arms went around her and she tried to strain away from them, turning her head away, desperately keeping her chin down. Her bitter resolution did not last. Suddenly her arms locked behind his head, she sobbed and her face rose to his kiss. . . . They stood apart, wondering, looked confusedly at Hope and Caleb, seemed abashed and turned away, arm in arm, and went out of the room. Outside, the engine of John's car whirred awake. John's hat and topcoat were on a chair.

"Well!" Hope murmured. "I must say, he never found it in his heart to kiss me like that."

"I told you months ago you couldn't ever be Mrs. Gabriel."

"Mrs. Gabriel will be Mrs. Gabriel. . . . What was that paper you told her to burn?"

"I don't know," Caleb said. "I don't think John will ever know. He said he could stop her from telling him. It looks as if he can."

"And there she goes with every hairpin in place and her make-up undamaged and not an inch of slip showing. And here I am with slime under my fingernails and my hair full of mud and not a stitch of womanly clothes on me."

"You look fine," Caleb said. "You'd be surprised how fine you look."

So suddenly it was very quiet in this room, the room that had seen so many intense and heartbreaking things. The room where, a few hours ago, she had thought that Caleb was dead and thought she could not go on living. Those hours between! The horror of them had lost its power now but would come back, would have to be dealt with and subdued. Some other time! Now it was just quiet here, with a sense of dark marshes and the sea beyond, the sea where Bert had been drowned but Caleb hadn't been. Now it had all ended and could begin.

The moment was so quiet, so crystalline, so taut with peace that she was almost reluctant to have it end. But . . . end it!

She said, "We can break our hearts about Bert and all the rest. Or we can—not break them. I can come three steps toward you. Or you can come two steps this way—your legs are longer than mine, darling."

But Caleb was like rock. "Wait! . . . I shot him. Maybe he's going to die. I would have any time I could, once Bert was dead. Nothing could have stopped me. You couldn't have stopped me. I *shot him*. What about it?"

Tears came storming to her eyes. "What about it? I saw you walk across some grass with moonlight on it. I saw him raise his gun and shoot at you."

Yes, and had seen him walk toward death without flinching from it.

He said, even more slowly, "You saw something else. You saw a boat. You waded up Witchcraft. You climbed through a window and saved my life."

"I didn't do it so that you'd stand there and make speeches," she said furiously. "Does it turn out that John Gabriel knows more about women than you do?"

No. At last, no. . . . And she had never been kissed before. But she would be kissed again. . . . The little clock on the mantel struck once. Three-thirty! Hope said, "Aunt Elinor! We've got to tell her that the worst she ever hoped for has come true. Does she care where I am at three-thirty? No, for she knows where I am."

At last she moved out of his arms. She became aware again of his clothes—sweater, trousers, socks, slippers. It had begun with a drenching in Witchcraft and putting on Caleb's clothes, and it had got around to that again. It was the starting place. This time they were going on from there.

"Yes," he said, "you're beautiful. . . . I'll tell Aunt Elinor."

THE END

On trains like the *20th Century*, the privacy and comfort of a roomette, the most talked-of innovation in sleeping accommodations, is available at little more than the cost of an open section. Designed for fastidious living, the roomette contains a luxuriously soft, full-sized bed, concealed toilet facilities, a clothes locker, and such welcome refinements as air conditioning, individualized lighting, ventilation and temperature control.

The famous hospitality of the *20th Century* is nowhere more apparent than in its diner. For here, when you choose to be alone, you can have a table to yourself . . . here, too, when you feel like mingling with people, the opportunity is made each evening. For, after the last meal is served, this magnificently decorated car becomes a night club complete with colored lights, swing music and secluded conversational nooks.

The drawing room on the *20th Century* resembles a living room. One full-sized bed folds into the wall. The sofa and upper also make up into full-sized beds. But when all three beds are made down for the night, ample space remains for moving about. Of course, in the drawing rooms on this magic train, the complete toilet facilities are concealed and, in many instances, adjoining rooms are available.

NEW YORK CENTRAL'S World-Famous

20TH CENTURY LIMITED

BUILT BY PULLMAN-STANDARD

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF RAILROAD AND TRANSIT EQUIPMENT

FOR almost 40 years, the *Twentieth Century Limited* has been one of the most famous and luxurious trains on earth. Today, streamlined into sleek beauty by Pullman-Standard, it has taken on new and even greater significance. For the sight of it flashing over the countryside as silently and majestically as a meteor aptly symbolizes the quiet efficiency with which the railroads of America have set about the task of making modern streamlined transportation available.

In 6 years 16 railroad systems have added Pullman-Standard streamlined units

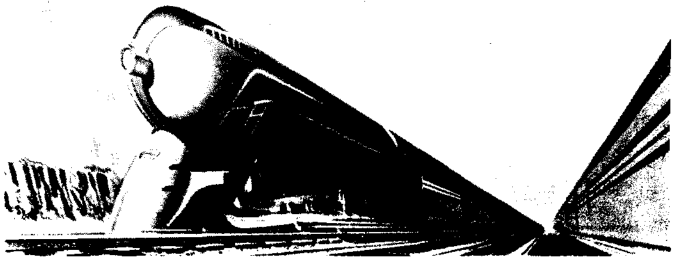
If you think back, you'll remember that in February 1934 there was but one streamliner in the entire country . . . and that, built by Pullman-Standard, was exhibited at the second opening of Chicago's Century of Progress.

By way of contrast, today practically every major city can boast of this modern service . . . and in practically every section the pleasing and low whistle of these trains has become a familiar sound. For within these six eventful years the number of railroads operating Pullman-Standard streamlined trains or cars has increased from one to sixteen . . . the number of track miles served by them, extended until they span the country from coast to coast, from Maine to Mexico.

Pullman-Standard streamliners are putting profits back into railroading

As the American creator of this type of transportation, and as the builder of over 70% of the lightweight, streamlined units which have been purchased, Pullman-Standard's role in the achievements of this phenomenal record has been vital. Yet in an important sense it has been secondary to the one which you, a representative of the American traveling public, have played.

By riding these Pullman-Standard-built streamliners in such numbers that you have made them the most popular and profitable trains on earth, you have encouraged the railroads to put an ever-increasing number into service and enabled them to pack a lifetime's advance in safety and comfort, within the limits of six short years.



A visit to the bar lounge of the *20th Century* is an experience akin to being a guest in a famous and exclusive club. For rarely does the *Century* move without a quorum of internationally known people aboard. And, as the social center of this magnificent train, it is here that you will encounter them.

PULLMAN-STANDARD CAR MANUFACTURING COMPANY—CHICAGO

Copyright 1940, by Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing Company

"Tops" IN STREAMLINERS ARE BUILT BY Pullman-Standard

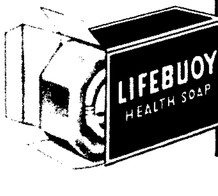
My best customer WOULD come to town at the peak of the HOT SPELL!
HOT-WEATHER PERSPIRATION GAVE ANDY B.O. (BODY ODOR) AND NERVOUS TENSION MADE IT WORSE

WE'LL HAVE TO BE ON OUR TOES TONIGHT, HONEY. NELSON IS AWFULLY IMPORTANT TO ME
LATER
I'M SORRY WE MUST LEAVE SO EARLY. THIS UNFORTUNATE HEADACHE-ER-ER-
I DO HOPE YOU'LL COME AGAIN MRS. NELSON
I KNOW WHY THEY LEFT. BECAUSE OF THE THING I'VE BEEN HINTING AND HINTING TO YOU ABOUT. NOW I'LL SAY IT RIGHT OUT—'B.O.'!
BUT JEAN! YOU KNOW HOW OFTEN I BATHE!
JEAN FOUND THE ANSWER ALL RIGHT—LIFEBUOY IN MY MORNING BATH REALLY PREVENTS 'B.O.' THIS BRACING, PURIFYING LATHER SURE PUTS THE FIGHT IN A FELLOW, TOO

Take Note! "B. O." A DOUBLE DANGER IN SUMMER!

● In hot weather we all perspire, and that's just an invitation to "B.O." Nervous perspiration that comes from excitement or emotions doubles the danger.

Lifebuoy Health Soap in your daily bath *really* protects you. It's the only popular soap especially made to prevent "B.O." Lifebuoy puts tang, refreshment into your bath. Loads of purifying lather. Lifebuoy has an exclusive deodorizing ingredient. More folks use it for their bath than any other soap Get it today!



I SPENT THE DAY WITH MR. NELSON. HE GAVE ME A BIG ORDER AND WANTS TO TAKE US TO DINNER
THAT'S SPLENDID!
TO HERSELF
ANDY WON'T BE SHADOWED BY 'B.O.' THIS TIME!

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Its crisp odor goes in a Jiffy—Its Protection lasts and lasts

The Winner—FAMINE

Continued from page 21

leading. These percentages of self-sufficiency are influenced by the size, eating habits and distribution facilities of the various countries. There can be, and too often is, famine among peoples in countries that are almost and even quite self-sufficient. Russia has furnished an ugly example. Moreover England, France and Germany, being more elaborately educated in the art of eating might, in normal crop years, be nearer to self-sufficiency were their appetites as simple and as easily appeased as Estonia's, Rumania's and Bulgaria's where the ordinary menu, particularly that of the peasant, might strike you as a bit monotonous.

But all that's beside the point. You may reduce these percentages of normal self-sufficiency by a quarter to a half and view the outlook from Europe this winter from there. All the contributing reasons for this prospect that we've set down above are complicated and even multiplied by the problem of dislocated peoples. Until long after peace returns on broken wings to Europe and Hitler finishes his task of repatriating nationals, redrafting maps and segregating the unwanted, there will be hundreds of thousands of people, whom war has robbed of their homes, wandering up and down the continent living, starving, dying and being killed on the roadsides. In any famine conditions, Mr. Hoover has learned, the job of feeding the helpless is not one to be undertaken by those easily discouraged.

As usual Mr. Hoover has gone to standard sources for his statistics and has relied upon long-established authorities. Reports from various American consulates contribute. And research has been made into the files of The Economist (London), Foreign Commerce Yearbook of the United States Department of Commerce, The League of Nations, the report of the Delegation for the Promotion of Economic Co-operation Between Northern Countries, the Berlin Institute for Business Research, the Institute for Economic Research, Louvain University, and so on.

Facing a Black Winter

Germany has been as coldly efficient at going to market as she has going to war. Into that portion of Poland not absorbed into the Reich and annexed by Russia, the so-called Government General, Hitler has packed more than 15,000,000 people where fewer than 10,000,000 lived before. These 78 counties are chiefly industrial. They must import food or starve. They will eat what Germany and Russia give them in payment for their labor.

The Hoover files have it that "almost seven million of these people" are on the verge of starvation and that "one thousand of them are dying daily for the want of food." An influenza epidemic is helping them die. As Germany and Russia took the agricultural sectors of Poland, so may she quarter other conquered lands, including France. She will not starve in Europe's famine. Starvation can solve the political problems she acquired with victory. Poland's great food staple — peas — has been cut in half by crop failures. And Germany has taken most of that to augment her own soya-bean stores—the famous Nazi Food Pills made from soya, the "Magic Bean." Normally Poland raises more than 7,000,000 beef cattle. The fodder failure reduced these herds to 2,400,000. And Germany shipped them to her abattoirs against the black winter that is to come.

We've cited Poland as a horrible example. Norway is rationing flour at the rate of three ounces a week per person. Germany has forbidden the Norwegians to feed grain to the too few cattle remaining in their barns. Norway depended upon imports for seventy-five per cent of her breadstuffs. She is getting less than five per cent of that today and that only by the grace of Adolf Hitler. Her margarine, fats and sugar are exhausted. She is eating fish but no meat. All her whale oils, an important element of her diet, is being diverted to Germany. And the winter is months away.

Defeated Nature—Triumphant Hitler

Denmark is slaughtering livestock because she cannot feed them. And Germany takes them as they fall. Belgium and the Netherlands are already gaunt. Milk and beef are mere memories.

Even Russia, the nervous neutral, is lying awake at nights wondering about next winter's food. That's why she demanded—and got—Bessarabia. She wants wheat. She can't afford to let Germany and Italy gobble Danubia's food. The Hoover files lack specific information about Russia's food stores. Equally reticent are other sources. But such are the bare facts. The situation has only one direction to travel—downward. A defeated Nature and a triumphant Hitler have seen to that.

Outside Europe there is plenty. Argentine mourns the loss of twenty-five per cent of her export trade because she may not sell her meat and wheat to the low countries, Belgium, Denmark, Poland, Sweden, Finland, Switzerland. Nor may she sell to France, whose ports are held by Germany and Italy and closed to trade by the British blockade. Italy and Germany used to take thirteen per cent of Argentine's food exports. They're no longer customers. They're taking their food where they find it and death can play with what's left. Likewise the United States, Brazil, Uruguay and Chile may gorge themselves on their own crops and herds and leave what remains to rot while Europe starves.

Mr. Hoover's files tell us that in the meantime the United States, Canada, Australia and the Argentine are at their wits' end to find storage space for excess foods left over from past harvests. The world has 1,433,000,000 bushels of wheat left over from crops it couldn't eat and couldn't sell. The United Kingdom and Ireland expect to buy 233,000 bushels this year, chiefly from the British Dominions. The rest can rust and molder while ten million hands reach for a loaf. America sent $40,000,000 to the relief of the desperate peoples of foreign countries last year. She could multiply that by ten if she would, and still the famine-locked victims of embattled political systems would starve. A child can be fed in the Baltic countries for five cents a day. And yet refugees and observers send word that the streets and the roads are filled with kids already horrible caricatures of childhood—bird-legged, reed-armed, fever-eyed and balloon-bellied. An adult can be fed for as little as seven cents a day. But you can't eat seven cents.

Germans tell Mr. Hoover that the war will soon be over, Britain gone the way of France. The British report that Germany will be starved into submission next winter and the world will be saved to Democracy. In either case the tale you read in the files is not altered. Famine is stalking Europe. She is nobody's ally.

Vive la guerre.

Bathtub Melody

Continued from page 10

him steadily. He grinned. "Splendid weather," he said.

"Lovely."

"How's it in Phoenix?" he asked.

She set down the coffeepot carefully Her eyes still held his own with that steady gaze, and it seemed to Jake that, beneath her beautiful tan, she had paled a little.

"I don't know," she said slowly. "I really don't know how it is in Phoenix."

He noticed that her hand shook as she passed him the sugar. Then he noticed her ring finger. There was a large diamond there, but she was not wearing a wedding ring. Jake's heart leaped.

"I understand," he said softly, giving her a warm, knowing glance.

She let that pass. "Tell me," she said, "why do you bathe here, Mr. Speer?"

"WELL," he explained, inching his chair a little closer to her own, 'it's a funny thing. A bathtub's the only place I can really relax. When I've got the beginning of a tune in my head I just draw a real hot tub. I get in there and work it out. I could never think of a single note in a shower bath."

"Oh, I love shower baths."

"They're all right," Jake agreed. "But not for composing music. A tub is the place for that." He sipped his coffee, then made motions of looking around. "Where's your aunt this morning?"

"My mother?"

"Oh . . ." he said.

"She's gone back to San Francisco. She was just visiting me for a while."

Jake, with a horrid sensation that something had gone wrong, set down his cup. "You are George Blair's cousin, aren't you?" he asked hopefully.

"No," she said. "I'm afraid I'm not."

"Your mother is certainly George's aunt!" he said desperately.

"Allow me to decide that," she said.

Jake stared at her. "I have a feeling there's been some mistake here."

She smiled at him. "Yes," she said.

"Who *are* you?" he whispered.

"I'm Jane Mays," she said. "I'm a painter."

"Then you're not married!" he cried.

"No. . . ." she admitted. "I'm engaged though." She indicated an opened secretary. On it Jake saw a picture of a young man with a very positive expression.

"Oh . . ." he said miserably. He stared at her. She was just a dream again now. "I guess I must have gotten the wrong house," he muttered, feeling suddenly acutely embarrassed.

"I guess so," she said. "I'm so glad we've got this straightened out. Mother didn't want to leave me down here alone—what with strange men wandering in to bathe."

He got up. "Did you ever hear of a song called My Girl?" he asked her.

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"I just wondered," he said. "Well—" He glanced wistfully toward the bathroom. "Isn't there some way I could just go in there sometimes?" he asked.

She shook her head. "It really wouldn't look right, would it, Mr. Speer?" She smiled up at him sweetly, as if he were some kind of lunatic. "I'm flattered that you want to think up your songs in my bathtub, but—"

"Never mind," he interrupted stiffly. "I'm sorry I mentioned it. I'm sorry about everything." He bowed, glared at the picture on the secretary and strode to the door.

"You didn't let the water out of the tub last time, either," she called after him.

He reddened, then went on out.

He felt like crawling.

The next house was indeed similiar to the one he had left. A tiny white-haired lady responded to his knock. She looked him over, smiling.

"I know," she said. "You are George's friend, who's come to take a bath."

Jake smiled wanly.

"Come right in," she said. "I've two lovely baths, and you may make your choice of them."

Both baths, Jake found, were of the noisy variety. One was done in old lavender, with vermilion accessories, the other was a nightmare of orange and navy blue. Faced with a choice, Jake indicated to George's aunt that he would prefer the vermilion-and-old-lavender number.

It was the most unsatisfactory bath he ever remembered taking. When he lay in the tub with his eyes open he could only shudder, and when he closed his eyes he saw the girl.

He climbed out of the vermilion horror, as barren of melody as when he had entered it. . . .

After three days of sitting at the piano, biting his nails and brooding, he went to see a real-estate agent. "I'd like to look at some nice bathrooms," he told him.

"You want houses with them?"

"I don't want anything gaudy," Jake said.

The agent drove him around to see some. Jake would enter a house, go directly to the bath, or baths, and walk right out again. They all were wrong. The agent appeared heartily relieved to get rid of Jake.

Jake went home to George's house and put on some swimming trunks. The weather was fine and hot. The birds, the fragrant air, the flowers and the people all seemed full of the old allegro as he walked gloomily down to the beach; largo . . . Largo Jake.

He found a secluded cove and flopped on the sand, staring out at the glistening surf. He wondered if he could think up a tune in the Pacific. Deciding he might as well try, he got up and trudged dourly into it. If there were only some way to heat it, he thought. It was really a very pleasant décor, what with those fleecy cloud effects, the aquamarine, and that pale sky-blue. It really reminded him of that old bathroom of his back on East Fifty-eighth. Or—somewhat—of her bath. Stingy—that's what she certainly was. Unimaginative! He lay on a tilting swell out past the surf and tried not to think about her.

AFTER half an hour he emerged shivering on the lip of a wave. He picked himself up and hummed a bar or two unenthusiastically. He had the beginning of something, but he didn't think it was anything very good. Then he forgot about it entirely. Someone had usurped his cove. She had!

Clothed in a play suit, she was astraddle a camp stool, daubing at a canvas fastened to a portable easel.

Jake walked up and stared somberly over her shoulder. Waves were taking form on the canvas. A small figure was lying on one of them.

"Like it?" she asked, without looking up from her work.

"No," he said.

She indicated the minute figure of the bather with the tip of her brush. "That's you."

"I still don't like it," he said. "I'd rather be in your bathtub. You don't know what you're doing to me. You don't seem to realize."

She looked up then, wide-eyed; said:

THREE KINDS OF MONEY NO MAN SHOULD BE WITHOUT

EVERY man who faces reality finds—eventually—that he really needs not one, but three kinds of money.

Sudden misfortune such as illness can deal special punishment to the man who is not prepared for emergencies. So, he needs a kind of money that is always ready to his hand—cash in the bank.

For the sake of his family, he needs still another kind of money . . . money that can shoulder his responsibilities in case of death.

The need for both of these types of money is well recognized. One out of every three families in the country has a savings account. One out of every 2 has life insurance.

But today, many, many people are awake to the urgent need for a third kind of money . . . money which will be accumulated persistently step-by-step during the years of a man's best earning power to take care of the years that follow. *This* kind of money is, truly, a kind no man should be without.

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If you make a regular and adequate income, yet still find yourself unable to accumulate money, the first step is to find out *where your money goes*. Keeping a record of what you spend is essential if you want to make the most of your income.

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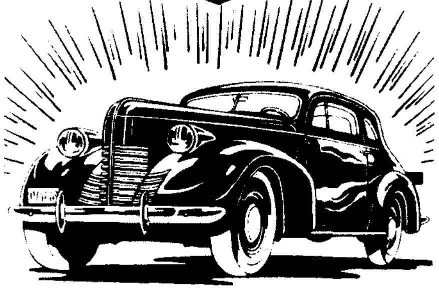

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MOBIL WINDOW SPRAY · MOBIL UPPERLUBE
MOBIL HYDROTONE · MOBIL SPOT REMOVER

BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL

"What am I doing to you, Mr. Speer?"

"You're ruining my career."

"Well, I can't help it. You just *can't* use my bathtub to think up your songs in. What would people say?"

"So that's it!" he exclaimed. "You're a puritan. Full of musty old orthodox scruples! No wonder you don't paint better."

She bent over her work again, dipped some blue from her palette and began daubing out the figure on the wave. "I didn't want to say so," she remarked rather absently, "but I thought that song, My Girl, was one of the corniest little numbers I ever heard."

Jake snatched up his towel, laughing bitterly. "I'm beginning to think so myself!" he cried.

The telephone was ringing when he got back to the house. It was Joe Haver.

"Well," Joe said. "Been down bathing, have you, Jake? Been down sporting with the girls on the beach?"

"Listen—" Jake began patiently.

"You listen!" Joe said. "When you going to give me some more music? We're trying to start shooting up here."

"It's the bathtubs," Jake said.

"What did you say?"

"Bathtubs," Jake repeated. "I'll have something for you in a day or two."

There was a silence on the other end of the wire, then Joe Haver said, enunciating very distinctly, "I don't want any bathtubs. I don't want any nuts. I want two more tunes—quick!" He hung up.

Jake put down the receiver with his ear smarting. He went over and sat down on the piano bench in his wet trunks. He made a violent glissando, then started picking out the notes.

He had gotten away with worse tunes before, but it wasn't the sort of thing that had gotten him where he was. It wasn't what made him worth the money he was getting. People wouldn't walk out of the theater whistling this one. He didn't even dare take it up to the studio; he mailed it.

Two days passed, days of utter frustration, then Joe Haver was cooing in his ear again. "We got a tune here in the mail," Joe said sweetly. "Was it something from you, Jake?"

"Yes," Jake said.

"Don't you think it's just a little sour, Jake?"

"Well," Jake said, "it's where this hoofer thinks he's lost the beautiful chorus girl, and he's *supposed* to be sort of sad. It's moody—see?"

"Moody—sure!" Joe screamed. "But the way you got it he'll be committing suicide before the end of the picture. So will everybody else! Now, listen—I can get boys a dime a dozen to turn out a dirge like that. That's not what I'm paying you for. You're Jake Speer. And the next one has got to be a Jake Speer tune—plus! You get what I mean?"

"Sure," Jake said wearily. "I know—the old allegro." He hung up.

HE HAD gone at it all wrong; he could see that now. He should have been nice to her, showered her with attentions, and pretty soon she would have been begging him to use her bathtub.

He waited at the window until he saw her coming up the street from the beach, then strolled casually out to his mailbox.

"Why, hello!" he called, pretending to notice her with great surprise. He walked over and took her easel from her. "Let me carry this."

She opened her gate without comment and walked up the path to the porch. She turned and put out her hands for the easel, looking into Jake's eyes.

"I was just thinking," he said. "How would you like to go out for cocktails, and some dinner?"

"Why?" she asked.

"Don't be mad at me," he begged her. "I'm not mad at you. I'm sorry I said that about your painting. Having the artistic temperament yourself, you can understand how a fellow gets."

He noted, with a kind of stricken detachment, that she seemed to be getting very angry. She suddenly jerked the easel from his hands. "I understand!" she cried. "I understand perfectly well! You're just trying to be nice to me because you want to use my bathtub. That's all you're thinking about. Why—that first time when you came out of there you didn't even *look* at me!"

"Oh, no," Jake said. "You're all wrong. I looked at you. Stop! Believe me—"

"Get off my porch!" she cried.

JAKE left—went across the street to sit wrapped in lonely melancholy while the sun fell splendidly into the sea. He knew now that he needed more than her bathtub for inspiration. He needed her—just as he had always needed her.

Two funereal days staggered by, and then Joe Haver was on the phone again. "You got just three more days to write me a smash hit," Haver said very softly. "If you don't do it, Jake, you'll never write a tune for anybody else. You can't let me down. If you don't do it you're through for good—in Hollywood, on Broadway and even in Timbuktu!"

Jake wandered glumly over to the piano with the last of this threat running through his mind: ". . . in Hollywood, on Broadway and even in Timbuktu!"

Timbuktu—you!

Standing, he played a few chords, sang it. Then he went out into the evening, across the street. No lights were burning in the little white house. He seized the pencil that hung on a chain by the door and wrote hastily on the note pad:

"This is the end! Either I use your tub tomorrow or I am ruined.

"P.S. And it never was just the tub!!!"

As soon as he woke next morning he opened his front door and looked at the slate tacked up next to it. "Well, all right," was chalked there. "At ten."

When he entered she was sitting in the breakfast alcove in the striped housecoat. She looked at him levelly. "Go right on," she said. "You don't have to bother to stop and talk."

"I can't talk anyway—now that I'm practically a failure," he said. "That is, I can't tell you what I'd like to. I just want to ask you if you remember what color hair that girl in the song, My Girl, had."

"Brown," she said. "Dark brown."

"What color eyes?"

"Blue," she said. "'Eyes so blue.'"

"While I'm taking a bath," he told her, "you ought to go look in a mirror."

He sank his melancholy length in the wonderful tub and sighed with pleasure.

He closed his eyes and began to hum, happily: "In Hollywood, on Broadway and even in Timbuktu. . . ."

After a while he began to sing it. Then he became aware of the disharmony of a loud, angry voice. He stopped, listening. Someone pounded on the door.

"Come out of there!" someone yelled. "Come out or I'll break in the door!"

Jake leaped furiously from the tub and put on his robe. He unlocked the door and stepped out. The young man with the positive expression took one horrified look at him, then turned bitterly to Jane Mays.

"I might have known it!" he cried. "Letting you live all alone down here! I suppose this is just some quaint old Bohemian custom!"

Jake, having taken in the delightful situation, made protest. "It really wasn't her fault," he said. "I just wander around, going into strange houses and taking baths."

"Oh, sure! You just dropped in to take a bath!"

Jake nodded innocently.

"Would you please go now," Jane begged him tearfully.

"Well, I *was* just taking a bath—so help me!" Jake declared.

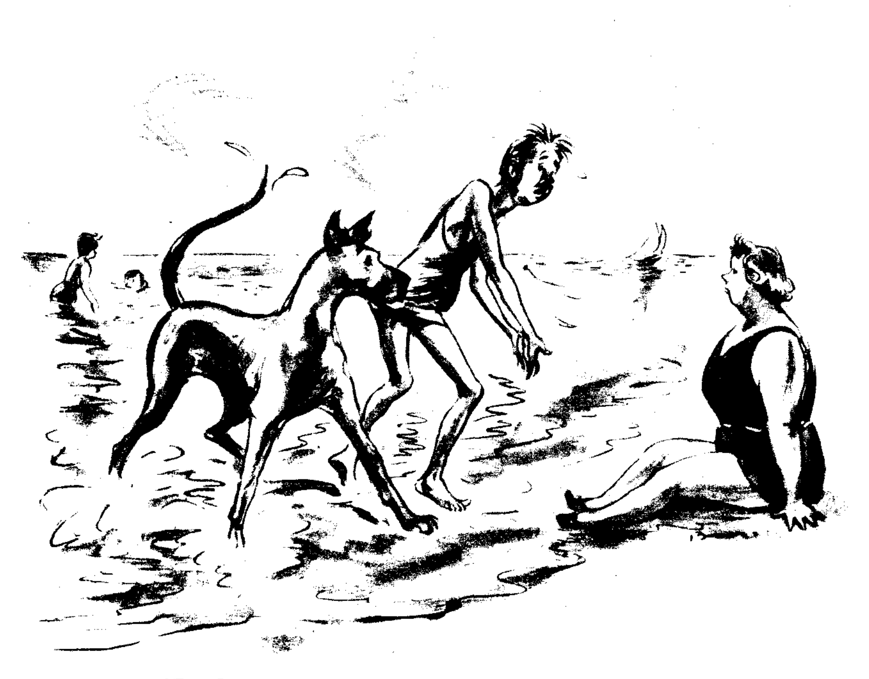
HE SAT on the piano bench, pondering deeply. Had she known her fiancé was coming down? If he only knew that, Jake thought, he would know plenty.

After a while he heard the sound of a car starting. The sound came from across the street. He rushed to the window but was not in time to see if she had driven away in the car with him or not. He looked at the clock. It was noon. He had just two and a half days now to write a smash hit, and he knew that if she had gone away in that car he would never write it. He went over to the piano and sat down, slumping on the keyboard with his face in his hands.

Presently he heard the door open. He looked up and saw her in the doorway. She smiled and walked directly across the living room. She had a towel thrown over her shoulders. She vanished into the bath.

After a moment Jake heard the sound of the shower. He sat up and began to play.

It was the old allegro again—even if he was bawling.



"Let him save you for a while. I want to swim" HOWARD BAER

Occupation: Widow

Continued from page 13

Carola agreed. To stay by herself and think around the trodden track of her own thoughts would do no good, and Froscetti was pleasant company.

"Meet me at the Adlon at one!"

The thought of any sort of social life beginning again was not unpleasant. She was even a little excited. No one had taken her to lunch at the Adlon for a long time. She wore a gray dress with a maroon jacket, a little round gray hat. Maria stood by approvingly and said, "You look like your own daughter, Fräulein!"

She was at the Adlon on time. The plate glass, the shining metal of the vestibule were unchanged. War or no war, somebody began polishing here at five each morning. At the little tables in the corner of the lobby near the bar were the sort of people Carola remembered from the past. The stiffly starched clerks at the desk were unchanged, the bellhops, in uniform, ran about like units of gaudy machinery. It was curious to look for some sign of change, to notice its absence, as if war would change things physical as quickly as it changed things personal.

FROSCETTI entered on a wave of apologies, and led Carola to a table in the dining room.

"I am going to order the most elaborate lunch in the history of this hotel," he said. "Have you any preferences?"

She looked at the menu. Here, for people who could afford it, was no sign of wartime stringency.

"I am not very hungry," Carola said.

"Nonsense! This is a gala occasion, a celebration."

"And what does it celebrate?"

"Having lunch with you the first time!" Froscetti said. Then he debated for five minutes the choice of wine.

He had a likable boyishness and Carola laughed.

"Another thing!" He was dreadfully serious. "I have known you for forty-eight hours. I should have known you twenty years ago. I resent all that waste of time and I have to hurry to make up for it."

He kept up a continual chatter and Carola tried to become interested in what he was saying but it was difficult. Somewhere in Berlin at this moment was Karl, probably lunching, if he lunched at all, in a cheap bowl-of-soup restaurant.

Froscetti was talking about his work: "Diplomacy is quite a different thing today than in my father's time."

"Your father was a diplomat, too?"

"And his father and grandfather before him," Froscetti said proudly. "It is a tradition in our family. My grandfather was here in Berlin and knew Bismarck very well. My father was here at the outbreak of the World War. He is retired today but insists that I write him each week about everything I do, everyone I meet. He will have a lot to read in my next letter."

"Really?"

"About Carola Dirling!"

She laughed. "And you will probably have more to read in his answer."

"He will order me to bring you to Rome at once." Froscetti had long, delicate hands. They showed best as he lit a cigarette. "I wish you were there. Berlin is not a very relaxing place for a lovely lady."

His sureness, in contrast with her own uncertainty, was so definite that she smiled, remembering how Karl had shown her a future even more uncertain.

"I'm boring you," Froscetti said. "I should talk about you and I shall. But first I want you to know everything about me!"

A waiter brought a tray of elaborate pastry.

Carola refused it.

"Do you know why I ordered so large a lunch?" Froscetti grinned. "I wasn't hungry either. But the larger the lunch, the longer I have to be with you."

Carola laughed at his confession.

"That's my chief problem now!" Froscetti continued. "I'm making up a list of places to take you, things we are going to do together."

"That sounds like a busy winter."

"You will see. First is a party at the home of a friend at the end of the week—Peroli, the second secretary of our Embassy. May I—?"

"I shall be glad to go." That was probably the sort of invitation that Blaerchen had hoped she would get.

Froscetti smiled happily. "Then there's a party—"

A voice behind interrupted, the voice of Blaerchen. He came up to the table while Froscetti jumped to his feet.

"I hope you are enjoying a pleasant lunch," he said.

"Uniquely pleasant," Froscetti said. "Will you join us?"

"No, thank you." Blaerchen smiled at Carola as if the smile had some inner meaning that she should know at once. "I'm delighted to see you enjoying yourselves. I have to attend to affairs of state."

When he had gone Froscetti asked without any lightness in his voice, "Do you know Herr Blaerchen well?"

"He and my husband were once partners in business."

"Indeed!" That might have meant anything and Froscetti sounded as if that was what he had implied.

IN THE hour before darkness Carola left her apartment for a walk.

A man standing near the doorway looked at her sharply as she passed, as if he were watching for someone. She told herself that he might be interested in any one of fifty families in the house. Yet as she moved down the street she could not resist looking back. The man was walking after her, a hundred feet away.

Carola held down a swelling dread by reminding herself that she had no one to fear, unless Blaerchen had learned of Karl's coming the night before and had decided to have her watched. She walked faster, wishing that she could lose herself among people, but the wind had driven most pedestrians indoors.

Then a hand touched her. "Fräulein Dirling?" The hand held tightly to her arm.

For a second Carola could not take another step. This was what the moment of arrest was like, like the turn of a switch that cut off strength and power and clarity. She could only ask weakly. "What do you want?"

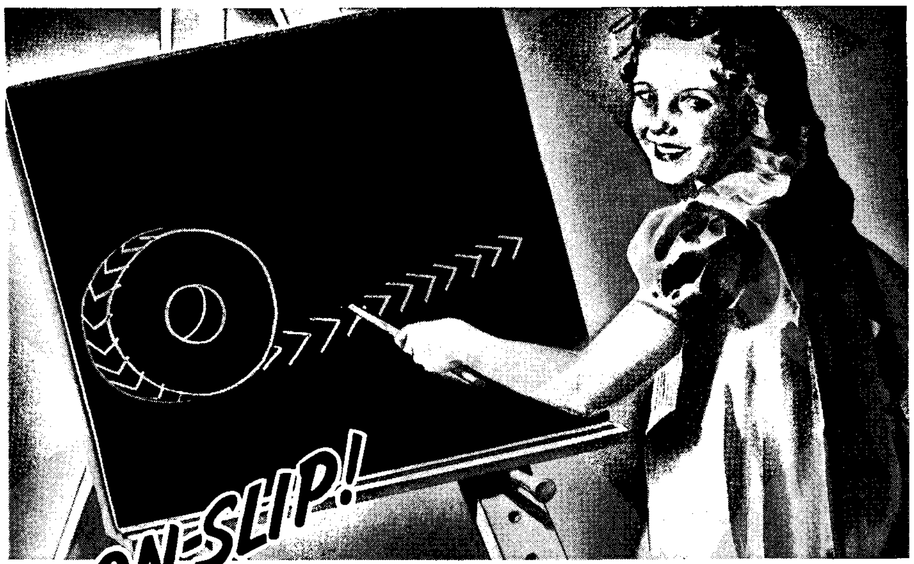
"I want to talk to you." The voice was harsh, unfriendly. "We will go to the nearest café."

That did not sound like arrest but the man's silence was not assuring.

They entered a café and sat at a small table. For the first time Carola saw the man's face. It was a young face, marred by thin red ridges across one cheek that marked university sword scars. Everything in the face implied the German aristocrat, as unyielding as a boulder.

"I am August von Maurer," the man said as if speaking to a menial.

Carola smiled at him, to reassure her-



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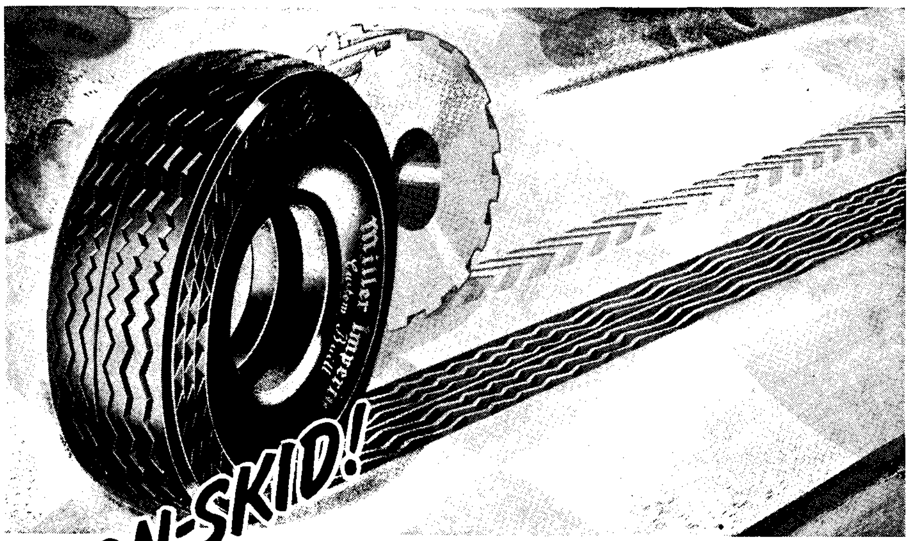

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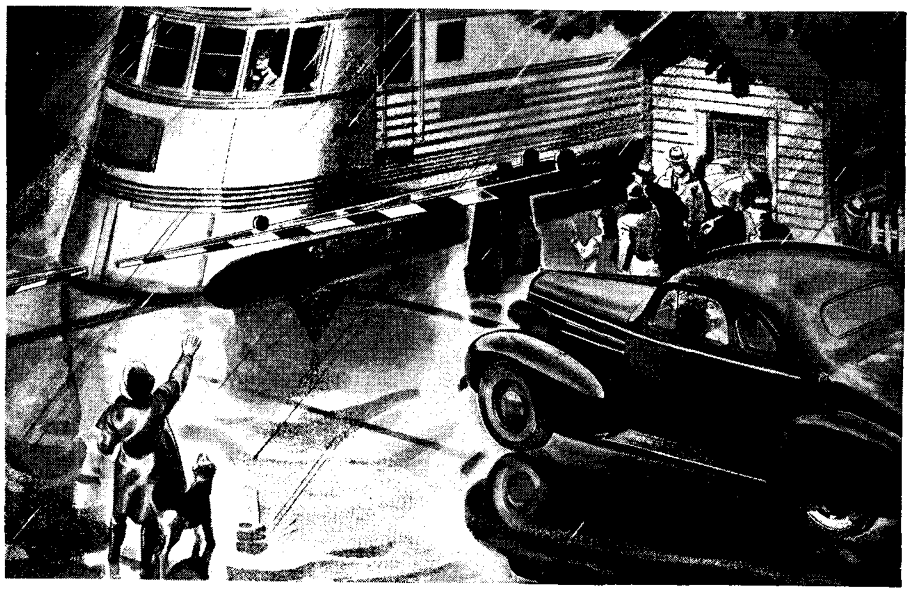

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self that there was nothing frightening in his face or in his manner.

A waitress came to the table and von Maurer asked, "May I order something for you?"

"Just coffee."

The order was given. Then von Maurer leaned forward, as if to come closer to a target. "Did you know Senta Mainescu?"

"Yes." The question took her so unawares that she knew she must look completely flustered.

"She visited you several days ago, did she not?"

"Yes." Remembering Karl's news about the woman's arrest, Carola tried to guess where this questioning would lead.

"What did she talk about?"

"May I ask why—!"

"I insist that you tell me what she talked about," von Maurer snapped.

"What right have you to insist? Who are you? I scarcely knew Senta Mainescu. I met her by chance and she asked to call—!"

"Senta and I were engaged to be married," von Maurer interrupted. "She was executed yesterday."

"What?"

"She was executed for treason yesterday."

"I am sorry." Carola tried to cover her confusion. Her hands felt cold, her face was pale. She moved her lips to say something but they were numb.

"Immediately after her engagement with you," von Maurer was saying, "she was arrested. I am sure that that engagement and her arrest are connected."

That was almost an accusation and it brought Carola up sharply.

"What did she say to you? Was anything said that would explain her arrest?"

"She talked of old friends in the entertainment world, about—!" Carola stopped. A complete answer to that question would give the man a clue to Blaerchen, would send him to Blaerchen with an accusation that would be the spark to a long, explosive train.

Even more insistent, von Maurer asked, "Was there anything treasonable in anything that she said?"

In a literal sense Carola could answer truthfully, "Nothing." She had to hope that the man would not mention Blaerchen nor question her about him.

"SHE told me she admired you, that she was eager to talk to you." Von Maurer seemed less sure of himself. "If she said nothing harmful to you, if you reported nothing, then why—?" He brushed his forehead with his hand. "I shall spend the rest of my life finding out who is to blame. And when I do—!" He lowered his voice. "A charge of treason against her is ridiculous. I have been a member of the Nazi party since 1930. I was a good Nazi before Hitler came to power. Would I have been friendly with any person liable to commit treason?" Von Maurer shook his head. "Senta was honest. I am certain. Yet she was executed for treason."

He sounded angry but he looked bewildered. For Carola the horror of the woman's death was less vivid now than the revelation of Blaerchen's ruthlessness. Perhaps Senta had never mentioned Blaerchen to this man; reticence about him was understandable.

"I shall find out some day," he said coldly, still suspicious. "When I find out who is responsible—!" He left his threat unworded.

When he had gone Carola wondered for a moment about his political faith. He had insisted that he was a good Nazi. Blaerchen would call himself a good Nazi. Sooner or later the adjective "good" would have to be defined. Then she thought of Senta. She, too, had worked for Blaerchen, accepting his assignments and appointments, even to the last one, with a man at the chopping block in a friendless black dawn.

Carola shuddered. Perhaps that was the last assignment for anyone who worked for Blaerchen!

KARL had marked off carefully, eagerly, the time until he met again with Schebeler of the Foreign Office and did something, even a little thing, for the Underground. With that work arranged he could think of a job for himself. The morning after seeing Carola, Karl went to Wagner's office. When a secretary in the room outside coolly took his name, he waited uneasily, not sure how Wagner would receive him. After all, ex-political prisoners were not welcomed in most places. A cold welcome would matter little if only Wagner could suggest some place to find work. Wagner used to be genial but probably the years of Nazi rule had changed him.

Yet, as Karl looked around the office he smiled. Nothing changed the theatrical business; the walls were crowded with signed photographs of stage people, with posters and mementos. A picture of Zitzonka's trained roosters, signed "Gratefully," was next to that of a woman dressed as Brunhild, built like an impregnable fortification, and signed "Forever."

The door from the inner office opened. Not the secretary but Wagner appeared, grinned broadly. "Karl! I'm so glad to see you!"

The warmth of his welcome took Karl by surprise. It was impossible to believe that he did not know of the years in concentration camp.

He knew. "You should have come and seen me as soon as they let you out," Wagner continued. "Where have you been? I heard you were in town. Come in! Come in!"

He held Karl tightly by the arm. Other old acquaintances had been cool; this was a pleasant surprise.

"I want to hear all about your experience some time," Wagner said. "A horrible thing! But what can I do for you?"

Karl cleared his throat: "I wonder if you can tell me where I can find a job."

"Certainly I can," Wagner said immediately. "Right here!"

"You mean, on the stage?"

"I can't do that," Wagner said. "I mean here in this office. I need a general messenger and handy man. I know your accomplishments and I don't need any references. You're hired."

Karl relaxed. Then he asked, "But I am an ex-political prisoner. The police—!"

"I shan't worry about that." Wagner laughed, then winked. "I have many Nazi friends. I only wish I could use you in your own profession. We need comedians—"

"Not my sort."

Wagner snorted, "The Nazis are afraid of competition."

Karl was surprised at the freedom with which Wagner spoke, but did not comment.

"You go to work right here and now," Wagner said. "How have you happened to avoid military service?"

"A back injury at Buchenwald," Karl explained.

"You're lucky. I had an assistant here but he's gone. I have a lot of work. I want to open a new night club shortly." He was silent for a moment. "I met an old friend of yours the other night, Carola Dirling. I wish I could get her back to work."

"Really?" That was one advantage of the job that Karl had not considered. Here, in Wagner's office, he might be able, indirectly, to keep in touch with Carola.

"But she won't listen to me." Wagner looked sad.

Through the next days he learned that

Wagner wanted him to do just what he had said, to run errands, to help in general routine. The temptation each day to get in touch with Carola was strong. One telegram would do it. But unless there was some real emergency, it was foolish to court the danger that would be inevitable if Blaerchen found out about the meeting. Here in Wagner's office there might be a chance for an occasional casual contact. And if Carola was ever in any trouble, she would telegraph.

He left Wagner's office in the late afternoon to keep his appointment with Schebeler of the Foreign Office. It was a fragment of dangerous Underground work, not in itself important. But a thousand men or even a hundred men in German cities, doing little things, had to have their results. From Klauss he had learned nothing about the organization and it was better to know little. One man, he gathered, knew little about it except who his superior was and that was enough to know.

He made a point of being at the café on time and was annoyed when Schebeler was late. But Schebeler came, carrying the inevitable brief case, and smiling, like a man finished with a tiresome day's routine, glad for a chance to chat across a glass of beer with a friend.

After a few minutes Schebeler took an envelope from his pocket and handed it under the table to Karl. "Here are memoranda of some Foreign Office conversations with our friends in Rumania and Turkey," he said. "The Italians would give a lot to get hold of this."

Anything that showed Nazi activity anywhere could be useful to the Underground and Karl took the envelope.

"For a little while coming here I was frightened," Schebeler smiled. "I felt I was being followed. Nervousness!"

"I know what you mean," Karl said. "It's inevitable in this activity, I presume."

A slight movement of Schebeler's arm on the table attracted Karl. The man's face was blotchy. "I told you I thought I was being followed—there's the man, there at the door! Get away with that envelope. If they should take me and search me they'll find nothing but if they search you—!"

Karl got up and wrapped his coat around him. He started for the door, not hurrying, like a man loath to leave what little warmth there was for the cold outdoors. A man was standing at the door, searching for a familiar face when Karl brushed by him. At each step he expected a hand to reach out and stop him. On the street he did not hurry until he had gone a hundred feet.

The arrangement Klauss had suggested for delivering the material was simple. Karl was to go to Friedrichstrasse station and wait near the downstairs ticket windows. He went there and waited. A few minutes before five-thirty Ranke came by, like a man hurrying to catch a train. Karl joined him. As they went up the stairs he gave him a newspaper folded around the envelope.

"No trouble?" Ranke said nervously.

"I had a scare," Karl said.

"You get used to them." Then Ranke hurried away.

THE party at the home of the second secretary of the Italian Embassy had been going on for some time when Froscetti arrived with Carola. Except for one attaché from the Foreign Office, all the guests were foreigners. The table that held bottles was twice as long as the table holding food.

"We have to do something in Berlin at night," Froscetti said. "If only we were in Rome! Here we have to see the same people at every party. There's nothing else to do."

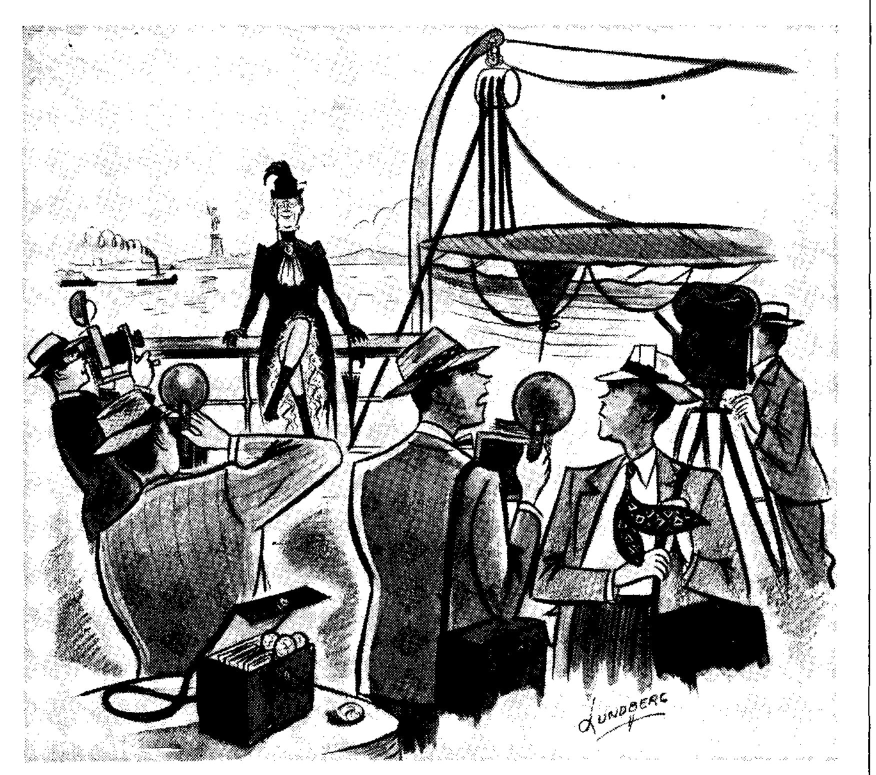
The host, Peroli, and several men gathered around Carola. Serving her from the buffet became a minor but acute competition. Froscetti looked angry. He looked angrier when he heard Peroli, whose wife had been spoken of as a resident of Rome and jealous, ask Carola for cocktails "later in the week." The party showed signs of going on through most of the night but shortly after ten o'clock Froscetti said, "I think we had better go."

"Very well," Carola agreed. She was not enjoying herself.

On the way home Froscetti complained, "I thought it would be fun but I didn't have any fun."

"Why not?"

"With all those men around you? Even that old fool Peroli was trying to make a date with you. He has a wife and five children and if she ever heard



"Don't be so particular. You know she's the first traveler from Europe we've had in weeks"

GUSTAVE LUNDBERG

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That man who took lessons in smiling, on the opposite page ⟶ knows that the

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of it she would cut him down six inches shorter than he now is."

He sounded as if he wanted to quarrel and that was ridiculous but they rode on in silence, slowly and carefully through the dark.

He asked suddenly, "What do you do here, Carola?"

"Do?" she repeated.

"You are attractive. You once had a wide reputation. You came back suddenly and live here comfortably although few German women today live with any ease. You seem to."

She was sure curiosity and not suspicion explained his question. "I got homesick abroad and came back. That's all."

He accepted that. "Aren't you lonely?"

That could scarcely be called a subtle approach. "I keep very busy."

"But you go out very seldom. I've asked about you!" He said it proudly. "Few people even know that you are back."

Along with his remark he came a little closer.

The car stopped at her house. "Will you let me come in for a little while?"

"It's rather late."

"I have something to tell you that concerns you vitally."

She hesitated. That remark could be taken several ways. Then she remembered that he was in the diplomatic service and that he might know something that would be valuable to her.

"Please! Just for a minute."

"Very well," Carola said, "but just for a minute."

Once in the apartment he looked around with curiosity. "This room is charming."

"It is very comfortable."

He sat on the divan while Carola took a seat across the room. He seemed unwilling to begin to talk and Carola reminded him, "You said you had something vital to tell me."

"I have." He lit a cigarette, then suddenly turned toward her: "I have fallen in love with you, Carola."

She could not help laughing but she was sorry at once. She could see on Froscetti's face that he was hurt. Very gently she said, "You've only known me for a few days."

"Who can measure emotion by time? I'm serious. I would have told you yesterday but the Adlon dining room—"

"Is not famous for its privacy," Carola agreed. Before she could say anything else the telephone rang. "Excuse me!"

Froscetti looked displeased and said something under his breath.

Carola lifted the receiver. "Hello?"

"Fräulein Dirling?" The man's voice was unfamiliar. "Say only 'yes' or 'no' to my questions. Is Signor Froscetti with you?"

"Yes," Carola said nervously. She glanced at the Italian who was looking more displeased than ever.

"LISTEN to me carefully." The voice was most businesslike. "It is now ten-thirty. In ten minutes you will please scream."

"I don't understand."

Froscetti heard the tone of her voice and was looking at her questioningly.

"I am speaking for Herr Blaerchen." The voice was impatient. "Understand? In ten minutes you will please scream. Scream loudly so that it can be heard in other apartments, on the street—"

"But—"

"You will please do as you are told. That is Herr Blaerchen's wish." The voice was cold, impersonal. "Do not disobey!"

Froscetti was by her side as Carola put the receiver down. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Is anything wrong? Are you ill?"

"Just get me a glass of water." That would give her time to think. She would scream and men would come rushing in, find Froscetti there and involve him in a nasty scandal.

She knew she had nine minutes more!

Froscetti brought the water and she drank it. He looked much concerned.

"Carola, what is the matter?"

She knew she had eight minutes more.

This was probably Blaerchen's way of arranging things in the diplomatic world. That Froscetti was nice, young, and harmless enough, with family tradition and background, did not matter. A scandal would do more than embarrass him. Yet, not to do as Blaerchen had ordered would bring certain punishment of some sort.

SEVEN minutes more!

The Italian stood in the middle of the room, curiosity blended with impatience on his face. The street outside was quiet, the corridors in the house were quiet. Carola did not know how many minutes were left. To go through with this assignment or anything like it would be impossible. In a few minutes men would be waiting outside to hear a scream from her apartment, a betrayal of a man who had done her no harm.

She had time for a quick decision. Her voice was firm as she said to Froscetti, "Please leave at once!"

"Why?" He looked astonished. "I don't understand."

"Please leave!"

"Without an explanation?" No trace of his role as suitor remained. "Are you angry because I spoke of being in love with you?"

"Yes. Please leave!" She emphasized each word.

With set white face Froscetti put on his hat and coat. As he reached the door he turned and said coldly, "I should certainly not want to embarrass you if you're expecting someone else!"

There was scarcely time now to think of excuses before impatient men would knock at her door. With or without excuses, Carola was glad that she had had enough courage to tell the Italian to go. The thought of what Blaerchen might do, in retaliation, if he doubted her excuses, was a growing, ominous thing, a thought that might choke her to speechlessness. Karl had said, "Wait until you have a definite reason for breaking with Blaerchen." This might be it! She could only wait and wonder.

Five minutes passed before she heard a knock. Three men, strangers to her, were there. They pushed into the room.

"Will you please explain, Fräulein?" one of them said impatiently. His was the voice she had heard on the telephone.

"Froscetti left your house immediately after we called," another man added.

With as much self possession as possible Carola looked at the men. She said coldly, "I think it is you who should explain."

"You were given an order—"

"Without proof that it was an order!" Carola looked at the men scornfully. She grabbed at any explanation. "How could I know that it was not some of Froscetti's friends playing some practical joke?"

"In Germany today no one would dare to play such a practical joke!"

"I suppose not."

"Did you tell Froscetti what was said on the telephone?" one man asked heatedly.

Carola snapped, "Of course I didn't."

"It is curious that he stayed in your apartment for such a short time after we called."

"That is my affair!" She was not afraid. "You used Herr Blaerchen's name. Let me see credentials giving you a right to use it."

"You will ask no questions! Your duty is to obey orders."

The men turned to the door. One of them added: "We shall report this, Fräulein!"

THEY left abruptly. To her own surprise Carola did not feel frightened. She decided to be aggressive and to call Blaerchen the next day but before she could reach him he called her.

"Hello, my dear, how are you?"

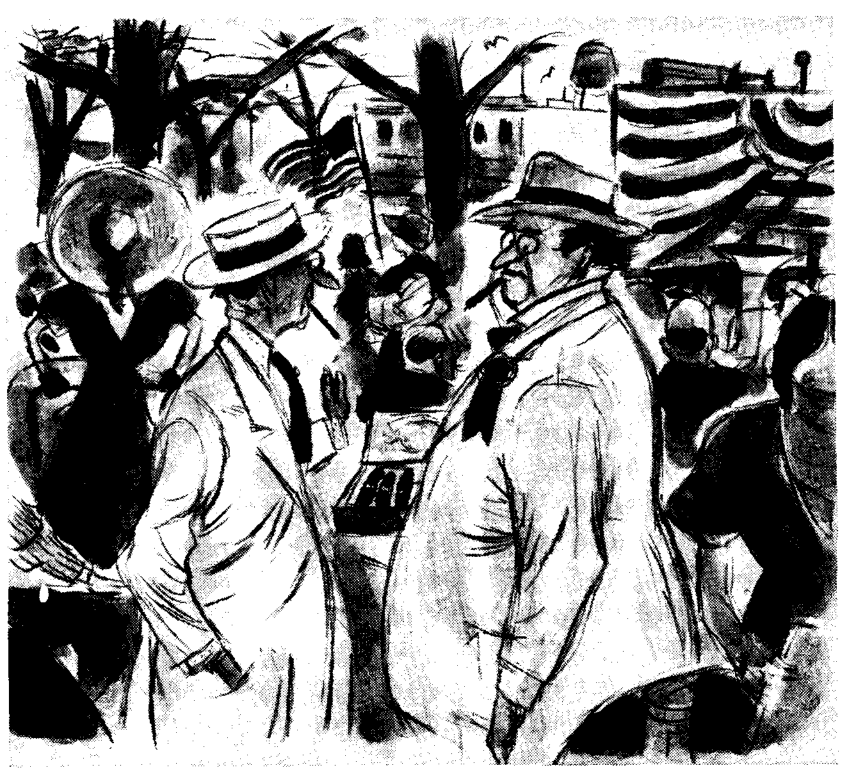
"I'm glad you called. Some men last night—"

He interrupted: "I know all about it."

"But—"

"I'll drop in for a little while late this afternoon."

His voice gave no indication of what he thought but she was not as sure now as she had been that she was not fright-



"There's a Democrat right ahead of you, Senator, passing out taffy to the babies you're going to kiss!"

THURSTON GENTRY

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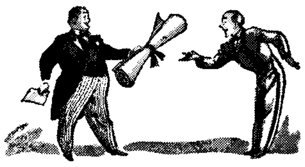

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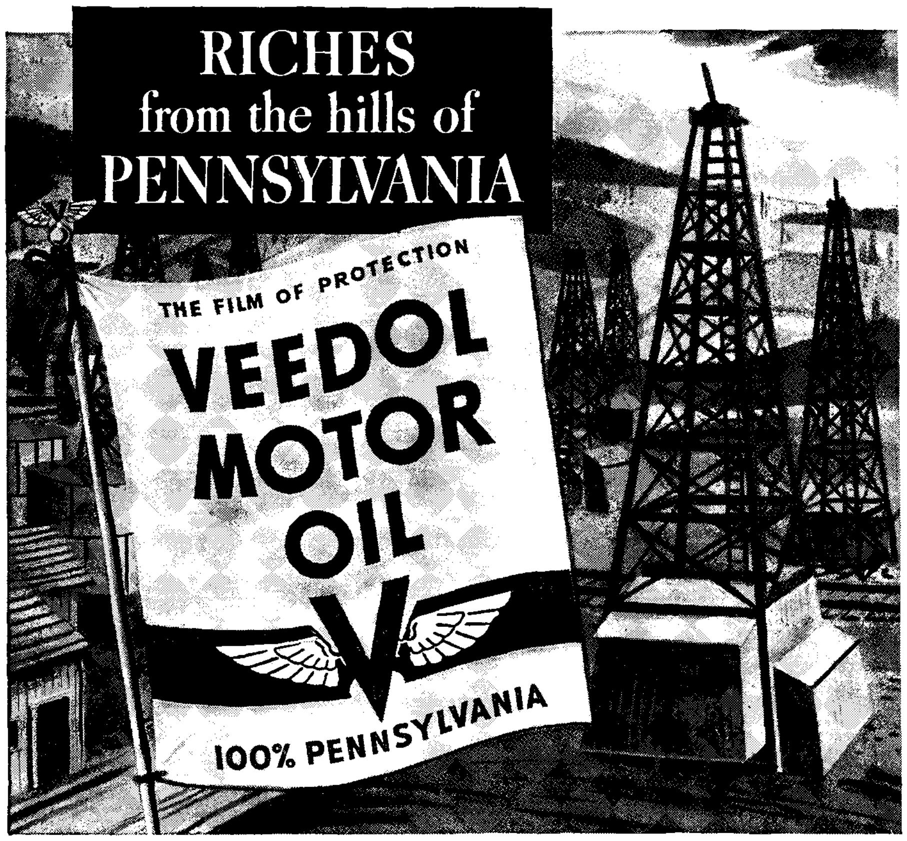
RICHES
from the waters of
MASSACHUSETTS



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ened. She thought of going to Karl for advice but it was better not to risk that until she knew exactly what Blaerchen was going to say.

Maria usually came by nine o'clock but this mornnig she was late. Carola was in the kitchen preparing her own breakfast when the telephone rang again. It was Froscetti. If she had never heard from him again she would have understood; yet here he was on the telephone, speaking pleasantly with no slightest trace of annoyance.

"I hope you had a pleasant evening after I left," he said courteously.

"Thank you." Carola was still surprised that he should call.

"Could we lunch together today?"

Carola knew she owed him some explanation. "I would like that."

"I'll pick you up at one."

The only explanation to make to him was the truthful one. He might be able to explain why Blaerchen had chosen to set such a trap.

THE telephone rang later in the morning. A man's voice asked, "Do you know who this is?"

Carola knew. "Yes, Herr Praut."

He seemed flattered that she should recognize the voice. "I told you I would be patient. May we lunch today?"

"Sorry." She felt grateful to Froscetti.

"That's too bad."

She put the phone down, sure that Praut would keep on stalking her. The whole situation was getting too complicated and she wanted to run from it. Instead of running, it would be better to plan what to tell Blaerchen when he called this afternoon.

Maria had not come by one o'clock when Froscetti came to the door. As Carola left the house she wondered about the maid's absence and could not understand it. Maria had never missed a day and was always prompt.

"Where shall we lunch?" Froscetti asked.

"I'm not hungry. Let's drive for a little while. I'd be grateful for some air."

"Very well." He turned the car toward the suburbs. Then he asked very quietly, "If I am not being rude, could you possibly tell me what happened last night?"

"Yes," Carola said. "I had no time to explain." She turned to him, to watch his face. "That telephone call was from a man who asked me to wait a few minutes, then scream. I am sure that men were waiting outside to break in as soon as I made a sound and create as much embarrassment for you as they could."

Froscetti turned red, then white. "Oh!" He had not expected that. "Then I should be grateful to you. I am grateful." The boyishness that was so likable was like a garment put away. "I think," he said sharply, "that I can guess the name of the man who telephoned you."

"Who?"

Very slowly he answered, "Blaerchen of the Foreign Office."

Carola shook her head. "The call came from a stranger."

"Probably hired by Blaerchen!" After a pause he said, "That would have been a very embarrassing situation for me."

"Really?" She wished he would explain.

"That is not a new trick. It has been done by other Foreign Offices in an attempt to place a diplomatic attaché in a position in which publicity might be very ruinous. For me it would have been disastrous—my family in Rome, you know!" He concluded: "The attaché is then offered the choice between publicity and becoming amenable to suggestions." He added bitterly: "That's the first step in the manufacture of a bank roll."

"Why should you think it was Blaerchen who called?"

Froscetti did not answer at once but looked at her quickly. "That is an innocent question, Carola. How do I know that you aren't working for the Foreign Office?"

"Had I been part of a plan to trap you," she said simply, "I surely would not have warned you."

"Of course not," he said quickly. "Forgive me but it was a natural assumption. Blaerchen is a friend of yours and a very bad friend to have, if you'll pardon me. There are rumors that he has approached other men in the diplomatic circle at times."

"WHAT does he want?" Here might be some way to important knowledge.

"Money, I suspect," Froscetti said. "These big Nazis can't get enough money, and why? To deposit in banks abroad. That's what they think of Herr Hitler's statement that the Nazi Reich will endure a thousand years. Probably Blaerchen's short of money for his own little petty intrigues. The war has made it difficult for those gentlemen to transfer their assets back and forth as they might like." He paused. "He must be desperate for money!"

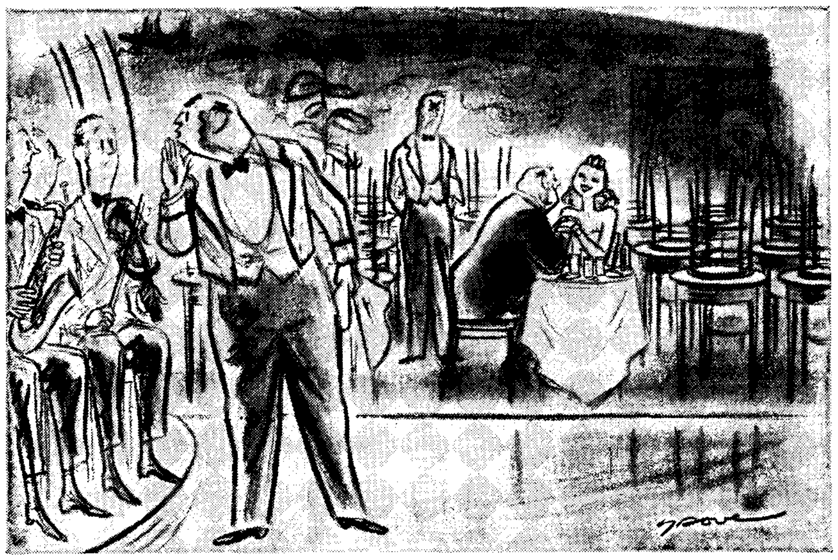
Then he was intent on his own thoughts.

"I really am obliged to you," he said after a time. "If ever I can do a favor for you—!"

Carola smiled. "Thank you."

When he left her at her house she knew this was a short chapter closed.

(To be continued next week)



"You play the National Anthem and we'll grab the chairs"

LEONARD DOVE

Dark Land Waiting

Continued from page 15

Tom Kertcher nodded at Mullan. "Move on."

Brazil Mullan turned his attention. "You're tough, friend Kertcher. Mighty tough for a sodbuster."

"Next time you come here, come at a walk," added Kertcher, and planted his heavy legs apart on the earth. "You going?"

Mullan divided a glance between Kertcher and the stranger on the horse; and insolence flared and was hidden behind sudden, scheming indifference. Swinging about, he trotted away with the other three. The stranger on the horse reached into his shirt pocket, surveying this group while he rolled a smoke. "Evenin'," he said. "I'm Andy Pierce. I run the Wagonwheel, forty miles east."

Eccles said: "They cut my fence twice. I laid for 'em tonight. Got in a shot and then they ran at me. You know why they cut my fence? They're stealin' horses off the reservation across the river and they want to go straight through my place in a hell of a hurry. They don't want to go around the fence."

Kertcher looked at Andy Pierce. "What'd you cattlemen do for law around here?"

Pierce drawled: "Been a kind of private matter, friend. We take care of our own injuries."

"That may do for you, but not for us. We'll have to have some proper law."

Pierce gave him a bland smile. "Wish you luck." Curtis Kilrain turned his wagon about and drove away into the dark. Pierce straightened in the saddle and watched the wagon go, presently observing: "That gentleman's wife is mighty handsome."

MRS. LOWE'S acrid voice came forward, implying the worst: "Not his wife. She's got a claim next to him. Nobody knows anything about her. She ain't friendly."

"Ah," said Andy Pierce, and considered the tip of his cigarette. "The young man with them looks sick to me."

Brewerton said: "A newspaper fellow from Chicago. He'll die."

"Oh, no," said Harriet Rand. "He'll live—because he wants to."

Andy Pierce's attention moved to her and clung to her; and suddenly he lifted his hat, the smile disappearing. He said to Pete Eccles, "I'll ride back with you to your shanty," and in a moment these two went away. It was the end of the evening and the group at Brewerton's slowly dissolved. Tom Kertcher walked to his horse and turned to look back at Letty Brewerton, who stood at the doorway. She crossed the yard to him and went beside him, down the road into the thick shadows.

"Tom," she said, "you're thinner. Perhaps you work too hard."

"If a man wants fat from the land he's got to put his own fat into it. It was a nice thing when you spoke to Elizabeth Marsh."

Earlier, in the yard, she had caught the run of feeling below his reserve, the heat of his imagining, and she was thinking, "If I wish—" and stepped nearer him, knowing why she did it. His arm pulled her forward at once. He kissed her and stepped back and then everything was changed between them, the reserve destroyed, and they were two different people, knowing everything about each other. He swung up to his saddle and said, "Good night, Letty," and rode away.

Harriet Rand turned homeward with Tara. Somewhere in the distance the Berg family was singing, and she remembered Mrs. Lowe saying: "We need everything and we need money to do it with." All these people had their troubles, as she had hers; she would keep her troubles locked in, never letting anyone know. But perhaps there was a way for her. As soon as she put Tara to bed she found a pencil and a piece of paper and drew a plan of a house, a big room and a kitchen downstairs, four small bedrooms upstairs. Mr. Brewerton himself had said that the settlement needed a hotel and Mr. Crabtree had told her she was a good cook.

She stood in the small room, looking down on Tara asleep, the plump little arms flung up around tangled black hair. "Perhaps," she thought, "I can do this. If that is too much to expect—"

THERE was always fresh courage in morning's great golden sweep of grasslands running on to the deepest distance. Across the thin winy air arrived the metallic shuttle of Clyde Jacks' mower; all around her stirred the sweet smell of cut hay. Clyde walked behind his team, his shoulders bent in an old man's attitude, dust dimming him. Harriet turned her head, faint dread recurring. A wagon came along the road at a slack trot. Beside Brewerton's shanty lay dark yellow piles of lumber which Mr. Jessup, the dealer in Virgil, had hauled there for Brewerton to sell. The wagon, driven by Curtis Kilrain, paused at Brewerton's briefly and came on, stopping by her shanty.

Kilrain said: "I passed the river and thought you might be needing fresh water." He got out of the wagon and wrestled a half tub to the ground and dumped its water into her barrel. The smell of the old rank water in the barrel made him shake his head. "How do you get accustomed to it? I'm going to town. Do you want me to bring anything back for you?"

Clyde Jacks, making the first outside cut of Mrs. Rand's hay, came up and paused. Sweat had begun to run on him, heat and dust mottled his face. He stepped to the barrel and took up the dipper and drank with great greedy thirst, water spilling down his chin. "Going to be hot again," he said, and went doggedly away. Fear grew tight in her chest. She said to Curtis Kilrain: "I'm going with you. Tara!" She ran into the house for her hat and her purse, and seized up the house plan from the table. Kilrain swung Tara to the seat, gave Mrs. Rand a hand up, and settled the team to a steady trotting.

"It gets monotonous out here," he said. "When we live alone we've got the worst companion in the world." He was an educated man turned sour; he was a strange man who condemned nothing and believed in nothing. It hurt her to see him so and her sweetness roused up to help him and she said: "You mustn't be sad."

Reaching Virgil at noon, Kilrain dropped her at the hotel. "I'll be starting home in two hours," he said, and drove on. Mrs. Rand walked down the silk-gray dust of Virgil's main street with Tara's fist tight in her hand. Jessup's lumberyard was at the foot of the street and as she neared it the tightness grew in her chest and fear came again. Tara said: "Mommy, your nails bite." Mrs. Rand turned into the broad arch of the lumberyard, coming before a big bald man with a set of green-gray eyes. He had one shoulder to a wall and he nursed a pipe in his hand. Mrs. Rand drew a breath and thought of nothing to say. Suddenly she pushed the house plan at him and burst out: "I

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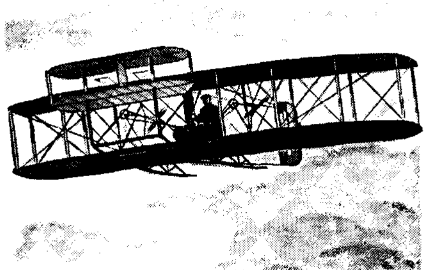

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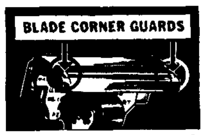

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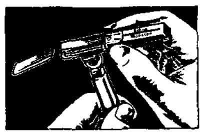

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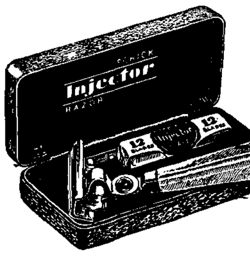

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SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

want to build this. How much would the lumber cost?"

He said, "You're Mrs. Rand," and smiled, and gave the slip of paper his thoughtful attention. Then he added: "You've got a shanty now. What's this house for?"

She hated to tell him, for men were practical and they had no faith in women's ideas. She stood small and dramatic before his great bulk, her eyes very dark. Her voice came out with a smothered faintness. "For a hotel. There's no place to eat or sleep out there—and a lot of travelers come by. I am quite a good cook."

"Looks like three, four hundred dollars for lumber."

Money was life. She dropped her head so that he would not see her face. "It is more than I have," she murmured. "I could only pay fifty dollars now and the rest when I earned it. Maybe—"

"How would you get it built?"

"I don't know."

His gray-green eyes remained on her like weight and the painful silence ran on. She wanted to say, "Trust me and I'll get it built," but her pride held back the words. Everybody had their troubles; she would not share hers.

"If you can find a way to get your hotel built," Mr. Jessup said, "you can have the lumber. I'll write a note to Brewerton. I'll take fifty dollars when you start building—and the rest when you earn it."

Gratitude rushed through her, so great that she was motionless and speechless. Long moments later she looked up to see him smiling. Then she said, so softly: "You will be fully paid."

AFTER a cold supper Harriet Rand put Tara to bed and moved to the yard, grateful for one slow, soft breath of wind moving up from the south. The odor of cut grass was a fragrance all around her and the crickets were singing and Clyde Jacks walked across the prairie, dim and lumpish in the night until he came within the lamplight's beam. He had not washed and he had not shaved and he wore the same blackened underwear. She tried not to see these things, for he was a hard-working man and would not be deliberately unfair as a husband.

He said: "A man gets lonely. You made up your mind?"

"Not yet, Clyde."

"It is you or some other woman," he said in his flat voice, and moved away toward Brewerton's. She listened to his shoes solidly scuff the ground. That sound got into her and was like the beat of a hammer nailing down every hope and every dream. She turned into the shanty and sat at the table before her hotel plan, thinking, "It needn't be that big," and drew another plan, one front room and a kitchen and four small bedrooms on a single floor. It would take less lumber and less time to build. John Madden, south of Kertcher's place, had been a carpenter in the East; in the morning she would see him.

After breakfast she took a jar of jelly and went down the road with Tara, through the sweet, bright morning air. Two miles forward, she stopped at the Eccles shanty to leave her jar of jelly and met Mrs. Eccles in the yard. "Pete's sleeping," said Mrs. Eccles. "He was up all night guarding the place. It's hard enough without the fear of Brazil Mullan to contend with. We've talked of goin' back to Ohio."

"You must never do that," said Harriet vigorously. "Nothing's that bad. There's always a way."

"And you so small and alone," said Mrs. Eccles. "You give a person hope."

Mrs. Rand left the main road and followed a lesser road wiggling through the grass. Along the prairie, shanties made black points against a yellow earth, and a rider trotted out of the middle distance, and dust boiled like fire smoke from the gulley where Tom Kertcher fashioned his earth dam. She turned onto Mr. Madden's quarter section and caught him at his mowing. Mr. Madden was a man with a scarlet face and dust-inflamed eyes; he stopped willingly to rest.

SHE said: "You are a carpenter. What would you charge me to build a house? A big room and a kitchen and three bedrooms."

"You got a shanty. What you need a house for?"

"I have a use for it." She couldn't tell him the real reason, for she knew she was small and helpless before this man's eyes; he would think her foolish. "The rooms," she hastily added, "would be small," but all the conviction had left her voice.

"It would run pretty high," he told her. "Anyhow, I couldn't get at it this summer."

She said, "Thank you," and turned about, moving back through the dust and stubble with her head lifted; she looked straight into the blue distance, her lips pressed tight. Tara said, "Mommy, you're walking too fast." The solitary horseman now coming up was Curtis Kilrain, who waved at her. She went on, keeping her head up with effort. She lifted a finger and pressed it slowly across one eye and then the other, and then thought of Otto Pedersen, who was also a carpenter, twenty miles down the river. She moved steadily through the heated day, stopping again at Brewerton's to speak to Letty:

"Do you suppose I could borrow your team tomorrow to ride to Pedersen's?"

"I'll drive you."

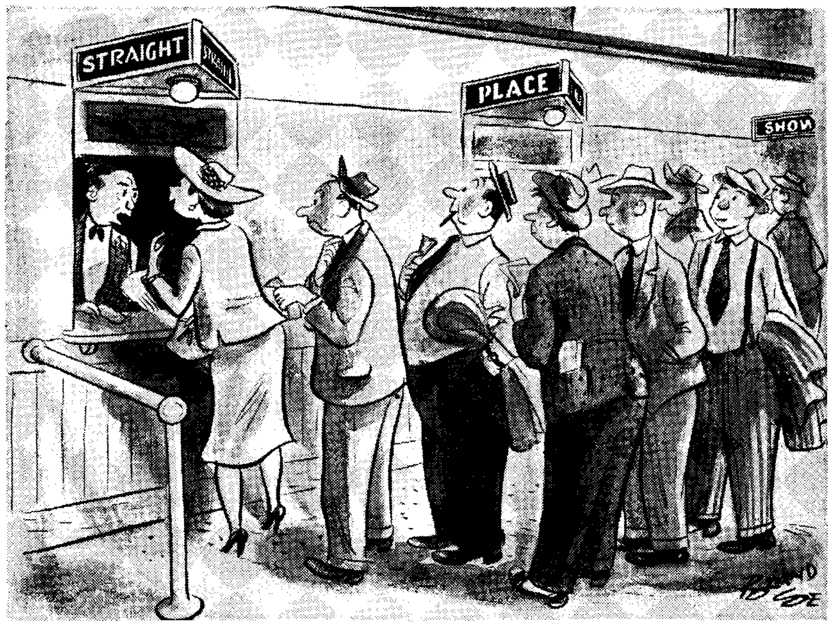
"That's very nice," said Mrs. Rand gratefully and went on. It had been very hard to ask the favor.

She made a cold lunch and put Tara to bed for a nap and stood in the yard, idle and hating to be idle.

At three o'clock the sun was a livid brass flare half down the western sky. The cattleman, Andy Pierce, trotted casually out of the Virgil road and paused to murmur, "Warm," and to roll a smoke. When he lighted the cigarette his eyes struck at her, keen and curious. He was very tall and he sat on the saddle with a beautiful ease, as though nothing in the whole world had the power of disturbing him. The black edges of his hair lay against the smoothest, most completely self-controlled features she had ever seen in a man. She said, "Yes," and felt the sharp, stinging effect of his presence. He tipped his hat, thereafter riding on.

She made supper and later sat in the doorway, watching dusk move into another black night. Perhaps one big room with two small bedrooms would be enough. She could use the present shanty for a kitchen. Everything got smaller and smaller as she sat crouched over, hands tight across her chest. Lights blinked on the prairie; in the south one flat gunshot barked out.

There was a quick series of explosions after that first one. Then these echoes faded and the vibration of running horses lifted from that same direction and rapidly strengthened. Harriet Rand, facing south, saw nothing in the wall of black, but she observed that Clyde Jacks had extinguished his light. She turned into the shanty with Tara and said, "Stay here." The beating of hoofs grew flat and loud and she caught the sound of a man's voice, half calling, half crying. She moved to the trunk and lifted its cover, taking up the army revolver which had belonged to her husband, and returned to the yard in time to see Pete Eccles rush out of the night. He cried at her: "Have you got any cartridges? My gun's empty!"



"Look, lady! It isn't necessary to give your reasons why you're picking him!"

ROLAND COE

Other riders were sweeping in and she knew at once who they would be. She said: "Get down. Get into the shanty and stay there!"

Fear changed the shape of his face so that he was not the same man; and she had lived so long with her own fears that she felt a great pity for him and a great anger at Brazil Mullan. Eccles slid from his horse and gave it a great blow on the flank to send it away. He breathed desperately: "You got a gun, Harriet?" Mullan and his men were very near and they would kill Pete Eccles, as they had threatened. Harriet took Eccles by the shoulder and pushed him into the shanty and pulled the door almost shut. She had her back to it as Mullan swept around the house and stopped, three other riders behind him.

HE WAS in the beam of light that came out of the shanty window and she noticed the flash of his eyes and the long and morose shape of his jaw. "Bring him out of there," he said. "Right now."

The revolver was behind her back. She was quite small against them but the thought of Pete Eccles' fear outraged her and made her completely selfless. "You go on," she said. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself." Somewhere in the night other riders seemed to be abroad, riding rapidly. "You get out of here."

Mullan said: "I'll pull him out," and started to swing from his saddle.

She exclaimed, "No, you won't," and brought the pistol from behind her back. She drew the hammer to cock with her thumb and aimed the gun at his hat. Mullan gave her the blackest glance she had ever received and his voice was like the hard slap of his hand. "Put that down!"

One of the other men said: "We got to get out of here."

It was then too late, for men closed in from all quarters of the night, or so it seemed to Harriet Rand. Mullan straightened on his saddle and whirled around, a hand clinging to the butt of his gun, and he was like this when Kertcher and Andy Pierce galloped into the yard and stopped before him. They were not alone. Brewerton and Kilrain and Webster rode up; and she saw other homesteaders drift around the shanty and make a ring. Pete Eccles opened the shanty door, saying in a half-embarrassed voice: "I only had six cartridges or I wouldn't've run. They started across my land again and I told them to quit it. They jumped me. Four against one is hard odds."

Kertcher said: "Put up your hands."

Everything in the yard was black shadow and yellow glow, with disturbed dust rising up like tawny steam. Mullan let a great sigh out of his chest and Harriet Rand heard his teeth grit together. For a moment she thought he meant to fight, and that moment was very long. But at last a change came over his face, a kind of dismal, secretive calculation, and he put up his hands. Kertcher moved in and jerked Mullan's gun from the holster. Andy Pierce rode around to the other three and took their pieces.

"We won't have this business," said Kertcher. "There's too much work to be done to be troubled with a bunch of horse thieves scarin' hell out of decent people. You catch on, Mullan?"

Mullan turned without a word and rode into the night, his three partners behind him.

Andy Pierce said: "You've still got that job to do, friend Kertcher. I know this country better than you." His glance swung around to Harriet and presently all these men were watching her, seeing the gun in her hand, seeing the gently resolute expression she wore. Andy Pierce murmured: "You weren't afraid?"

"No," she said. "I wasn't afraid."

Kertcher said an odd thing then to Brewerton. "Is she helpless, Adam?"

Andy Pierce lifted his hat. "They won't bother you again tonight. Eccles, I'll ride home with you." In a little while the homesteaders drifted away, their voices dying out at last in the distance.

FROM the seat of the Brewerton wagon, Harriet Rand watched it roll away as one beautiful fold upon another, gently dipping and rising and flowing on. Letty stopped the horses at the river for a drink and afterward turned east. It was quite early, the sun not fully up, yet people moved on all corners of the prairie, the wake of their horses and wagons lifting golden smoke dust against the light. Harriet Rand said: "Where's everybody going?"

"Virgil, I suppose. This is Saturday."

"I had forgotten," said Harriet, and retreated to her anxious thoughts. Letty Brewerton was a competent girl with a team; she walked and trotted them by turns and covered the whole width of the entry by noon, reaching Pedersen's shanty. There was a woman in the doorway, carefully watching them—smiling but reserved.

Harriet Rand said: "I wanted Mr. Pedersen to build a house for me."

"Why," said the woman, "he's gone towards Virgil." She gave Harriet a close look, and added, "But he wouldn't have time for that. He's got a steady job with the Wagonwheel outfit. You girls come in and eat."

"I am not very hungry," said Mrs. Rand and sat lost on the seat until Letty's arm urged her to the ground.

They were back in the wagon by two o'clock, homeward bound along the rim of the river. Mrs. Rand bent her head against the sun and held her hands tight-crossed in her lap. At five o'clock they paused in a clump of willows. Letty said: "I'm sorry, Harriet. Did it mean a lot?"

"Why, yes," murmured Harriet Rand. "But it is all right." There was no use explaining it. People had to take care of their own troubles. All that morning she had nourished her last hope, and now it was dead. The land was too big for a woman alone and there was nothing left but Clyde Jack's offer. She was long silent, struggling with her own personal tragedy, reproaching herself for false dreams. She had been foolish to think she was still young enough to expect happiness. "But," she said aloud, "it will be different with Tara. She will have what I lost."

"WHAT was that, Harriet?"

"I am going to marry Clyde Jacks."

Letty gave her a shocked glance. "I had not known it meant so much to you."

"People must keep their own troubles."

They drove on against the burning flare of the sun. At darkness they turned to the north and aimed at the glitter of a homestead light. A rider whirled up from the distance and hailed them and vanished again.

Letty said: "It needn't be Clyde Jacks, Harriet. There are other single men."

Harriet thought of Andy Pierce and put the thought away with a sense of guilt. "It doesn't matter," she said.

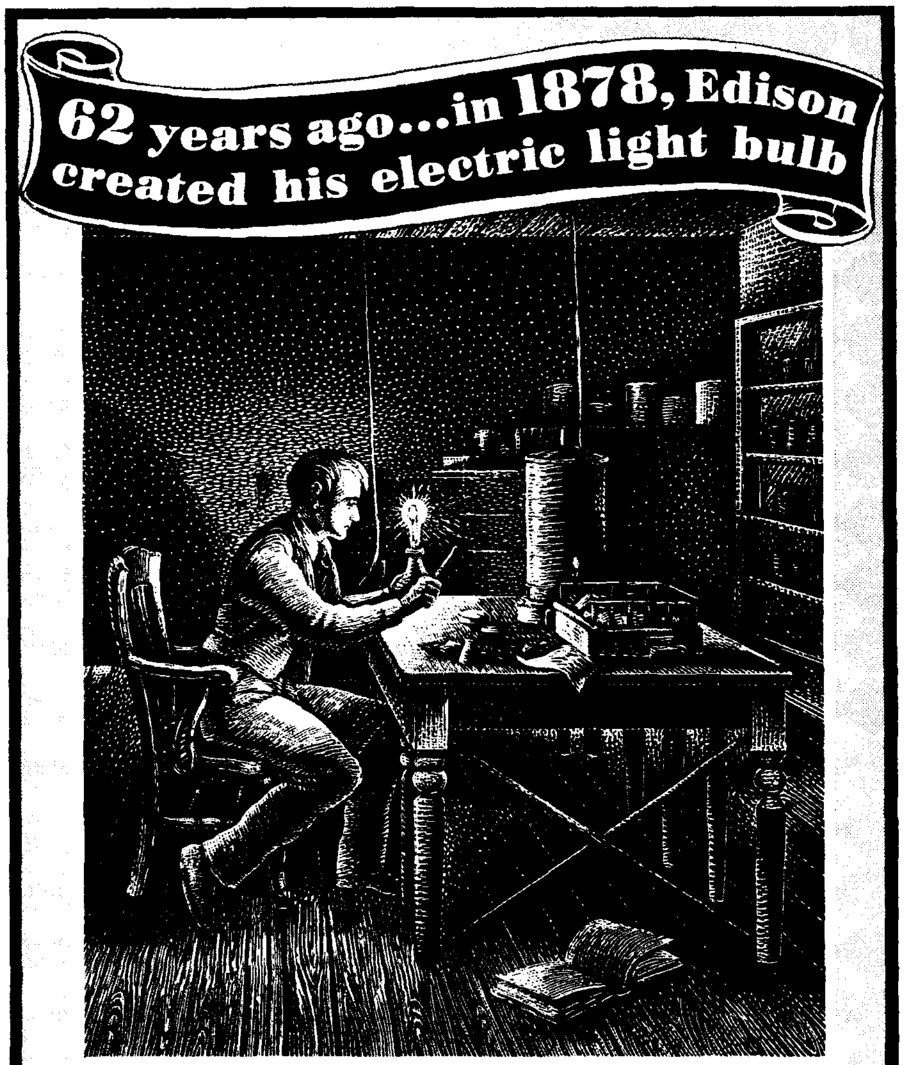
Blackness was a velvet depth all around, all the prairie lights somehow lost. This had seemed like the way home, but now Harriet was confused. "Are you sure we're on the right road, Letty?"

A voice came from deep stillness. "Letty?" Letty Brewerton said, "Yes," and curled the wagon toward a long low shadow bulked against the earth. The smell of coffee drifted in the warm windless night.

"Where is this?" asked Harriet.

Another voice said, "All right," and suddenly lights flashed along the earth—many lights brightly gleaming, and Harriet faced the glowing windows of a house larger than she had ever noticed on the prairie. It had two stories and an outside stairway. Beside it—recognizing it with a wrench of heart—was her own small shanty. In front of the house people stood very still, the shadowed and bronzed faces of men and the smiling eyes of women watching her. It seemed all the prairie was here. Tom Kertcher moved up from the crowd with Curtis Kilrain; she saw Andy Pierce in the background. It was the embittered and half-savage Kilrain who said, "Here is your hotel, Harriet. We built it today."

She was crying, though no sound came out of her, and those kind, dark faces moved away behind a blur that no light could break. Letty Brewerton's arm was around her in strong comfort and somewhere a voice lifted and in a moment all those people, tired from the hard day, caught up a song and the song lifted their spirits and the words of the song moved out, far out to the dark and waiting land: "Mine eyes have seen the glory—"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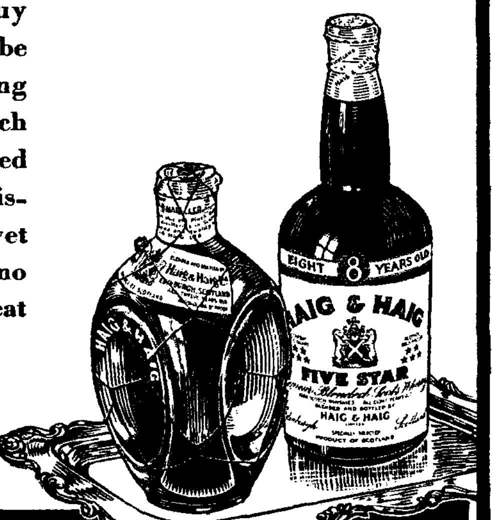

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Leave the Lady Be

Continued from page 24

thus sparing the real city. If this doesn't work, it will be just another plan gone wrong.

That's where I found Jean Arthur, in the bogus Tucson, now officially called Old Tucson, with a post office where you can buy genuine stamps and post cards, ninety-four buildings, ten streets, thirty-five dogs and two hundred movie people, making the picture Arizona, directed by Wesley Ruggles from the story by that old-time cowboy, deer-slayer, buffalo hunter and dutch-treat maestro, Clarence Budington Kelland. The first time I met her, she had just finished shooting Indians with linen bullets—a touch of authenticity—and she looked highly uncomfortable, but was smiling. She wore a pair of thick blue overalls, a thick leather jacket over a thick blue undershirt, a pair of cowhide boots, an army hat weighing one pound and she carried a rifle. Temperature in the sun, where she was, 130.

"It's a little warm, working down here," she admitted. "But I have gained four pounds."

She then gave herself another back-pouring and resumed shooting Indians. In Old Tucson and on the various near-by locations, she lives in her own trailer, air-cooled and full of feminine gadgets. Mr. Ruggles and his men live and eat in the heat under canvas flaps and take it like soldiers. At night, Jean rides home to her ranch, which she rents from a man named Walt Coburn, who writes wild-western stories and must be doing all right. It is a fine ranch, and should be, for she pays seven hundred and fifty dollars a month rent. Walt moved out happily with the first month's rental and took a place at Del Mar, California, where it is cool and sea-breezy in summer.

She Knows What She Wants

When the company arrived in town, they stowed Jean away in the royal suite at the Santa Rita, parlor, bedroom and bath, and hoped she would be happy. This is the hotel where, in the construction days, Chris-Pin Martin carried water at fifty cents a day. Chris-Pin is now an actor himself and can afford to pay fifteen dollars a day for a room, although such a thing has never happened.

For one week, Miss Arthur remained in the hotel, not sleeping much. At two each morning, and muttering to herself, she would put on a red robe, walk across the street and make herself comfortable on a park bench until dawn. She was never disturbed, so it must be Tucson has no drunks, for the robe was quite red. After a week of that, she rented Coburn's ranch, where she lived thereafter with two maids, a cook and a hairdresser.

Every so often, her husband, who is Frank Ross of Los Angeles, flies over for the week end. . . . He always returns on the five-o'clock plane—that is, five o'clock in the morning—and the lady always gets up and sees him off with a merry smile, so the Rosses must be getting along fine.

She is five feet, four inches, weighs 110 pounds, has calm, gray eyes, blond hair, speaks deliberately in that voice I mentioned and has definite notions about what she wishes to do in pictures. She has had her battles with the film magnates and was set down for eighteen months for rebellious conduct.

Wes Ruggles thinks and says Jean is really a great actress, touched with the magic wand of genius. If you are a list liker, these are some of her pictures: Diamond Jim, The Plainsman, Easy Living, History is Made at Night, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, You Can't Take It With You, Only Angels Have Wings, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington and Too Many Husbands.

Of these, she personally likes best The Plainsman, Mr. Deeds, You Can't Take It and Mr. Smith.

She is unquestionably a softhearted person and sympathetic, although a little short with photographers holding a bottle of catsup. For example, she bought hay for the goats and took over the thirty-five dogs. These mutts were on their gassy way to the next world when rescued from the city pound. Dogs were required for the scenes in Old Tucson, so Jean stepped in and had them cleaned up, debugged and reconstructed. She bought them licenses, which they lacked. She had them examined by a good dog man, and soon they were washed, fed, bedded and happy.

After the company departs from Arizona, the dogs will remain, all of them having homes with the Tucsonites, all with three-year licenses, bought by this Miss A. The goats in the vicinity made her unhappy, as they had nothing to eat but cactus, which is tough eating, even for a goat. She dug down and ordered in some tons of new-mown hay, had it spread over the goat country and the goats went right on eating cactus.

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

HERCULE POIROT

Begins investigation of a series of mysteries that lead to a solution of historic significance

The Patriotic Murders

A NEW NOVEL BY

Agatha Christie

The best moving picture she ever saw was Pygmalion by George B. Shaw. She saw it repeatedly and there was sadness even in her joy, because that was the picture she wanted and that was the role—the little guttersnipe gal—she long had craved, and when she pleaded with the studio to buy and make Pygmalion they assured her it was old-fashioned Shaw and of no merit. . . . They lived to eat them words.

Now she would love to make Joan of Arc, a remote notion. At this point a note of defiance appeared:

"I'm going to make my own pictures soon. Mr. Ross and Norman Krasna and I are going to do things our way and put in everything we like and leave out what we don't like and nobody can tell us."

"How about releasing them?"

"You can get a release for a good picture any day in the week. And if you make poor pictures and have a release, what good does that do you?"

"Statistics show," I said helpfully, "that ninety per cent of all pictures independently made are flops. You'll go broke."

"We shall not. Banks are eager to lend us the money. If they thought we were going to fail, they wouldn't be anxious to lend money, would they?"

Afternoon With the Indians

Here a man named Carter walked in and asked Miss Arthur if she could be ready in five minutes to be married to William Holden in the grand fiesta scene, where Phoebe Titus finally marries Peter Muncie. She nodded and took the veil off the horseshoe. For three mortal hours, the six hundred extras had been milling about in the morning sun and nobody fell over dead, although you could fry the well-known egg in the usual place.

For the very last scenes in the picture, they went off fifteen miles on the desert, rented a ranch and built a hacienda, set in a pool, dug a well, laid out a road and grew alfalfa and lawns. These scenes are brief and will show the newlywed Phoebe and Peter standing on their own porch, looking at the peaceful country, waving at friends. After that they walk inside and you walk out. That's all. It cost $18,000 and makes you wonder why they didn't shoot it in the studio with a few boards and some stucco. When they leave, they will give the improvements to the ranch man, who came out from Brooklyn seeking quiet. . . .

In this particular location job, Jean has an arrangement with the company and Mr. Ruggles. She starts to work one hour earlier than normal. When lunchtime arrives, she has two hours to rest, everyone else one hour. She hurries into her trailer and has a shower. Then comes a light lunch after which she swabs down the army cot with water and dozes another hour. She is then ready for a tough afternoon with the Indians.

In shooting at these early settlers, I noticed she kept biting the bullets and learned these were the linen bullets that came after the muzzle-loader in our early wars. The little bag holds the powder, with the bullet fastened to one end and a piece of string to the other. When you snap the string with your teeth, the powder can be poured into your gun, the bag becomes the wadding and you're ready to shoot. Jean bit off about thirty of these quaint bullets in one scene.

Miss Arthur has a clear notion of what her job is and what a person should do.

"You just go ahead and play each part as well as you can, and if movie audiences like you they'll keep on coming."

"No publicity? No interviews?"

"Those are not necessary. It's what you do on the screen and nothing else. If people don't like your work, all the still pictures in the world can't help you and nothing written about you, even oceans of it, will make you popular."

The last I saw of her, she was holding up a lace dress and stepping gingerly through the dusty street on her way to be wedded, and her water boy tagged along behind. It was still 130 degrees, the extras waited patiently, but Jean stepped along exactly like a cool and cheerful bride in the sunshine.

When Seconds Count

Continued from page 30

ck from unconsciousness in that fleeting interval. That's where a second who ows his business can save a fight and here a mere water-bucket toter can se it."

e popular conception of a fight second is a gent in a jersey who talks rough the corner of his mouth, swings dirty towel and urges his charge to ox him kid, don't fight him!" Except r the fact that towel-swinging has en abolished by most state boxing mmissions, the popular conception is photograph rather than a caricature. here aren't as many really competent conds in the business as there are secnds in a knockout count.

The first requisite of a good handler f fighters is a cool head. He cannot, s Jack Kearns did after the thrill-acked first round of the Dempsey-irpo fight, jump around the ring reaming hysterically, "Where's the melling salts?" while holding it in his ight hand all the time. Nor can he wallow a cigar whole, in his excitement, s John Roxborough, one of Joe Louis' anagers, did on one of the few occasions he worked in Joe's corner.

Keep Your Eye on the Referee

A second must be able to see his ghter take a beating without fainting s Sam Harris did when his immortal ttle warrior, Terry McGovern, was nocked out by Young Corbett. On the ther hand, he needn't be as callous bout it as was the late Leo P. Flynn, vho coined the slogan: "He can't hurt s." Leo was seconding a big, rawoned Irishman named Tim Kelly one ight, and Tim was qualifying as the eatest Irish catcher since the heyday f Roger Bresnahan. After one particularly trying round, Kelly came back o his corner discouraged and wailed: 'He'll kill me dead if I go out for ather round. Faith, I'd better give up."

"What do you mean by talking such onsense?" roared Leo. "Why, he didn't ay a glove on you that round."

"Well, bejabers, you better keep your eye on that referee!" moaned Tim, between puffed lips, "because someone out there is givin' me a helluva baytin'."

Ray Arcel is noted in the fight game for being without a peer at the art of closing a wound. It looks simple the way Ray does it in his allotted forty seconds but that's only because, after twenty-five years of acting as an emergency physician, he has acquired skill in this particular field beyond that of many who hold medical degrees.

Contrary to popular belief, all cuts don't respond to the same treatment.

"Some fighters are bleeders and some aren't," said Professor Arcel. "I know men who require only the application of some vaseline and a little pressure to close a deep wound. Others will bleed so freely from a small cut that we have to resort to the dynamite. Know what hat is? Monsell's Solution. It's harmful if you don't know how to use it and is barred in some states.

"A popular solution is liquid adrenalin chloride but you've got to know your man before it's safe to use this. In some cases it acts as a perfect styptic and in others it increases rather than stops the hemorrhage. Sometimes it acts as a heart stimulant, even when applied externally and in such cases it increases the heart action and thus promotes the flow of blood instead of stemming it.

"There is also a snake-venom preparation on the market which is effective in certain cases. The important thing, though, no matter what styptic agent is used, is the application of pressure."

Arcel is qualified to handle a fighter both orally and manually. Although he will yield to the manager in the matter of advising a fighter between rounds if requested to, he insists on taking complete charge of the job of administering to the fighter's physical needs.

Before every fight in which he works, Arcel buys a pail, sponge, bottle and supply of ice. These, with his medicine cabinet, comprise his working kit. Besides the styptic agents, Ray carries a bottle of smelling salts, a little brandy and a mixture of honey, brandy and lemon. Some fighters when fatigued are refreshed by a drink of water and aromatic spirits of ammonia. Others are nauseated by such a mixture and require brandy. Still others go for the brandy, lemon and honey mixture. Brandy stimulates the heart without intoxicating, honey supplies energy and lemon juice chases away the nauseous feeling a fighter gets when tired.

Forty seconds is all a second has in which to work between rounds although there is a one-minute interval. Arcel explains that it takes ten seconds for the handlers to climb into the ring and the fighter to get to his corner after the bell. All handlers must leave the ring when the warning whistle sounds ten seconds before the bell rings for the next round. A wise second will try to cut down on the twenty seconds that are wasted by rushing out to meet his fighter, dousing him with a spongeful of water and removing his mouthpiece.

Ice is almost as important in boxing as in hockey. Nothing refreshes a weary boxer quite as much as a piece of ice held against the forehead or back of the neck, says Arcel. A new ice technique was introduced in the art of seconding a few years ago by Pete Reilly, the Silver Fox. A great believer in proverbs, Pete decided that the ounce of prevention which lies in an ice bag, rubbed over a fighter's face between rounds, is worth the pound of cure that is contained in the various preparations for closing wounds. Now, every up-to-date second uses ice bags to freeze his fighter's physiognomy so that it won't cut easily.

Pete Shows the Proof

A daring soul, Pete also originated the dented protector gag, in the days when fights could be won on a foul in New York State. One night when Pete's fighter, Jack Delaney, was having a bit of a joust with Paulino Uzcudun and not making much headway with the job, he fell to the mat, doubled up like a jackknife at parade rest and moaned the baritone to Pete's tenor cry of "Foul!" The referee, a music-lover, listened for a moment, then disqualified the astounded Paulino, who hadn't landed a punch below the Adam's apple in three rounds. Pete the Fox made a flying tour of the press row a minute later to exhibit a dented protector cup. The newspaper boys were deeply impressed until the thought occurred to them next morning that Pete would *have had to undress his fighter in public* to produce the cup Jack wore.

Pete's prize-winning performance, however, was that of seconding one fighter for the first seven rounds of a fight and his opponent for the last eight. This quaint little dodge took place in Hartford, Connecticut, the night André Routis lost the featherweight title to Bat Battalino. By a strange coincidence, Pete not only turned up in Bat's corner in the middle of the fight but he

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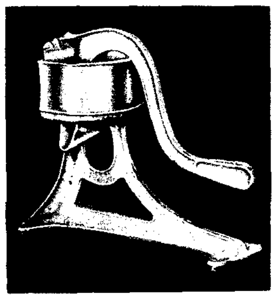

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turned up as his manager after the battle. Droll fellow, that Reilly!

No second can hope to handle successfully a fighter whom he doesn't know. Handlers like Ray Arcel who regard their work as a profession and take deep pride in it wouldn't think of going into a fighter's corner until they have had a chance to study him. That means his personality as well as his style of fighting. It would be fatal to a sensitive fighter's chances, for instance, to bawl him out for a mistake.

"You've got to know which fighters to con and which to bawl out," says Ray. "Also, you must know whether your man tires easily, how he reacts to punishment, what stimulants he requires, how easily he bleeds, whether or not he can think for himself—all these and a hundred other things you've got to file away in a card index in your brain.

"Probably the greatest obstacle we have to contend with is the poisonous advice given to fighters by wise-guy friends. They're whispering free advice all the time and, though they don't know what they're talking about, the average fighter will listen to them. Years ago, there weren't so many boxing 'experts' at large. Today, every barber, bootblack and cigar salesman knows more about our profession than we do ourselves, to hear them tell it."

A good second doesn't need to have been a boxer himself. In fact, most exboxers are so excitable they fail as seconds. Abe Attell was one of the greatest featherweights who ever gouged an eye or busted a nasal bridge. Yet, so excitable does he become when handling a fighter nowadays that he works himself into a state of complete exhaustion. Abe's fighter always finishes in better condition than Attell, who has used up all his strength jabbing, hooking, ducking, side-stepping, bobbing and weaving, outside the ropes as he follows the action and imagines himself in his fighter's place.

The Caplin Curse

An excitable, two-fisted second and one of the most comical in the business is Hymie Caplin. No one has really seen a fighter seconded ambidextrously and bilingually, until he has watched Hymie Caplin in action. This East Side Hebrew who had been told (but not by the Duchess) that he looks like the Duke of Windsor, is the most individualistic of all the strange clan. It is told of Hymie that he once had to retire temporarily from his trade of beseeching pugs not to box him but to fight him, because a sprained wrist left him speechless. Caplin is equally fluent with the left or the right hand but is at his best when speaking with both.

In addition to the best pair of talking dukes in the business, Hymie is unique in that he owns the greatest collection of klulas of anyone in the fight racket. A klula isn't something you dunk in your coffee. It is a Yiddish curse, uttered half humorously and half maliciously. Sometimes Caplin lays the curse on his own fighter for refusing to obey his instructions but more often he utters his imprecation against the chap in the other corner, providing, of course, he is Jewish and understands what is being wished on his hapless head.

Lou Nova trained for his fight with Max Baer in the summer of 1939 at the beautiful estate of Dr. Pierre Bernard, at Nyack, New York. Dr. Bernard, known to the tabloids as Oom the Omnipotent, is a practitioner of Yogi and interested Nova in the Oriental cult. Arcel, who trained Nova for that fight, says Yogi exercises hindered rather than helped him. Yogi stresses will power. Nova confused will power with stubbornness and almost lost the Baer fight by disobeying orders. His disastrous defeat by Tony Galento in Philadelphia a few months later was due entirely to his refusal to do as he was told. Instead of boxing Galento as he was instructed, Lou tried to show his contempt for Tony by slugging it out with him. They say in South Orange, New Jersey, a locomotive once tried to do the same thing with Galento and it's still at the roundhouse, being patched up. Arcel did one of his best jobs of patchwork on Nova that night. Almost every round, Lou came back to his corner bleeding from a new gash that Galento had opened. Ray used up all his blood-stanching drugs and chemicals in that fight and his skill enabled Lou to weather it out until the 14th when he collapsed. Nova hasn't fought since then. If he ever does again, he'll pay attention to his seconds instead of to good old Yogi.

Colored Boys Fight Best

Working behind fighters five nights a week, fifty-two weeks of the year, in cities from Coast to Coast, Ray Arcel has a better grasp on what's going on in the boxing game than anyone else connected with it. Conclusions that he has reached after a quarter of a century of experience are:

1. Negro fighters have a tremendous advantage over white boys in the matter of stamina. With fewer generations of the softening influence of civilization behind them than their white brethren and inured to hardships by the less favorable living conditions under which they are brought up, colored boys not only have more endurance but can take more punishment. The thicker skull of the Negro also helps make him a better shock absorber. Henry Armstron stands out not because of any superiority in boxing or punching ability but because he can outlast all his whit opponents. A white fighter who attempted Henry's nonstop style of milling would have been burned out lon ago. Joe Louis' tremendous punchin power is due to the same set of conditions.

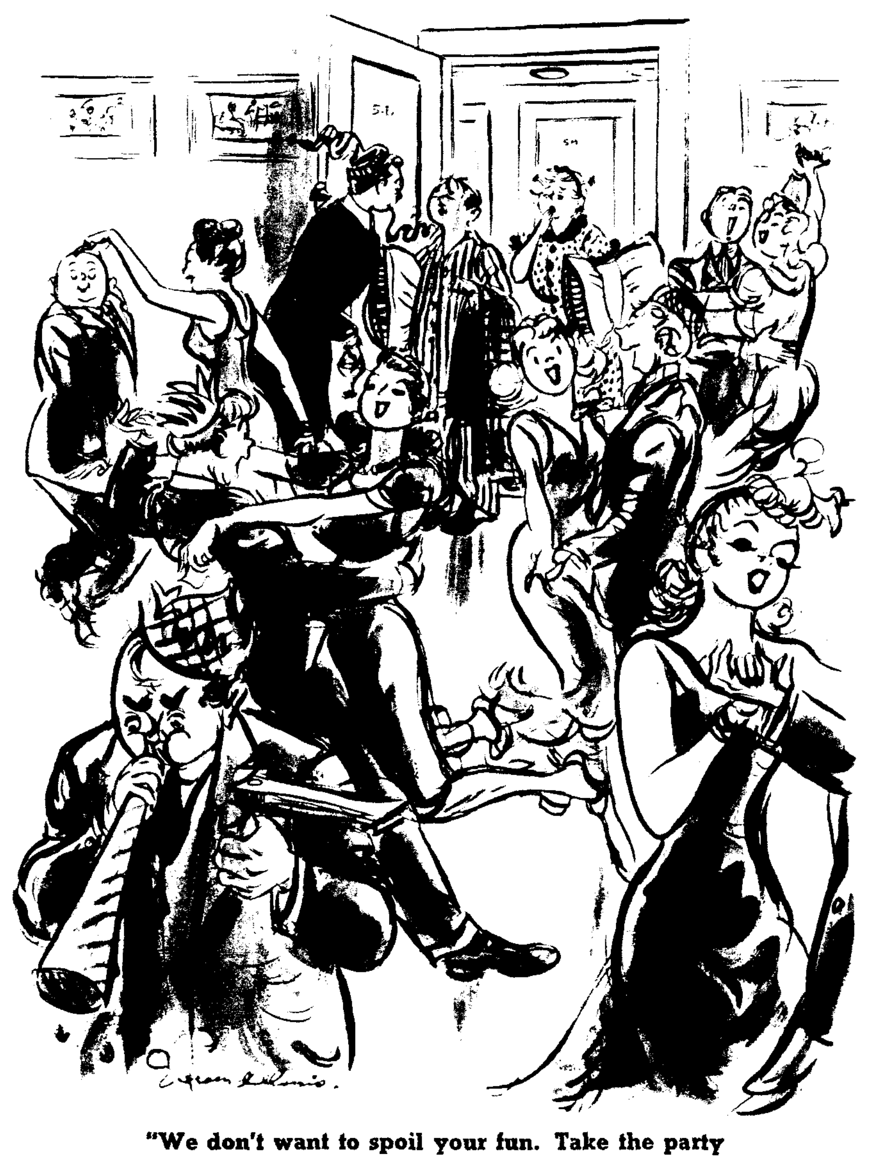
2. Of the white boys, the Italian have the sturdiest physiques. This i accounted for, not only by the fact tha Italians eat rough, wholesome food an are a race of hard workers but also because Italian children aren't pampere and learn to fight early in life.

3. The Irish and Poles excel in courage, determination and initiative. O late the Irish have softened up becaus the progress they have made in Americ has improved their mode of living immeasurably. When the Irish wielde picks and shovels, they were to the figh game what the Italians are now. Jim Braddock was a throwback to the old-style Irish fighter and Leo Lomski typified the Poles at his best.

4. Jewish boys are the smartest fighters and fastest thinkers. Two of them Benny Leonard and Barney Ross, stand out as the intellectuals of the ring.

5. There are fewer and fewer good fighters as the years pass because automobiles, cream puffs and manicures have replaced roadwork, plain, substantial food and brine baths for the hands in the modern pugilist's regimen.

6. Boxing, despite all the sins committed against it, chiefly by those who earn a good living from it, can be a builder of character as well as of physique and must be essentially worth while to survive all the attacks on it from outside and within.



"We don't want to spoil your fun. Take the party to our apartment downstairs—we'll sleep here"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Childhood of Miss Churt

Continued from page 23

this and that, in packets weighing mere hundreds of pounds.

"Get that junk out o' the way!" roared Mr. Wharton. "C'mon, boys!"

He himself was about to seize a crate when the third mate grabbed his shoulder.

"I say, Wharton—"

"The hell you do. Muck in an' shift something. I'm goin' to shove these locomotives up, or whatever they are."

"Listen! The Old Man's in a sweat of funk—sendin' out SOS till the ether's got clots in it—"

"To hell with him!"

"An' now he's gettin' ready to abandon ship."

Mr. Wharton disposed of his current crate and dashed forward to cut the key case out of a jam. Somehow or other his shirt had disintegrated, and his trousers consisted of but a breechclout and one leg, but still he was not swearing.

Canon Hobson, at that moment asleep in far-off Liverpool, his craglike nose in a soft pillow made for him by a parishioner, would have been gratified could he have known.

"WHAT are you goin' to do?" demanded the third officer. "He's got all the ship's papers ready, an' he says his duty's to his men, an' unless we get help by dawn he's gonna take to the boats."

"If you don't get outa my dog-rammed way we won't be afloat till dawn," said Mr. Wharton. "Hey—"

"But you got to stop him!"

"An' risk my ticket—mutiny? No, sir; I obey—get that stuff movin', you bunch o' lobsters! Come along aft here, you knob-eyed slackers—want me to shove this myself? You Fawdry—you Wilson—"

A cleared space now lay between the bulkhead and the first tank, which, of course, was not really a tank, it just felt like one. Anyway, the problem was to get it up to that bulkhead—and the other one up behind it, if possible. And the bulkhead was remarking, in the language of tortured steel, that it would be damned if it was going to wait for such support much longer.

"You can't shift 'em," said the third mate weakly, "an' if you do, you'll shove her bow down an' we'll slide."

"Like the Tornado at Coney Island," gasped Mr. Wharton, grinning. " 'Down went McGinty'—ready, boys? Line up, get your shoulders against it. It's shove or grow gills! Now—one—two—"

The case didn't move.

"The Old Man says—" gasped the third mate.

"Give us a chantey," grunted one of the men; and Mr. Wharton obliged. It might almost be said that out of the fullness of the heart the mouth spoke. It could hardly be called singing, and the verbiage was bald and incomplete; yet in topicality, direction and—yes—the passion of love denied, Mr. Wharton's chantey might have claimed kinship with the romaunts of the troubadours.

"Ca-a-a-ptain Ti-i-i-mbs," he emitted in a wavering roar, "is a son of a—*heave!*"

The men had had their leave stopped in Staten Island.

"Ca-a-a-ptain Ti-i-imbs," they agreed fulsomely, "is a son of a—*heave!*"

The case budged.

"Ca-a-a-ptain Timbs—*heave!*"

It moved six inches.

"—son of a—*heave!*"

Six inches more.

Up on the bridge, the subject of the chantey was talking to three naval ratings who seemed not to like him. They were the men responsible for the 4.7 aft, and they seemed to be suffering from the spirit of Nelson, or Collingwood or somebody.

All they did about it, though, was to say they didn't think—

"You don't have to think!" said Captain Timbs.

"You're not our officer, sir," said the senior rating.

"You're under my orders! If I say to abandon ship, we'll abandon ship!"

This made it the turn of the junior rating.

"Aye, aye, sir," said he. "If you say so."

Captain Timbs swallowed a large and visible lump in the throat. "That's the order," he said. "Soon's it's dawn. We're ripped wide open."

"Roughish sea, sir," said the senior rating impassively.

"I've got a Swedish freighter on the radio—she'll be here by then, standing by. Who the hell are you, questioning my orders?"

"Nobody, sir," said the second rating.

"Get to hell out!"

"Aye, aye, sir," said the third; and out they went.

What they said as they went below is nobody's business; such low speculations about the sums payable by government to bereaved ship owners; so much plain, vulgar swearing. One may, however, make extracts to the extent that the senior remarked that dawn was breaking already; the second said that the old gal felt like taking the high dive, at that; while the junior, peering aft, remarked sentimentally that anyhow she'd go down with her flag up and her gun shotted.

"Might go an' fire her off for once," said he.

"Might go down an' give Wharton a hand," said his senior severely; and so they did.

SOME time later, Miss Churt, whose rump steak had filled slumber with dreams of gigantic rats chasing her down unending alleyways, awoke with a start and a bad taste in her mouth.

She yawned and decided that a little fresh air, again, would do her good. Jumping down from the settee, she found that the floor was not exactly where she had left it—it sloped downward now, and before she could correct her stance her for'ard legs had given way and she had rolled into a corner.

Picking herself thence, and reaching the doorsill, she rolled forth in search of company. It was light, so she gave the yawn and stretch by which cats thank God for each night spent in shelter—but something appeared to be wrong.

Where was everybody, to start with?

And why wasn't the deck vibrating as it always had, except just before and after mother left? And then the cargo winches had been working, with a roar that set one's ears back; now there was stillness—and behold! as one crossed behind the charthouse the bulwark of boats was gone and the wind smote one unimpeded.

Just some ropes trailing . . .

Miss Churt walked forward a few more paces and sat down, like the treble clef in a musical stave. Far in the misty distance she could see a ship standing still; and as for the Malvern's boats, they were on the water—swimming, actually, and swimming away from her.

And in one of them, along with the three naval ratings and some other able-bodied gentlemen who disapproved of Captain Timbs and were saying so, Mr. Wharton was at this identical moment

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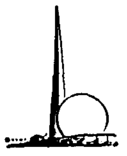
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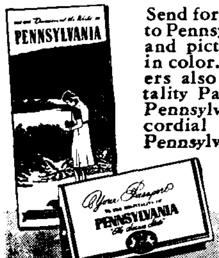

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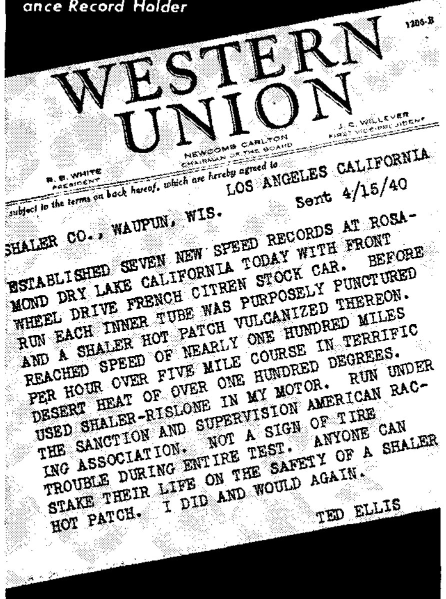
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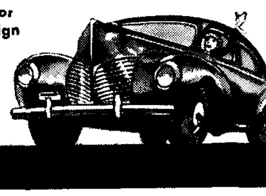


remembering that he had left Miss Churt aboard.

"Noah's nails!" he ejaculated; and Canon Hobson, still sleeping, smiled in his distant dreams. "Why—"

The oars lifted.

"Forgot something, sir?" asked the senior rating.

"Forgotten something?" said Mr. Wharton. "I've left my cat behind!"

From the bow of the boat came an imperfectly stifled chuckle.

"You laugh at me and I'll put a head on you," said the first officer; and silence redescended on the ocean.

"Want to go back, sir?"

"I—think I will," said Mr. Wharton. "If we're to save our dirty hides when there's no need to, I don't see why a poor dumb animal should suffer. Unless these gentlemen object? Pull stabbud, back port! Come on, you bunch of tailors!"

"Captain's boat's stopped rowin', sir," said the bow oar.

"Ne'er mind," said Mr. Wharton, "we can rat just as well in ten minutes' time. An' that Swede can wait. Some expensive nephew for—c'mon, put some beef into it!"

A distant hail came over the water—which, by the way, was now astonishingly calm.

"I'll just swarm up the falls an' be back in a jiffy," said Mr. Wharton—not knowing that a mile the other side of the Malvern the sea, hidden from him by the wallowing bulk of that ship, was just being broken by the conning tower of a submarine.

Her commander, a pleasant enough fellow named Koenig, usually resident in Munich, Glocknergasse No. 8, had heard the frantic distress signals wirelessed by Captain Timbs and had wondered if perchance they might portend something in his line of business. There was, he knew, a temporary scarcity of destroyers in this area; but the event was turning out better than his hopes. Through the periscope he had watched the crew abandoning ship, and, when the Malvern failed to slide precipitately out of sight, had commented soul-ticklingly to his men on the un-sea-to-dare-worthiness of British sailors.

That this was no Q-ship he was well assured, both by the presence of the Swedish ship and the perilous trim of the Malvern herself. So it was his intent to combine business with pleasure by letting the fleeing crew watch him use their vessel for target practice. He thought he would use percussion fuse and blow the funnel out of her first.

As the submarine came awash her gun crew tumbled up, ran for'ard and proceeded to clear their gun.

And simultaneously, the longing gaze of Miss Churt was gratified by the spectacle of Mr. Wharton, shaggier than ever. Miss Churt liked shagginess, it gave one more corners to nestle in.

HER master, landing on the boat deck from the falls, didn't seem as cheery as usual; something seemed to be bothering him; he didn't smile.

But Miss Churt knew how to remedy that. When anybody looked sad, she ran away, and Mr. Wharton ran after her and picked her up and called her a little devil and corrected himself and said "weevil" and kissed her on the end of the nose.

Miss Churt *therefore ran* away now, skidding slightly because of the slant of the deck; her ears cocked for the sound of beloved footsteps pursuing.

And here they came.

But here came something else.

Something terrible. A long, increasing noise, coming out of the middle of a distant thump, boring into her ears—so terrifying—and then—a vast flash of light, taking up the whole world and tearing it to pieces, shaking her stomach so that the steak didn't matter any more. . . .

Mr. Wharton, rushing from behind the wireless house, paused a moment.

He saw a very large scorched hole in the boat-deck planking, around which he had to pick his way.

While thus engaged, he saw Captain Koenig's submarine, lying perhaps three quarters of a mile off.

But what he was looking for was a small ball of soiled fur; and this he found, very limp, just for'ard of the bridge-deck ladder. The curious thing is that Captain Koenig also adored cats, and had three at home in the Glocknergasse.

But that's war.

Mr. Wharton took up in his very large hand what war had left of Miss Churt, and he laid the other hand over her like the lid of a little coffin; and then he raised both his arms and, still holding the limp form in his right hand, cursed Captain Koenig and his superiors and inferiors and all his works in a voice that almost carried the distance.

Indeed—in St. Mary's Rectory, Canon Hobson awoke with a start; looked at his bedside clock and found it was 5:25; rolled over—but somehow was disinclined to go to sleep again.

"You *bloody*, sneaking *bloody* butcher!" Mr. Wharton was now shouting; and there came a sudden crack in his voice. "My little—"

A voice spoke from just behind him. It had not seemed quite proper to the naval ratings that their officer should go aboard without escort, so they had swarmed up the falls also and here they were. The voice was the voice of the senior rating, as was proper.

"How about giving 'em a packet, sir?" he inquired.

Mr. Wharton had forgotten the 4.7 gun aft. Now he remembered and gave a perfect snarl of assent.

The body of Miss Churt he crammed into the side pocket of his coat; and then down the ladder he went, and after him came the ratings.

They had to descend another ladder and cross the aft well-deck and then climb the poop; and it was now that Captain Koenig saw them.

With a welter of ow sounds and a swamp of terminations in ch, he directed his men to shift target and give Wharton *et al* a packet; so that the question resolved itself roughly into one of who should give whom a packet first.

The U-boat, being in the groove, got her shot off the earlier; but the hastily altered aim was high and the shell went to miss the Swedish ship by no more than half a mile (Memorandum of March 27, 1940, paragraph 2.).

Meantime, the senior rating had done various manipulations of various things; and now, with a nod of the head, he expressed himself satisfied. Quite unnecessarily, he looked at Mr. Wharton, opened his mouth and was just about to ask if he should open fire when that officer (not a regular navy man, of course) shoved him aside, seized the firing lever and got the shot off himself.

IT WAS just luck, blind luck, for all concerned; but the fact remains that that unconventional, almost illegitimate, shell flew as through a tube to the barrel of the U-boat's gun, bent it, zoomed thereoff without touching Captain Koenig or his men, and smote the lip of the conning tower, where it exploded with the abandon peculiar to high explosive.

Nobody was hurt, save Seaman Albrecht Otto of Bremen (deafness and scratches)—but the conning tower was impossible to close. That meant no submersion—

And on the southern sky line there had appeared, and was approaching, a smudge of smoke which betokened destroyers. The ratings pointed this out to one another.

Meanwhile Mr. Wharton, at the other rail, was expressing his completely berserk opinion of Captain Timbs and all men who would take to boats leaving cats on perfectly sound ships full of badly needed munitions.

This expression, in addition to blistering (if the third officer may be believed) the paint on the thwarts of Lifeboat No. 1, left Mr. Wharton rather exhausted. And softened in mood.

He put his hand into his pocket and pulled out the mortal envelope of Miss Churt. The bluish eyes were closed, the furry head rolled on the neck, and all her whiskers had been singed away.

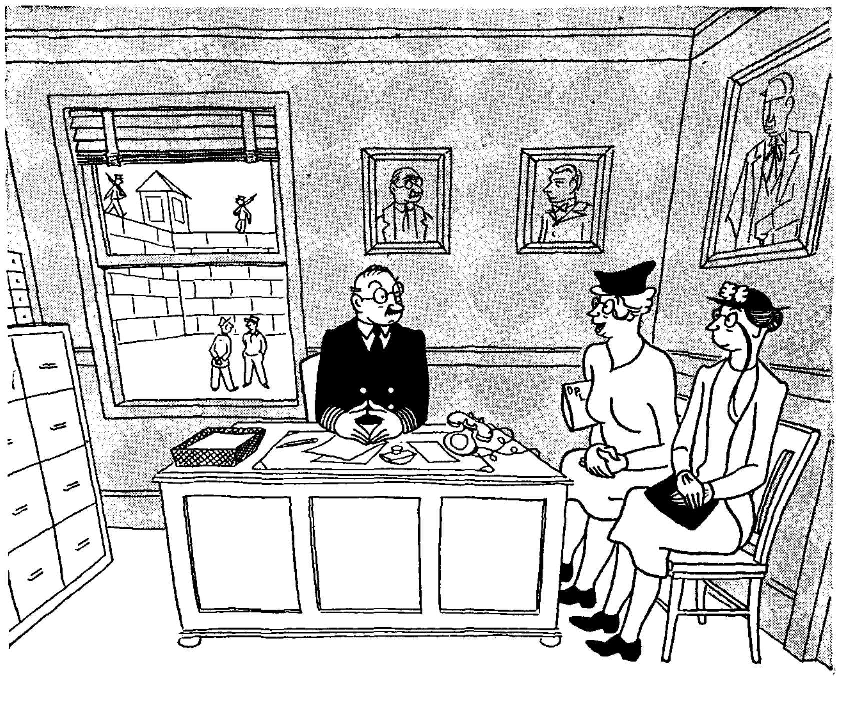
"You want us to come back, sir?" came a hail from the boats.

"You can go to hell!" roared Mr. Wharton; so they started toward him.

But a voice pitched to carry a quarter of a mile is tremendous at close range.

Miss Churt vibrated in every cell.

Her stomach began to trouble her again. There was a familiar smell in her nostrils, seeping past the stench of burned whiskers—tobacco, tar and Mallinson's—



"I think it's wonderful how you wardens begin as mere convicts and work up in the ranks" DAVE BREGER

She opened her eyes and said: "Mew!"

For all it was wartime, the parish church of St. Mary's was properly decorated for this wedding; though in view of the circumstances, Canon Hobson had consented to relax the clothing rules so far as the bridegroom was concerned.

Miss Woollard, however, was in the prescribed raiment even down to the seventy-ninth orange blossom; albeit inclined, apparently, to take nervous bites out of her veil. She was more nervous than brides usually are; more nervous even than seemed warranted by the fact that her bridegroom had three best men—the senior, junior and middle naval ratings, all with medals but one degree inferior to that which had been bestowed on Mr. Wharton.

THE cause for this uneasiness came to light when Canon Hobson, opening his prayer book, first glanced, then looked, then stared at the bridegroom's right-hand coat pocket.

It should perhaps be mentioned here that in addition to a granite face and an extraordinarily soft heart, the reverend gentleman was equipped with eyes that seemed to have been chipped out of adamant and ground to fine points.

He furled the prayer book and spoke in a low, dazed voice.

"Henry," said he, while the congregation craned, "that cannot be a cat you have in your coat pocket? Not a *cat?*"

This was rather an exaggeration of the status of Miss Churt, who was six weeks old that day and had just put her shell-shaven face out for a little air. But the general proposition was undeniable.

"Yes," said Mr. Wharton. "It is."

"He *would* bring it—he *would*—I *said*—" quavered the bride; but Canon Hobson paid no attention to her, though she began to sob.

Meeting the bluish eyes of Miss Churt, however, his adamantine orbs underwent a peculiar process. First they flickered from their condemning stare; then, as it were, they liquefied, so that their penetrative qualities became nil.

He spoke:

"Am I to presume that—this—is some kind of mascot? Connected perhaps with the recent—? What has happened to her whiskers?"

"I'll tell you about it in the vestry," said Mr. Wharton; and, meeting the canon's gaze, mourned for the misjudgments of his youth.

Canon Hobson nodded; opened the book which he had closed on a probationary thumb, and cleared his throat.

"Dearly beloved," he proclaimed, "we are gathered together—"

Miss Churt could not quite identify all the smells (largely lilies) or sounds (mostly Canon Hobson) that were going on.

They were interesting, and she had a vague idea that something of the same general purport might be her personal concern one day.

But not now.

Not for a long time yet.

And meantime she had had enough air.

She withdrew her head from the atmosphere of St. Mary's into the warm tweediness of Mr. Wharton's pocket and composed herself to sleep.

Dusty Death

Continued from page 16

When I got my wind back I dragged out and crawled downhill to the wood road. I couldn't see more than just a few feet and nothing clear on account of my eyes, which were burning and running from the dust, but I came to the road and got up and staggered off along it.

After a while, I wouldn't know just how long, I got back to the highway. I flagged the next car that came by and the driver picked me up and rode me into the town I'd been heading for.

He didn't make much sense out of what I told him because I could not make much sense out of it myself. He listened a bit and reckoned, I guess, that I was full of corn.

He dropped me off at a local police station and I showed papers I had in my pockets and they sent me on to the next post of the state constabulary.

The state police got me a room at one of these tourist homes and I had a bath and got the sawdust out of my system. Then I went back to talk to them again. They had told me to come back in an hour or so and there would be an officer there who would know what I was talking about.

This officer was a sharp fellow. His name was Linsey. I told him my business, that I represented insurance companies, and I said, "We are getting a lot of claims for cars lost in these parts, Mr. Linsey. We are not paying them till we know more," I said, "but we think we better look into it. What's the matter with you coppers—no good?"

He lit up his pipe and puffed and said, "I don't blame you, Mr. Maclaine, and it don't make us look so good, but wait till I tell you. It's happened the same way eight times in the last six months.

"The first thing is, sir," he went on, "that we get a telephone from somebody that says he represents a finance company that is selling a car on installments, and he says that he just grabbed a car—repossessed it—because the owner is back in his payments. He gives us the car number and the owner's name, and says, 'If he complains that his car is stolen, tell him we got it!' That's good enough for us and if the owner would call up we would tell him go talk to the finance company—but the owner don't call up."

He puffed his pipe, staring at me.

"Then what, Mr. Linsey?"

"THE next thing, Mr. Maclaine, is after three or four days, or it might be a week, in walks some friend or kin of the owner of the car and tells us the owner is missing. He hasn't showed up, him or his car, at some point where he was expected so many days ago. And, Mr. Maclaine, we never find hide nor hair nor hear tell of any of those owners after, or their cars either. That's the last we hear of it, sir."

"Well, Mr. Linsey," I said, "it's not the last we hear of it because we might have to pay for the cars, and that's my interest in the matter. Now let me tell you what happened to me tonight."

I told him about meeting up with the young lady on the road and falling in the dust. It seemed to fit into something he knew and he took me over it several times. About thinking I saw the house off to one side, and then not seeing it at all; and the roaring noise.

"You didn't see the house when you got out, Mr. Maclaine?"

"No, I didn't. Or my car either," I said, looking at him.

He knocked out his pipe.

"I reckon you fell in with the Dust People, Mr. Maclaine!"

"Who are the Dust People?"

He chuckled. "You know most about them, sir. You are the only body ever seen one and lived to tell. Now, sir, it

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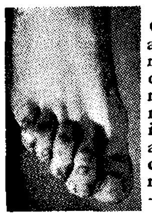

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might be all silly talk and you know how a story gets around and builds up, but it is told anyway that some right strange and mean people live in the dust hills."

"I'll go bail, Mr. Linsey," I said, "that your Dust People are not all silly talk."

They sent out an alarm for my car and I promised to come back in the morning when we could find that house in the woods.

I went back to the tourist home and had a sleep and went to the state police post next morning and met this copper. We got in his car and drove back for five or six miles till we came to the wood road. I'm sure I found the right place; that was where I picked up the girl.

We drove into the wood road for a mile or so, which was as far as I thought I went the night before, and, sure enough, we came to sawdust hills just where they ought to be, about a mile back on the left side of the dirt road. But there was no house.

We went along the road farther and looked but we had to come back; that was the only clearing for miles.

It had me fanning. "But look," I said, "the tracks of my car going in! And see that low spot? That must be where I fell through the ground."

He couldn't see it. "Mr. Maclaine, that looks like where some farmer around here drove in and helped himself to a load of dust. And where's *the house?*"

"Search me, Linsey." I shrugged. "It should be standing right there."

Well, we weren't making any money sitting there gaping at the sawdust, so we went back to the state police post; and they had some news for us.

About my car. It hadn't been found, and the alarm hadn't done any good, but my car had been reported as "repossessed." Somebody had called up state police headquarters about midnight and given the number of my car and my name—my license was in the glove-compartment—and reported that it had been grabbed by a finance company.

The same thing that happened in the *other* cases, the only difference being that I was above ground instead of being in the dust.

It got me thinking.

So far as the Dust People knew, I was lying dead, six feet under; then why were they calling the police to say anything about my car at all? Nobody was going to complain that my car was stolen, so far as the Dust People knew. It was funny. If they called the police, they were asking for trouble.

It couldn't have been the Dust People that called the police. That was the first leak of light I got on the case.

"AS I see it, Linsey," I suggested, "there must be two mobs working here. The Dust People that grab the cars, and another mob that is probably their outlet, don't you think? And the second mob doesn't know what happened to the drivers, so they work this wrinkle of calling the police and reporting the cars as repossessed, to head off an alarm."

"I think you got something there, Maclaine," he agreed. "It makes sense of these telephone calls. The Dust People would have to tell their pals that the cars were stolen, but they sure wouldn't want to tell that the owners were murdered. Yes, sir, that's sense."

That was a little light, but what there was no light on was how I was so dumb as not to be able to find that house again where I had lost my car. Linsey and I drove back on every woods road up that way for fifteen miles and we saw some houses and looked them over but I couldn't recognize any of them.

It made Linsey laugh. "I reckon you looked too much in that girl's eyes, Maclaine, and she witched you!"

But it was mighty serious business. Let alone that my people would have to pay for a lot of fine new cars, there was the serious fact that this mob working the roads thought no more of a man's life than of a sparrow's.

It is generally bad policy to tell the public about a police matter like this, because no matter what you tell them they will tell one another a different story and you might have a panic. So after I told my story the motorcycle men simply told lone drivers not to pick up pedestrians but to report them to the next police station if they needed help.

Linsey was one of their best men and he had been detailed to try to get a line on these missing drivers and cars, and that is why I was turned over to him. We went to work on it together.

I GUESS my people were a little surprised when I put in my claim for a stolen car, but it showed them anyway that I had got in touch with the situation.

I got me a new convertible coupé, with a shelf in back of the seat and I had a job done on the shelf so it could be raised up like a lid. Under the shelf was the trunk. When the lid was up, Linsey could sit in the trunk, sitting sideways and quite comfortable, and ready to duck and pull down the lid, while I drove.

This was our idea: there were two mobs. If we grabbed the first mob—the Dust People—we would never get to the second mob that was disposing of the cars. So Linsey was to stick with the car in hopes of going with it to the second mob, and I was to deal with the Dust People. I was to locate their den right this time, and let them grab my car, only taking care to keep out of the pit.

It mightn't be the house I was taken to. We figured that the Dust People had different places, because drivers and cars had disappeared in different directions, but it would be in the pine country.

Linsey and I mapped the whole section, and we drove it from light to dark, expecting all the time that we would hear of some other lone driver that started out in the morning and never arrived at night. But during that ten days nobody was reported missing.

This afternoon we were moping along at thirty miles and watching ahead. I remember we were talking about the witch water that was heavy on the road that day for the first time since I picked up the she-devil; you see the road ahead flooded over with water, and when you get there it is nothing, it is dry. I do not believe in witches, and it is only what I have heard people call it, the witch water.

It came sundown, but still bright, and then we saw these two ladies in the road ahead. One was sitting on a bank by the road and the other was standing up, and as we came along the one that was standing up stepped into the road and flagged us, and Linsey ducked down into his box and pulled it down after him.

I pulled up, and this lady came toward me, holding up her hand, and I noticed she had six fingers. She was young and husky and she said that her mammy had been hit by a car and would I ride them home. This was a good hundred miles from where I had picked up the she-devil, as I called her to myself.

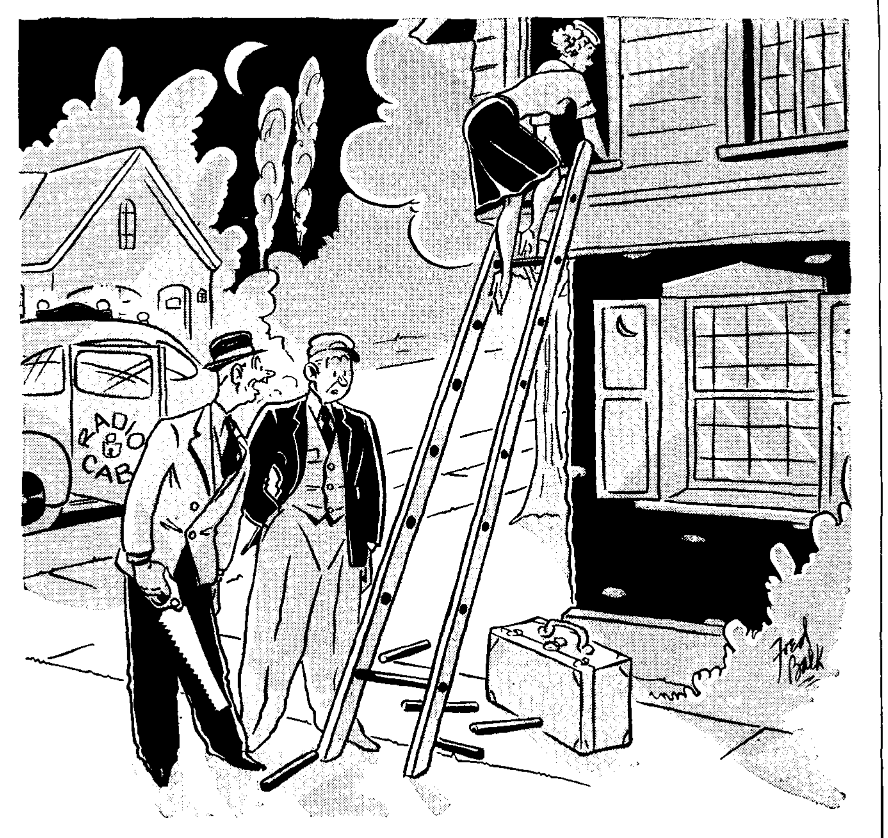
"Sure thing, lady," I said, getting my gun out of the glove compartment. "We can crowd up."

The young one went back and helped the old one. The old one was a little lady and all bent, with one good leg and one shrunk leg. She came rolling along crying like a cat in the dark, but it was all put on, because I could see her watching me out of her red eyes. They crowded in. The old one hunched up to me and kept up this low howling and working on her ball of snuff; she put it up under her lip. I didn't get a look at her claws.

The young one said they lived "on the run," meaning a creek that went under the road there, and would I take them home. Well, certainly.

I TURNED into the road, along the creek, and drove onto a bend in it, and there was a clearing and the yellow hills, and a house. I knew it again right away though the last time I saw it it was a hundred miles off.

It was the house and I took a pretty good squint at it this time. It was painted yellow, with a flat roof and no eaves, and it had a dead sidewall with no window; just the window in front, and a door. There was a curtain on the window but I could see the big room



"The girl I marry must have a sense of humor"

FRED BALK

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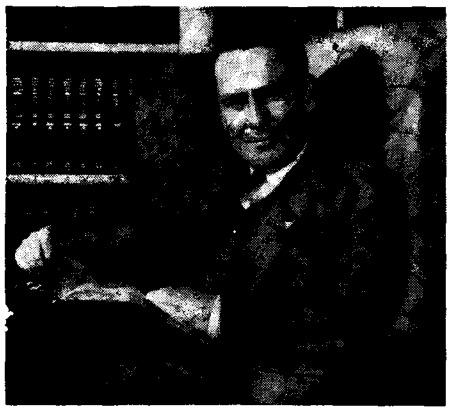

What is your home like? Does it contain worth-while books that give you and your family stimulating contact with great minds, or does the sum total of your resources for reading consist of current novels or the daily newspaper—interesting today but of no value as mental stimulation or information tomorrow?

We all want our homes to be real homes, warm and hearty, where the latch string of welcome is prominently displayed, a place where our friends will want to come and return again and again. To make our homes attractive and to draw about us interesting and entertaining friends, we too, must be interesting and entertaining.

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inside because there was a light in there and the sun was down in the pine.

"Would you like me, lady," I offered, "to knock on the door?"

"Would you very kindly, sir?" she squealed softly. "Mammy's hurt bad and she can't walk good." So I got out and edged up toward the door.

I had hold of my gun in my pocket, and I was watching the door with one eye and the corner of the house next me with the other, and the far corner and the ladies with the other, so to speak, and all I was not watching was the house wall, because nobody is coming at you through a solid wall, and that's where I near got a knife in me.

Because that's where he came from. The house wall next the window folded—it was only a canvas drop with a window in it—and out through the opening he jumps; but I got a flash of the knife. He bounds on top of a dust heap with his knife up ready to give it to me; but he got two in the belly—bang—bang. I was backing up fast, and he plunged down from the heap and hit the ground in front of me and was swallowed up.

The ground went right down with him out of sight, and the dust heaps on both sides slid down on top of him. It was a spread of canvas over a pit, and dust heaped on the canvas on both sides, and when you hit the canvas and went down you pulled everything in on top of you and were sunk without a trace. It made me dizzy to see, but that was no place to wait around, and I turned and lammed.

As I went by the car, I got a flash of Linsey with his head up peeping, but he pulled in his neck when he saw I was doing all right.

I hit the road and ran along it to the edge of the clearing but I did not hear any bullets following me, so I had a look back, and I was just in time to see the Dust People folding up their house. Linsey was right there but he did not see it, having his head down, or he could have saved himself a lot of trouble as I will explain; you will laugh when I come to that.

The two ladies that I brought in my car were unhooking the front of the house and taking it down. It was only painted canvas with a window in it and a door hanging on it; the old lady with the shrunk leg was a good worker; she went like a spider.

What was left when they took the front down looked to me like a big truck with the back door standing open, except I did not see any wheels. Then somebody—the first young lady I met, I guess—drove my car up into the house or truck, and they closed the back door on it.

IT WAS a truck all right. It began to race and roar, and moved toward the hill and came backing out over the dust; a big truck, a motor van. The big room I thought I saw through the window was the inside of the van, and the part of the front that had the door on it had nothing behind it but the back door of the van. I went off the road among the pine and the truck went by at forty miles, for the highway, and I came out and hiked after it, wishing Linsey luck.

I was almost up to 17 again when I thought of the bird with the knife that I left in the dust. He mightn't be dead. Well, if it was me I'd go back and shovel on a little more, the way I felt about him, but you know what a jury is, even a coroner's jury. One of them thinks he was rooked once by an insurance company, or there's a reporter listening in. So I turned around and hiked back and looked for the spot but it was dark now and one place looked like another. I gave it up for a bad job and felt my way back on that black woods road to the highway.

It was quite a hike to some place where I could talk to the state police, as cars weren't picking up pedestrians. The police sent for me and rode me to the nearest barracks.

We would not want to do anything more that night as it might interfere with Linsey, who was in a fair way of finding out what happened to cars grabbed by the Dust People, if nothing happened to him, so I found a bed in the police barracks. And who should be sitting on the foot of my bed when I woke up with daylight but Mr. Linsey.

He was a tough man, a Carolina mountain boy and old revenuer, and he was fresh after being up all night. "Got them, Mac!"

"Where?" I said.

"In North Augsburg, half across the state," he says, fetching my clothes to help me get up. "A garage there was the drop for the cars the Dust People ran off. I got the little crippled woman and the two young ones and the garageman that was buying the cars off them, and they were some surprised when I popped out of your car. Do you know how they moved your car, Mac? They rode it on a big truck!"

NOW comes the laugh. "Jump in your pants quick, Mac," he said, "and let's get back to that house in the woods, and see what we can get there!"

"What house, Linsey?" I said. And I laughed; it was one on him. He had rushed all the way back from North Augsburg to raid the Dust People's house. Because he did not see the house fold up and he did not know it was only the motor truck, so he leaves it in North Augsburg and races half across the state to look for it. A smart man like him. When I stopped laughing I asked him if he didn't see a door and window on the truck and he said there was something under canvas but he didn't look.

The Dust People were a family named Sawney, a family of road tramps. We found old man Sawney in the pit with my two bullets in him. The district attorney put the heat on the North Augsburg man to tell what he knew about the Sawneys. Well, he didn't know much, or he wouldn't be phoning in to the police to say a finance company was grabbing the cars; but the D. A. didn't need much, as there were belongings of the eight missing persons on the Sawney truck. The last I heard of the ladies they were being looked over to see if they were wacky.

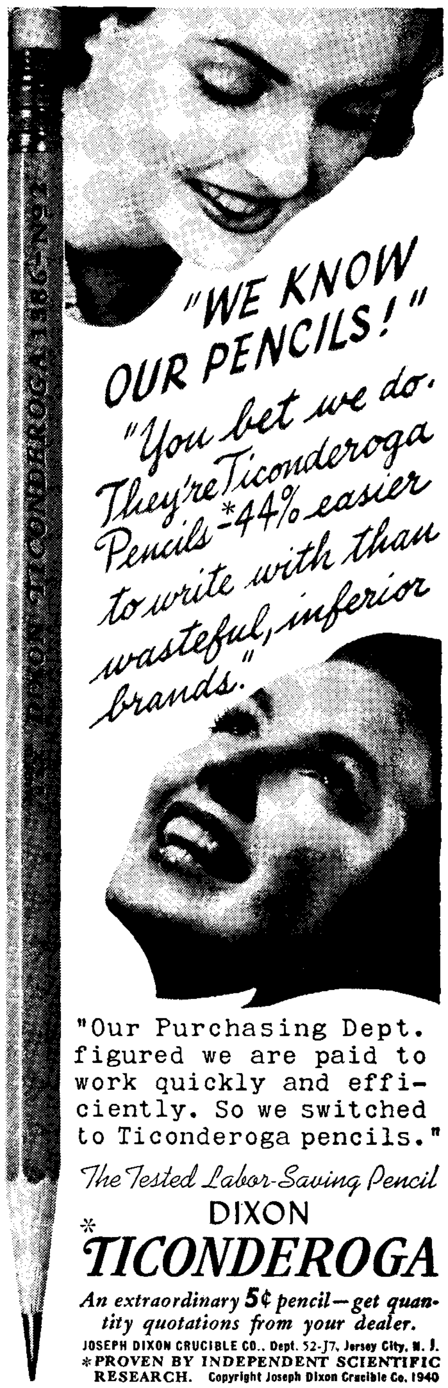
It was a nice thing for Linsey and he got all kinds of credit and he is a lieutenant in the state constabulary now; and I got kind words too, but it was not all milk and honey, not all credit. You see, there was the matter of losing that first car.

It was not my fault but after I put in for my theft-insurance money my chief wrote me from New York that the insurance people were doing quite some complaining about sending an investigator to check on claims for stolen cars, and the first car they really got to pay for and no getting out of it is the investigator's.

So I asked Linsey about that car I lost the first time.

"Nice work, old-timer!" I said to Linsey that morning after I was done laughing at him for coming back to look for the house. "Drove my new car back, I suppose, did you? But say, what about the car I lost the first time? Did you get a line on that? Some people in New York are bringing the matter up."

"No, Mac," he said, "I did not get a line on that first car you lost. And no, I came in a police car and did not drive your car here. While I was covering the North Augsburg garageman and the Dust People last night, one of his helpers jumped in your car and went off—but you got insurance on it, I reckon. Put a claim in on that one too."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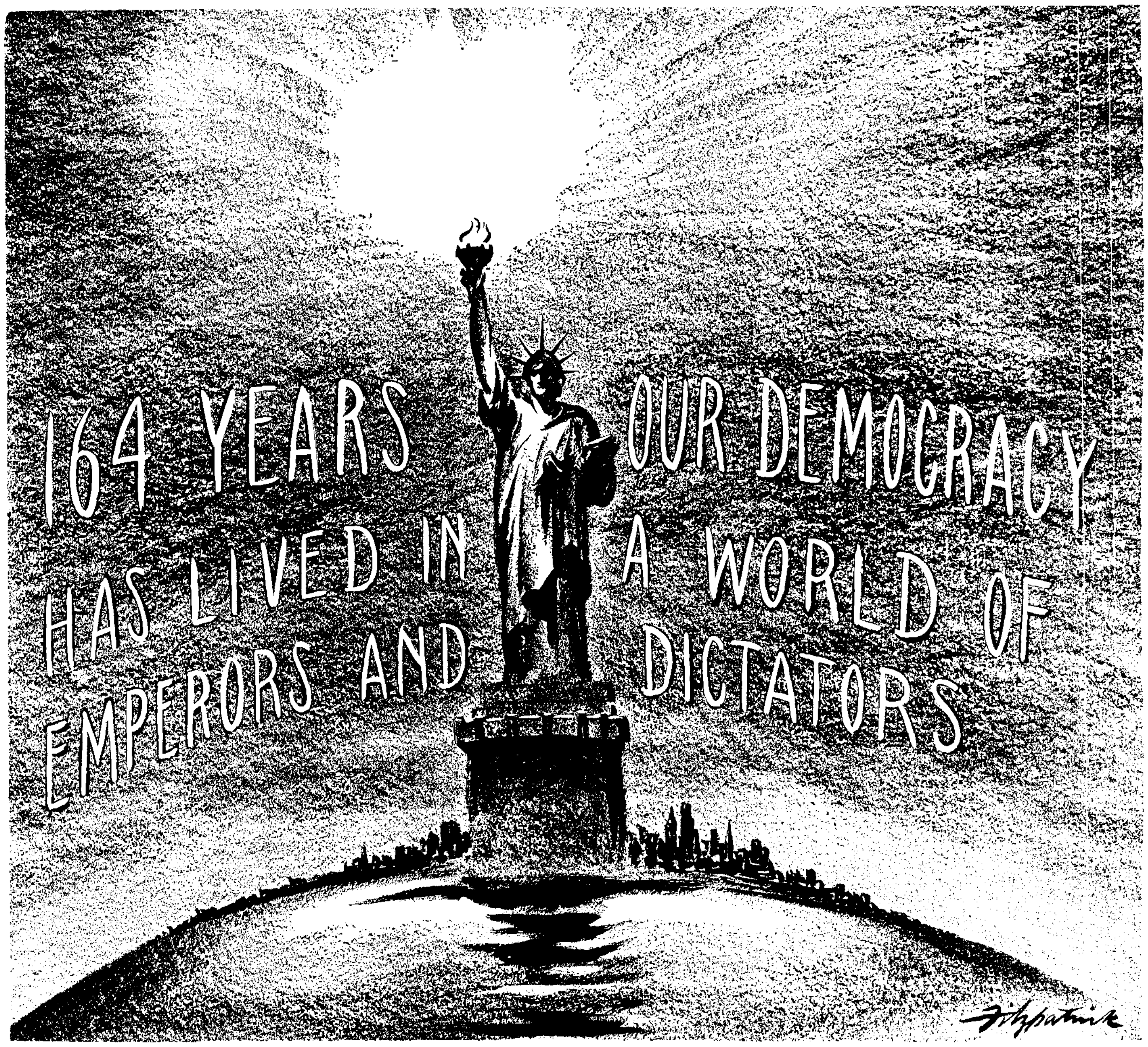

164 YEARS OUR DEMOCRACY HAS LIVED IN A WORLD OF EMPERORS AND DICTATORS

IF GERMANY WINS

AS THE world spins on through the piratical, Napoleonic period to which Mr. Hitler has brought it, let's renew our determination just about every morning to hang on to our democracy. Let's revamp our democracy only as much as we absolutely must to keep it working.

We've lived as a nation through such periods before, when we were far weaker than we are now. We did it by insisting on living under the democratic system which most of us believed and still believe to be the best system yet invented. At the same time, we recognized other nations' right to live under whatever systems they prefer, so long as they don't step on our toes.

We believe the United States can still carry on along that line even if Germany wins this war—which Germany may do. We can't string along with those who think a German victory will send us into a nose dive.

Specifically, we can't see how the United States will have to go partially or wholly Fascist even if a German victory turns all Europe Fascist.

In such a case our best bet, it seems to us, will be to try to get along as a nation just as successful persons get along in the world as persons.

The successful person takes the world as he finds it, from year to year, with a calm and cheerful determination to live in that world and enjoy his reasonable share of its goods and pleasures.

He does what he can to improve the world. But he never forgets that if he doesn't survive and keep building up his own influence he can be of no use to himself, his family or his fellow men.

We believe the democratic system is most productive and most efficient in serving the wants and fulfilling the aspirations of the largest number. We believe more people are happier under the democratic system than under any scheme of government yet devised.

We believe that the dictatorship of Hitler has no better prospect of surviving than had the one-man rule of Napoleon. We managed to live without abandoning our principles while Napoleon ruled. If we are alert we shall be able to survive without any surrender during the dark period within which Europe bows under the savage ideas of Hitler.

But neither democracy nor any other system can be sustained by weakness, indolence or a lack of discipline. We sing of America as the land of the free and the home of the brave. Let's not forget the last word. We can be free regardless of what occurs in Europe if we are hardy enough to maintain our freedom.

Give Us Machines and Men

THE thoroughgoing Burke-Wadsworth proposals for selective compulsory military training look to us like the best scheme yet advanced for the quick rounding out of this country's defense effort.

You know the general outlines of the plan: Registration of our approximately 40,000,000 men between ages 18 and 65 . . . those between 21 and 45 to be subject to eight months' military training on call . . . the others to be callable for home-guard work . . . selections to be made by local boards as in World War draft days . . . the country's business, professional and artistic life to be disrupted as little as possible in the actual calling of men to training.

This scheme looks far better to us than the assorted vague plans for noncombatant military training, whatever that may mean. And we hope it will win out over an even more dangerous fallacy that is in circulation—the belief that war machines are more important than trained fighting men, and that we can safely go easy on training men if we'll only round up enough bombing and fighter planes, heavy tanks, big coast guns, antiaircraft guns, battleships, dirigibles.

The fact is that both war machines and fighting men are essential in modern warfare. Germany, for example, had both, in the fearful 39-day Battle of France which ended in French disaster. The Maginot Line was essentially a huge, stationary war machine which it was hoped would save France a lot of the labor and expense of training a lot of fighting men.

Another fact is that we are seriously underequipped with trained fighters. At this writing, for example, our populous and strategic First Corps Area (Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and part of Long Island) is guarded by only 5,131 Regular Army officers and men. For another example, our 600,000-sq.-mi. Territory of Alaska, off whose island nose Russia is settling colonists in numbers such as to alarm even the local Eskimos, has 363 Regular Army officers and men—though, to be sure, we are now strengthening our manpower defenses at the Anchorage, Alaska, air base.

It all boils down to this: That we cannot defend ourselves by the naked magic of war machinery any more than by the naked hands of men unequipped or underequipped with the best modern war machinery. We've got to have both, and plenty of both.

We'd better just go ahead with a comprehensive system of compulsory military training, and be done with our qualms and our queasiness on the subject. This will be the best single piece of insurance we know of against any of our men ever having to fight in a war not of this nation's own choosing.

"DAD, it's time we had another man-to-man talk!"

"Yes, son, what's on your mind?"

"Well, it's about the car, Dad."

"I thought we had that all settled. You get the car once a week, provided you pay for the gasoline you use. And that's final!"

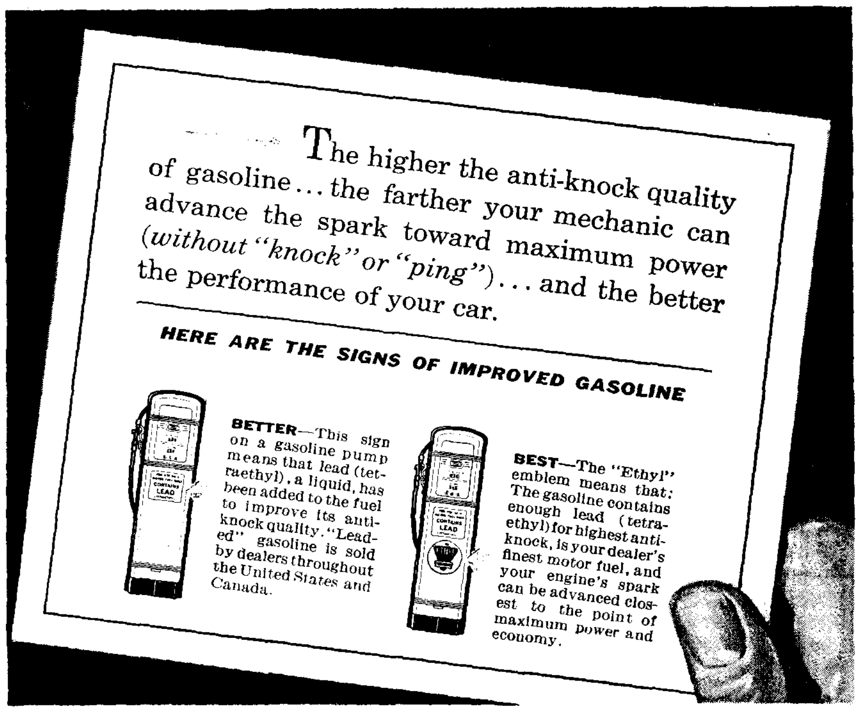
"There you go again, Dad, treating me like a child. What I'm trying to say is that if it were *my* car I'd be using a lot better gas than that stuff we're using."

"What's wrong with our gas, son? Seems to me it runs the car well enough. I suppose now that you wash cars down at the garage on Saturdays you're an expert!"

"No kidding, Dad. I've got it straight from the head mechanic—you get a lot more out of cars when you use the best gas."

"He's just selling you something, son!"

"All he's trying to sell is better performance—and judging from the way we get left behind at traffic lights, we could certainly use some. Look, Dad, here are the facts—



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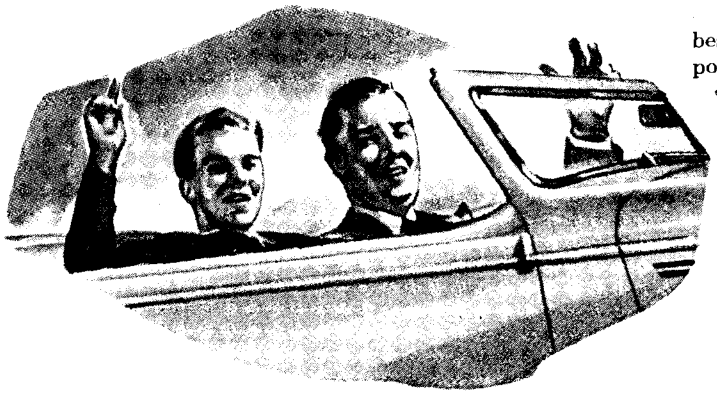
—right on this chart that he gave me. You see, even the best mechanic in the world can't tune-up a car to deliver more power and mileage than the gasoline in the tank can give."

"H-m-m-m—seems to be a lot of sense in that!"

(*Later*) "Son, you certainly were right this morning. Better gas sure made this a better car."

(But what about your car? Is it giving you all the performance and economy you paid for? Look at the chart again and see how you can make your car a better car!)



The better the gas—the better your car!

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, *manufacturer of anti-knock fluids used by oil companies to improve gasoline*

FASTER! FASTER!

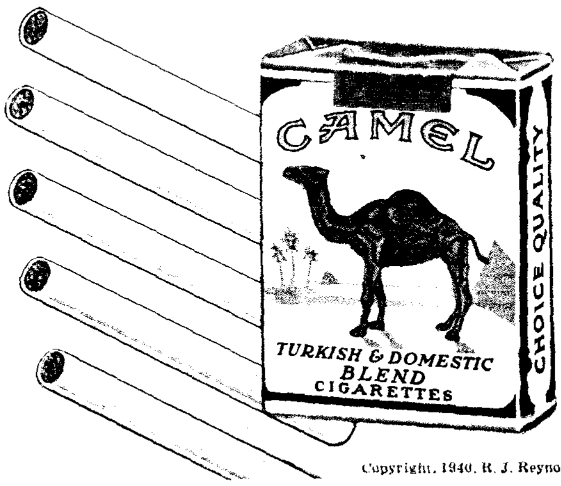
"Speed's the thing in aquaplaning," says Florence Holliss, "but in a cigarette the fun and the *extras* go with slower burning...with Camels."

SLOWER BURNING MAKES SUCH A DIFFERENCE. THE MORE I SMOKE CAMELS, THE MORE I APPRECIATE THEIR MILDNESS AND COOLNESS. CAMELS GIVE ME **EXTRA PLEASURE** AND **EXTRA SMOKING,** TOO

THERE'S A FRESH THRILL in every white-capped wave — a breath-taking bounce that says, *bang on or take your ducking!* Pretty Florence Holliss, riding the board above, likes the fast pace in sports. But in cigarettes, she prefers the slower-burning brand...Camels.

EVERY DAY more and more smokers are discovering that the important "extras" in cigarette pleasure and value go with slow burning...Camels. For slow burning preserves and heightens natural tobacco flavor and fragrance ...means freedom from the excess heat and irritating qualities of too-fast burning. Camels, with their costlier tobaccos and a slower way of burning unequaled in recent tests *(see below)*, give you extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor ...and extra smoking per pack. Get more pleasure per puff and more puffs per pack in Camels. Penny for penny your best cigarette buy.

"THE FASTER THE PACE, the more the fun," says Florence Holliss, above. That goes for all her favorite sports...aquaplaning, tennis, riding. But she likes her smoking *slow.* "I always smoke Camels," Florence says. "They burn slower and make smoking so much more enjoyable. Camels are extra mild and extra cool—and they have such a welcome flavor." Make Camels your cigarette and enjoy *extra pleasure* and *extra smoking* (see right).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